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VOLUME V

GOODLOE—HAYNE

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ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE

[1867—]

ANNA BLANCHE McGILL

ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE was born in Versailles, Kentucky, in 1867. In 1883 she was graduated from the Girls' High School, Louisville, Kentucky, taking in 1889 her B.S. degree at Wellesley College, being at the time the youngest student who had ever taken such a degree at that institution. This education in American schools was then supplemented by two years' study abroad, chiefly in Paris and Tours. These brief biographical data do not immediately seem to promise rich game for the hunters of literary origins, the trappers of formative artistic influences. And yet a little connection, not entirely factitious, may be traced between these facts and the author's work. For instance, perhaps it is not pressing a few of these data too far to assign credit for Miss Goodloe's facile use of literary mediums, her clearness of vision of certain segments of life, to the training and opportunities for observation and acquisition received in an education as well ordered as this outlined above.

Her birth and residence in a certain section of the United States may also to some extent be interpreted as of significance not entirely negligible. In these days when the *cacoëthes scribendi* seems ubiquitous, it would be absurd of course to hint that the fair star of literary inspiration shines with any particular effulgence over any particular state or section. Yet there may not be too much effrontery or provincialism in mentioning Kentucky among those communities which have received an especial quickening from that orb benign. The Kentucky colonies, notably those of Miss Goodloe's birthplace and home, much like the Virginian, have long had a rather animated and abundant social life. Copious in color, movement, and variety of character and incident, it has been a life to develop the story-teller's talent and to vivify his inspiration, while just such fluent and dexterous expression, such bright silver currency of speech and the written work, as prevails where the grace and ease and charm of life have had time and opportunity, as they have had in Kentucky, to enrich and adorn the social relation, has given him a good medium, shining and ready for use.

Miss Goodloe is in the tradition of such a life. Her talent

is one of those fortunate gifts whose first manifestations forthwith arrested attention. A sureness of touch, an adequacy of technical means to artistic ends, a general literary poise, nearly at once assured the success of her earliest contributions to literature, and at the same time gave earnest of future accomplishment. How far out into the full stream of a very creditable success Miss Goodloe's talent almost immediately leaped is proved by the fact that it has already obtained quite a wide recognition, although chronologically it may be said to be still in the stage of "first manifestations." In these days of swiftly attained fame, it is true that the author of four volumes is likely to be considered an old hand at the pleasant game of literature. But two of these four volumes appeared very shortly after the author had doffed the collegian's cap and gown; and the four books, representing three different literary forms, were published in rather close sequence; so it is evident they may be considered only the firstlings of a literary flock—though, it must be insisted upon, they have nimbly passed far beyond the boundaries of immaturity.

Miss Goodloe's first book, 'Antinoüs' (1891), a tragedy in blank verse, is founded upon the character of that comely Bythian slave whose statue in the Louvre "remains the type of perfect beauty." Almost of equal dramatic prominence is the egotistic personality of Hadrian which precipitates the incidents of the drama—the culminating one being the lovely youth's relinquishment of life for the sake of his patron and tyrant, Hadrian. The drama attests the author's possession of considerable historic imagination and constructive dramatic talent. Thoughts of power frequently give ballast to the lines. Dignity of conception marks the whole. Beauty distinctly poetic surrounds the character of Antinoüs—revealed notably in his wistfulness for his Bythian home, his purity in a base court, and finally in his splendid self-sacrifice. The faults of the tragedy are a lack of swiftness, directness, and that palpitant, poignant vitality of interest in characterization or incident necessary to carry along a modern play—not so stately an affair as the earlier dramas which were doubtless the models for 'Antinoüs.' Nor is there sufficient poetic glow, original or otherwise, upon the lines to compensate for deficiency in distinctly dramatic qualities. Yet while not arresting either for dramatic values or poetic beauty, 'Antinoüs' is a significant creation of the first years of a literary career.

Miss Goodloe's second book, 'College Stories,' aside from its intrinsic merits, is interesting as the first volume of stories with college girls as protagonists. The note of the book oscillates between a naïve seriousness and a gentle humor about that little world

which foreshadows the larger life of men and women. Characters of not a little variety seem to flit down the academic corridors and across the campus. There is the attractive Miss Hungerford, determined to scorn delights and live laborious days in the single blessedness of study and authorship—till a manly youth persuades her to go in for another "career." There is the resolute group of athletic girls proving their prowess perhaps a little too cruelly to a young reporter who has disparaged their athletics. Best of all, there is the story which cuts most deeply into the heart of life—"The Genius of Bowlder Bluff." A very admirable study, this, of an old father obsessed by the idea that his daughter is a genius; the girl in turn trying not to shatter his illusions. The two characters are handled with much pathos and skilful psychology.

As appears, the episodes throughout the book are all slight, are all enveloped in the golden air of youth—not, however, in the sense of immaturity the word conveys. For the tone of many of the stories is so serious that "immaturity" would be a misnomer for the "long, long thoughts" they record. Again, besides their own merits they have a value as revealing the bourgeoning of a good gift for story-telling whose promise bears fruit in the author's last volume, 'At the Foot of the Rockies.' Particularly in their direct presentation of the chosen episode, in selective instinct for necessary details, and in a growing command of style, these 'College Stories' contain an adumbration of the latter volume. It is true the style is still a little inelastic, but it has begun to have that lightness of touch, that skill in conjuring atmosphere, which largely make the success of the author's most recent work.

In 'Calvert of Strathore,' published in 1903, Miss Goodloe essayed the novel. The hero who gives his name to the book is a young American sent to Paris as an attaché of the American Legation in the days when Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris represented the United States at the French capital. Inevitably, this hero, Calvert—a grave youth of sterling integrity—loses his heart to a charming Frenchwoman. The ruffled course of the *affaire du coeur* is traced against the tumultuous background of the Revolution. Again Miss Goodloe's scholarship and historic imagination have reconstructed a period; Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Lafayette, Jefferson, Morris, and other pawns, players and spectators of that ruthless game of the late Eighteenth Century pass through her pages. But after all, Calvert of Strathore is the person with whom the reader is supposed to be absorbingly engaged, and somehow the august historical characters seem to have crowded out the details of his romance. The result is a little disappointing. So engaging a hero as Calvert promised to be is not met every day. Hence, growing restive in

the presence of affairs and persons of state, the reader will be tempted to ask with Keats:

> "What care though striding Alexander past
> The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?"

The romance of a splendid young American and an exquisite Frenchwoman for the nonce "doth more avail" than "stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears." Not to disparage the historical pageant, a few more details of the two lovers' difficulties and ultimate felicity had given better proportion to the novel, and, may it not be added, more beguilement?

> . . . "The silver flow
> Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
> Fair Pastorella in a bandit's den,
> Are things to brood on with more ardency
> Than the death-day of Empires."

The volume, 'At the Foot of the Rockies,' containing stories published from time to time in the magazines, represents Miss Goodloe's talent at its best. A British army post of Alberta, Canada, kindled the inspiration for these reproductions of the isolated yet richly-colored life of the Northwest Territories. The British soldier, the Indian, the settler—usually the young English rancher—are sharply visualized in their habits as they live out there near "the edge of the world."

Among these tales, "The Bungalow Ranche" and "Red Magic" may be indicated as specially illustrative of the virtuosity Miss Goodloe has attained in the short story. Herein her technique proves equally adequate for a grave or humorous situation. "The Bungalow Ranche" tells how Rutland of the "immaculate" Ranche—"it was said he had his sheep washed and combed once a week"—succeeded in ridding himself of the persistent presence of Indian loafers to whom the allurements of the Bungalow seemed irresistible. Just what Rutland did to disenchant the "beggars" provokes such a rare titillation of the risibles it reflects much credit on the author's marvelously blithe and facile invention. "Jack" and "The Heart of Lamont" may be mentioned with "Red Magic" as most remarkable for excellent technique and their capture of the strange soul of the Indian in distinctive phases. Because of their rather unpleasant, relentlessly depicted episodes, however, they hold the attention somewhat less agreeably than this last, "Red Magic," which has for its central interest one of the mysterious Indian conjure-tricks. Suggestive a little of "The Brushwood Boy" as a glimpse of certain bewildering things skeptical Horatios dream not of in their philosophies, it grips

the attention and holds it suspended in the thrilling high air of the inexplicable yet dramatic actual happenings.

Miss Goodloe's art in this story is that of an adept. It seizes the interest so powerfully that however incredulous the reader, however aware of "just how the trick is done," he is likely to fall under the spell of the feat of clairvoyance which sets the story a-going and to dash on to the dramatic, breath-taking climax of the episode that Medicine Pipestem, the conjurer, has foretold. The author's work in this last book is so superior to her other productions there would almost be justification in focusing the attention upon it. While some of the stories are more attractive than others, some more deftly done, some possessed of more fiber than others, certain generalizations may be made of all. To begin with, they all reveal the story-teller's most necessary endowment—instinct for the kernel of a story, such selective appreciation of an essence in character, incident, atmosphere, as will adorn a tale; as is, indeed, the very heart of the tale. There is never any fumbling with an obscure, unplastic episode which may be of interest or malleable in other ways, but which is unsuited to the purpose of a short story. This keen eye for an episode is supplemented by a light, deft handling of the episode itself in its salient aspects—such a treatment as scrupulously avoids burdensome elaborateness of detail, yet conveys an idea of the author's copious knowledge of her theme. Thus, 'At the Foot of the Rockies' gives the impression of Miss Goodloe's sufficient knowledge of the British constabulary system, the psychology of the Indian, and other diverse elements that compose the life of the Northwest Territories.

This apparent breadth of vision kept in leash by economy of detail in presentation makes for rapidity, conciseness, vividness. These virtues of the narrative art are just what are desired for the particular thing Miss Goodloe seems to have wished to do. This particular thing reminds one of what a certain critic says of Guy de Maupassant: "He regards the analytical fashion of telling a story as much less profitable than the simple epic manner which avoids with care all complicated explanations, all dissertations upon motives, and confines itself to making persons and events pass before our eyes." Miss Goodloe, too, hides her psychology in the palpitant section of life whose movement and color and bustle are set forth. As swiftness, firmness, adroitness of touch are characteristic of Miss Goodloe's style at its best in her manipulation of plot, incident, and character, the same qualities are to be marked in matters of detail. Her page offers no Chinese nests of words, phrases, sentences, more curious than directly impressive. Instead of such involved structures every word, every sentence, is a re-

spectable, dignified entity, in harmonious relation with its environment of other parts of speech, never tangled in any uncongenial jungle of words or collocations thereof. As the result of such a medium and the equilibrium maintained between matter and manner, the last and best stories of Miss Goodloe's remain in the memory as a Fortuny canvas—clean and brilliant in surface.

To turn a moment to the other side of the shield, these last and best stories may perhaps be said to have the defects of their qualities. It may be questioned, for example, whether the perspicacity which so easily sees the heart of a certain phase of life does not deter from a broader vision. Seeing certain aspects of life so clearly is apt to leave a talent satisfied with these engaging aspects—not that there is, however, any hint of indolence or complacence in Miss Goodloe's vision. Still one occasionally feels about it as about her ease in recording what she sees—if there were more difficulty in seeing and recording, would there not be forged out perhaps a more enlarged, engrossing cast of life and a technique more compelling? And if there were a little deeper psychology, a touch of sentiment and emotion a little more incarnadined, or if the author's objective art were exercised a little more vigorously, would not her stories easily take rank among the best American short stories?

Yet to some extent this is beside the mark, this momentary indulgence in the pleasant game of speculation, as the prime function of criticism seems to be rather to accept the particular thing done and to judge whether it be done well or ill. In the present case it is done admirably. Best of all, it is an excellence that points forward—to fleeter and more vigorous coursing over the happy field of the objective incident and the lovely inner world of human personality, in its beguiling range of sentiment, emotion, and psychological interest.

Anna Blanche McGill.

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A DOUBTING THOMAS

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THERE was a dinner-party at the Inspector's. This sounds grander than the facts warrant, but it was a very cosy little stag party of six, just the same. Besides the host, Captain Whitney, of the Highwood detachment, there was Captain Stanway, a brother officer from Fort MacLeod; young Allen of the Crow's Nest ranche; Ingalls, a member of Parliament for Assiniboia; Professor Thomas Berwick, of Oriel College, Oxford, the guest of honor; and Father Lemaire, the French Catholic priest, who knows more about the Indians of Northwest Canada than everybody else put together, including the Indians themselves.

They had discussed a number of interesting topics during the evening, but the professor had always skilfully led the conversation back to the subject of Indians. Apparently he knew everything but Indians, and equally apparently he was bent on acquiring as much information about them as possible before the evening was over. The professor called it "data," and he turned his spectacled eyes with almost ferocious interest upon first one and then another of the captain's guests as they contributed bits of personal experience or legends or theories concerning the Indians. Everything was to go down in a little red note-book before the professor slept.

"And, by Jove, the rummy beggars brought the identical rocks and tin pans and kettles into court the next day as evidence! It was a sight to see them file into the room hugging a large black pot or a heavy stone. Nothin' would have induced 'em to part with 'em, and I gave 'em big damages." It was Allen of the Crow's Nest ranche and a J. P. who was talking.

"They hadn't done a thing," he went on, "but cut down a few of old Cartwright's trees to get poles for their tepees, but Lord! he was in an awful temper over it, and rocked 'em hard. They were as wise as serpents and didn't return fire at all, but just gathered in the stones as they sailed over, each one keeping the particular one he was hit with. When the

rocks were used up Cartwright and his son got hold of their ironmongery and shied that at 'em. Ditto—they each held on to the kettle or pan that had landed on them, and produced the whole outfit in court before me next day. It was all I could do to keep from bursting with laughter when I saw that banged-up crowd and the rocks and kitchen things. *I* thought they had acted rather well and let 'em off easy and gave Cartwright and his son no end of a blowin'-up and fines."

The professor stopped sipping his coffee and leaned far back.

"Bless my soul! Most interesting," he said meditatively, looking at Allen. "In fact, I find the whole subject of the North American Indian, in all its ramifications, very fascinating. And I feel it not only my pleasure, but my duty to study him. It is for that purpose, indeed, that I left Oxford to come among them. I have only three months, my time is short, but I presume —" He stopped, arrested by the look of blank amazement on Captain Whitney's face. Allen thought it was a joke and looked up to laugh, but seeing the professor's serious countenance, suddenly choked and drank some water.

The professor looked uneasily around at the silent company.

"You don't think—" he began tentatively.

Stanway threw up his hands. "Oh! *we* can't tell you anything at all," he declared. "We are only soldiers, and aren't supposed to really understand the beggars. Besides we've only been out here a short while. Whitney's been here ten years, but I'm a new-comer—only five. Ingalls *ought* to know something about 'em—he helps legislate for 'em—but I doubt if he does. Father Lemaire is the only man around here who really *knows* 'em. He's lived with 'em and preached to 'em and punished and rewarded and bossed 'em generally. Ask him."

The priest was gazing down at his plate and turning his coffee-cup around and around. There was an enigmatical smile on his face. The professor twisted himself in his chair and looked rather helplessly at him. From his place at the other end of the table, Ingalls could see the two, and there was an amused twinkle in his eye.

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you much about them." The

priest spoke English with so little accent that it would be impossible to indicate it He could talk ten unpronounceable Indian dialects fluently, and it wasn't likely that he would make a mistake in a little thing like English. "*Que sais-je?* I have only been among them thirty years, and they are very hard to know."

"Thirty years!" the professor gasped. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"It is as nothing. They are like children—it is hard to get at their real thoughts and feelings. I go among a tribe. I make friends with them, convert them, help them all I can. They come to me with their troubles, their grievances; I say 'do this, or do that,' and they obey. I think to myself, 'At last I know them and they love me. They are my children, I am their father!' And then some fine day—pouf! something happens and I find I know nothing about them; I am a stranger among them, and I must begin all over again."

The priest raised his eyes and looked around. Captain Whitney nodded appreciatively.

"That's just it," he said. "Now you know them and now you don't! There seems to be some invisible barrier between the Anglo-Saxon race and the Indian, and every now and then we come a cropper over it. We think we are going to spread the mantle of civilization over him and that it will fit very neatly, when suddenly we discover a bare place that hasn't been covered at all, and no matter how we twist and pull and tuck in that mantle, always an odd corner will stick out and show us that it is a misfit."

The professor looked a trifle dazed. He rubbed the bald spot on his head excitedly.

"Bless my soul!" he said; "I don't think I quite understand. If your language were a little less—ah—figurative—"

Allen saw his opportunity to laugh. He did so.

"Whitney's only trying to tell you, professor," he explained, "that although to all outward appearances the Indian is a commonplace, ordinary enough individual with many characteristics which we understand and recognize, and as guileless seemingly as Mr. Bret Harte's 'heathen Chinee,' yet at bottom he's as different from us as daylight is from darkness —I should say just the other way about. I don't mind con-

fessing that he has frequently surprised *me* most considerably. Now there was that curious affair of the Lost Mine—"

Captain Whitney held up a warning hand.

"Don't, don't, Allen! Not just yet. That story taxes the credulity of us who are used to the Indian—don't tell it to Professor Berwick yet. He'll only think you an unconscionable liar. Wait a while—"

"Yes," interrupted Stanway, "wait until he discovers that their religious traditions sound surprisingly like the Old Testament; that they know all about the flood and Noah and the Ark, and that it was a willow and not an olive branch the dove brought back, and that they have Masonic orders with proper degrees and grips and things, and that their prophets are wonderful old chaps and could have given points to Hosea and the rest of them. It's the prophets I can't account for. But as I am a mere soldier and a sinful creature not to be implicitly believed, I let Father Lemaire vouch for them."

The priest shrugged his shoulders again.

"It *is* curious," he said a little unwillingly, "and undoubtedly, although there have been false prophets among them as among the Jewish tribes, yet some of the Indian seers have a marvelous faculty for divining the future. You know their powers are quite distinct from those of the medicine man. The good Father Charlevoix has left us many instances of such power, and I myself have known of many—" he hesitated slightly, as if uncertain whether to go on. The professor smiled indulgently on him.

"But of course such occurrences or coincidences are easily explained." The professor beamed around on the company. It was impossible that these men could seriously believe in Indian prophets.

"Doubtless, and it is to men of learning like yourself that we look for the scientific explanation of such things." The priest looked calmly at the Oxford don as he spoke, and somehow his glance irritated that gentleman.

The professor cleared his throat and knocked the ash from his cigar.

" 'Hem! Of course, it is to science that such phenomena must be referred for solution, but personally I have never given the subject any attention, and therefore it would be presump-

tuous on my part to offer any opinion. Perhaps Whitney here has an explanation—"

"Oh! as for me, I believe the true solution is a simple one, that they are in league with the devil. It is very easy that way."

The priest laughed a little maliciously.

"*Monsieur le Capitaine* will not be on your side, professor," he said. "He not only believes in them, but he has friends among them. By the way"—he looked at Whitney—"what has become of that Piegan, Swift Arrow? He was one of the most astonishing *Jossakeed* I have ever seen." He turned again to the professor. "I wish, monsieur, that you could have seen that man and some of his prophetic manifestations. He is a devoted friend of Monsieur Whitney's. Ever since he was saved from transportation to Regina and the jail there by *Monsieur le Capitaine* he has worshipped him."

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted Whitney hastily; "it was only a trifling service for which he has been absurdly grateful. You know they have such a horror of being sent out of their country. I have known them to die of nostalgia. I'll tell you all about a case like it some time, professor. As for Swift Arrow, I don't know where he is—haven't seen the beggar for as much as two years; haven't even heard of him. I think he has probably left these parts entirely."

Ericson, the orderly, was passing with a tray of clean glasses and a bottle of Scotch. He put up a hand to his mouth and coughed slightly to attract the captain's attention.

"Swift Arrow is in our shack, sir," he said. "He is come but fifteen minutes ago." Ericson was a Dane and proud of his English.

The professor leaned back heavily in his chair.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated; "this is rather extraordinary."

Ingalls was amused. He whispered to Stanway. "Another surprise for our doubting Thomas." Captain Whitney turned around in his chair.

"Speak of the devil! What does Swift Arrow want, Ericson?" he inquired.

The orderly grinned.

"He says, sir, that he wishes to see Captain Wheetney;

that the Great Spirit told him the captain had need of him to-night and he is come, but does not heemself know wherefore."

"Well, tell him that the Great Spirit must have been playing a little joke on him, for I haven't the least need of him, and that I will see him to-morrow. I can't bother with him now. See that he is all right for the night." Whitney smiled a little uncomfortably and the professor laughed triumphantly.

Well," he remarked, pouring himself out a glass of Scotch, "it was rather peculiar his arriving while we were talking of him, but the revelation of the Great Spirit to him as to the future were evidently not authentic this time. I suspect all of their communications are of about equal value." The professor was growing offensively complacent and positive.

"Why not have him in, Whitney, and let the old chap give us a *séance* for the benefit of the professor, here?" suggested Allen.

But Whitney negatived the proposition emphatically.

"No, no! I won't have the old chap make an exhibition of himself for our pleasure. If there were any real reason—he's such a confoundedly dignified old beggar—I won't have him laughed at." He laughed himself a little uneasily. "After all, professor," he said, making an effort to turn the conversation, "I don't believe the prophetic power of the Indian is as wonderful as another curious little trick he possesses of sending intelligence from one point to another with the most baffling rapidity and absolutely without messengers or signal so far as anyone has discovered. It is quite wonderful, I assure you, and sometimes occasions us no end of trouble."

" 'Deed, that's so," chimed in Stanway, pushing his coffee-cup away and tilting his chair back comfortably. "The beggars are better at that mental telegraphy business than at anything else. Why last year, Steele, down at the Fort, chased a half-breed for two whole weeks before he came up with the ruffian. No matter what trail he took the Indian always got word somehow of his approach and escaped. Steele never knew how. He doubled and twisted on his own tracks but the Indian always seemed to know beforehand what he was going to do and would get away."

The professor leaned forward on the table.

"This is indeed interesting, gentlemen. Do any of the rest of you know of similar instances?"

Stanway leaned toward Ingalls. "Your man's beginning to take notice," he said.

Berwick had addressed the priest, who looked up quietly.

"Oh, yes," he said indifferently; "many have been brought to my knowledge. We are waiting for science to give us a lucid and satisfactory explanation of them," and again he looked quizzically at the professor, who reddened slightly.

"I don't think—" began Allen.

"Sh!" Captain Whitney held up a warning hand. "What's that?" he said, and pushed his chair back from the table. Outside could be heard, coming nearer and nearer to the shack, the galloping of a horse, then "Whoa! steady there!" and the sound of a man leaping to the ground.

Ericson presented himself at the door.

"An orderlee from the post with message for Captain Wheetney."

He saluted and stood aside to let the orderly, covered with dust and tired out from his thirty-mile ride, pass in.

Captain Whitney ran his eye hastily over the letter the man handed him.

"Do you know anything of the contents of this despatch?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir."

"Ericson, take the orderly to your quarters and see that he is comfortable. Tell Sergeant Owens to report to me in fifteen minutes, ready for service."

The two orderlies disappeared to wash out their throats and make themselves otherwise "comfortable." Captain Whitney read the letter over again, and then leaning forward on the table, the paper held up to the light, he looked around at his guests.

"Gentlemen," he said, and there was a queer little thrill of excitement in his voice, "I have just received a communication which is rather curious in view of our recent conversation, and which, as I am convinced you will preserve absolute secrecy on the subject, I will read to you. The letter is from Wainwright at Fort Donald, and is dated six o'clock this evening.

To Inspector Whitney, Highwood Detachment.

Sir: I have just received a telegram from Inspector Burke of the Banff detachment, apprising me of the murder, at four this afternoon, of a private, Thomas Dolan, in his division, by White Crow, a notorious Indian of that district. He has received most reliable information that the Indian has started eastward and by this time is in hiding with some of his people at a little place called Roy, fifty miles from there. As he feels confident that any approach from his detachment on the west would be immediately reported to the Indian in that mysterious fashion known to them, and so cause him to change his place of hiding, he decided to wire me the particulars, have me send a messenger immediately to you, and order you northward to capture White Crow. As it is absolutely impossible that the Indians to the south should have heard of the murder, your move to the northward will not attract any attention or be reported to him. News of the affair in all quarters, indeed, has been carefully suppressed, so that if you move quickly and cautiously you will undoubtedly come upon White Crow near Roy.

The orderly leaves here in half an hour and should be with you by ten this evening. He knows nothing of the affair.

Wainwright,
Inspector.

Captain Whitney glanced at his watch. It was just four minutes of ten. The orderly rode well.

"You will have to excuse me, gentlemen," he said, rising from the table. I have much to attend to before starting, and we must get away as soon as possible. I hope, however, that you will stay and finish out the evening."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the professor, "you don't mean to say, Whitney, that you are going to start out over the trackless prairie in the dead of night after an Indian murderer?"

Whitney smiled.

"What did you expect? That I should wait here until these Indians got wind of the affair and let the man know that I am on his trail? Besides, the prairie isn't trackless. People talk ingenuously of the 'trackless prairie.' The trouble with it is that there are so many tracks that we need a guide—" he stopped suddenly and struck his hands sharply together. "By Jove, I had entirely forgotten! Both the Indian guide

and the interpreter are away. Lost Arm is at Lethbridge and won't be here until to-morrow noon, and I let the interpreter go home to see his family to-night. It's entirely too far to send for him."

Father Lemaire looked at Whitney.

"Perhaps, after all, Swift Arrow's arrival was opportune. You couldn't find a better guide," he said quietly.

Allen gave a nervous little laugh.

"By Jove, it's just like a fairy-tale! The Great Spirit must have given him a tip as to your difficulty to-night, after all, Whitney."

Whitney stood looking down, twisting the letter absently in his fingers.

"Just the man," he said. "And I need a guide badly. Never heard of Roy, but if it's fifty miles east of Banff it must be at least a hundred and five or ten miles from here."

There was a knock at the door and Sergeant Owens came in.

"Owens, bring Swift Arrow in here. I wish to speak with him."

In an instant the man was back, followed by a tall Indian who walked noiselessly in his doeskin moccasins. He was an old man, but as straight and quick as one of his own arrows.

"How!" he said gravely.

They returned his salutation and Whitney gave him tobacco. They all smoked in silence for a few minutes.

"Swift Arrow," said Whitney at length, "Lost Arm is in Lethbridge and I wish to go at once to Roy on particular business. Do you know where Roy is? Can you guide me? The pay is good."

The Indian blew a great cloud of smoke through his beaked nose.

"Good—much good that I come to-night, much good that I listen to Manitou," he said tranquilly. "No pay for Swift Arrow. He goes for love of white friend. Roy far off—hundred mile 'cross prairie. The pale face," he pointed with the stem of his pipe toward the professor, "will ride too. He much tired."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the astonished professor; "I hope I shall do no such thing."

The Indian glanced at him carelessly. "Yes," he said with conviction.

The Catholic priest looked over at the professor.

"Why not?" he asked. "Since knowledge of the Indian is what *Monsieur le Professeur* seeks, why should he not go on this expedition? It is not so dangerous. It will teach him many things."

Of course you'll go, professor," urged Ingalls. "It will really be tremendously interesting, and Whitney will be glad of company."

The captain looked doubtfully at his guest. He was wondering whether he could ride.

"Delighted to take him along," he said uncertainly.

"Easy horse for pale face—old bones very tired." Swift Arrow spoke lazily through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

The professor glared indignantly at the Indian.

"Confound his impudence! I'll go, if it's only to show the Indian I can ride," he declared hotly.

Allen laughed.

"That's right, professor. Do him up. All Indians are awfully stuck on their riding."

"Very well," said Whitney, still doubtfully. "We start at three. It's hardly worth while setting out sooner, as it is the dark of the moon, and we couldn't see our horses' heads before us. You'd better get as much rest as possible before then, professor. Ericson, you and Owens put up some rations and get the tents and ponies in readiness, and speak to no one of this expedition. I have letters to write and a report to finish. Stanway, will you be host in my absence?"

It was three o'clock when they started, Swift Arrow riding slightly in front, followed by Captain Whitney and Berwick, with Sergeant Owens in the rear. The professor was really an excellent horseman, and had no difficulty in keeping up with the stiff pace set by the Indian. They rode silently, for the world was asleep and deep shadows hung over the land. And when the sun came slowly up they were still held silent by the beauty of it all. The heavy purple clouds, paling slowly to amethyst and then to turquoise before the advancing light, were pierced here and there by long shafts of gold. Far overhead in the cool air, plovers with their sad cry dipped and

circled about. Once they passed a small lake with teal and wild duck upon it. On the sides of *coulées* great bushes of prairie roses grew and flung out their fragrance and millions of forget-me-nots blossomed under their horses' feet. Drowsy cattle stirred here and there, "rustling" in the short, sweet prairie grass. It was a silent, beautiful world they galloped through that June morning.

When the day had fully dawned they drew rein for breakfast, and at noon they rested again for an hour, for it was very hot. Late in the afternoon they came upon a little open space, surrounded by cottonwoods and near a stream where Captain Whitney thought it would be well to camp for the night.

The sergeant was putting up the two tents they had brought and Captain Whitney was hobbling his horse when suddenly Swift Arrow, who was watching the operations from afar, came close up to the officer.

"Not go any farther now—stay here?" he asked, spreading out his hands.

The captain nodded.

"We are all tired out and must rest to-night. Hold up your hoof, Duke."

Swift Arrow regarded him a moment. "Indians right behind—ride fast, Indians."

Captain Whitney straightened up with a start.

"What! You don't mean we are followed? Who could have known?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"Ye-es—that right—Indians after us. Maybe they get to Roy first."

"But *how* do you know?" The officer's voice shook with impatience. The Indian only regarded him quietly with a blank expression on his face.

"White man don' see all Indian sees," he remarked impassively. Captain Whitney looked at the A tent and the hobbled horses in perplexity and chagrin. And then an idea struck him, and he determined to keep it even from Swift Arrow for the present.

Supper was over and the horses had been fed and watered and had had three hours' rest, when Captain Whitney left the professor and went through the inky darkness over to the bell

tent, where the sergeant and Swift Arrow were already soundly sleeping. He raised the flap and entered. First he shook Owens by the arm, and when he got the sergeant aroused he bent over the sleeping Indian and called to him softly. The man sprang up.

"I want you, Swift Arrow," said the captain, "to go and get our horses and saddle them quickly—all but Owens'. He is going to stay here while we push on. I am hoping to deceive the Indians on our trail—whoever the beggars are and wherever they are—into thinking we have camped for the night, and so get far ahead of them."

The Indian grunted.

"Good—much good," he said and moved noiselessly out into the night.

"You, Owens, are to stay here and keep the fires going and move about as much as you can. Try and be four men, if possible."

Owens saluted sleepily, and the captain went back to his tent and the professor, who was sitting on his saddle-cloth in the most uncomfortable position and looking moody but game.

"How d'y' suppose they found out we had started and how on earth did Swift Arrow, or whatever the chap's name is, find out that they had found out? It beats me. He was with us the whole way and *I* never saw a thing." There was a touch of irritation in the professor's voice. A gentleman and an Oxford don does not thoroughly enjoy being mystified by an ignorant savage."

"Give it up," said Whitney affably. "Here's Swift Arrow for your saddle-blanket. He's getting the horses ready."

It was intensely dark when they set out again, and they had to ride slowly. It seemed as if the Indian must have had some sixth sense to be able to guide them at all. Twice indeed they lost the trail and had to retrace part of the way and once the professor's horse stepped into a badger hole and nearly threw his rider. When the dawn began to break again they rode more rapidly. Suddenly Swift Arrow drew rein and pointed far down on his right to a group of brightly painted tepees nestled against the side of a steep *coulée*. A mile or so farther on, Whitney and the professor could see where the level line of the prairie was broken by a little settlement of

rough newly built frame houses. Evidently that was Roy, and the Indian village nearer them the hiding-place of White Crow.

They rode straight for the tepees, and as they neared them they could see that, early as it was, the place was wide awake. Young bucks were leading their ponies down to the water and the squaws were making fires and hanging pots above them. Fat brown Indian babies toddled about among the dogs and horses in a reckless fashion. Captain Whitney halted before the largest and most brilliantly decorated tepee. An old Indian, evidently the chief, sat in front of it, smoking. The officer beckoned to Swift Arrow to interpret.

"Tell him that I come to arrest White Crow, whom I know to be here, for the murder of a private soldier at Banff. Tell him I wish the man given up at once and peaceably."

The Indian translated. Though it was the first he had heard of the murder, his impassive face betrayed not a trace of curiosity. The chief smoked on tranquilly.

"Tell him to give me his answer immediately, Swift Arrow." The officer was becoming impatient.

The old chief removed his pipe from his lips for a moment.

"Tell the White Mother's servant who moves as slowly as a half-frozen bear in winter that his quarry is gone. White Crow did indeed come among us late yesterday, but a swift-winged message breathed in his ear and he rode away quickly. Whither he went I did not ask and do not know." He resumed his pipe impassively, while Swift Arrow translated what he had said.

"Tell him I must have the camp searched, that I do not believe White Crow can have got away."

For an instant the old man's eyes blazed at the message, then arising gravely, he led the way to each tepee, ordering the young Indians out and aiding in the thorough search. At the end of half an hour it was evident that White Crow was not there and that none of the Indians knew where he was.

" 'Pon my word, this thing grows uncanny." The professor's teeth chattered audibly as he spoke. Perhaps it was the effect of the keen morning air.

"It's most vexatious, I know that! If I had not been so sure of catching him here I would have brought more men. As it is, there aren't enough of us to divide up into search

parties, and we shall have to go to Calgary to get help or back to the detachment."

"My dear Whitney, it's a very small matter whether you catch the man or not. What *I* want to know is by what mysterious agency was he apprised of our coming!"

"As an officer of the Mounted Police, naturally my point of view differs from yours," said the captain stiffly. "However, if you want to find out about the psychological, or scientific or whatever you choose to call it, aspect of the thing, why don't you go and interview the chief?"

Berwick thought the advice good, and taking Swift Arrow with him, went over to where the chief sat smoking again as tranquilly as though nothing had happened. He did not find out much, though. All the information he could extract from the taciturn old warrior was conveyed in a single, enigmatical sentence.

"The voice of the messenger glides swiftly over the land and breathes in the ear of the listening brave. Like the lightning it flashes across the plains and mountains. More than that I do not know."

The professor went back to Whitney.

"The beggar won't tell me a thing," he declared testily, "and he has the audacity to use semi-scientific terms in describing the phenomenon. Talks about lightning flashing across the plain. He might be describing wireless telegraphy! Bless my soul! If I stay in this country much longer I won't know what I think." The professor's intellect was expanding in leaps and bounds and it was most uncomfortable and perplexing.

The captain laughed ruefully. "I don't know what to think now," he said. "All I know is that our cattle are completely used up, not to mention ourselves, and that White Crow has been informed of our search and escaped. We shall have to stay here half the day anyway to be able to move at all. Confound that Indian! If I only knew where he was!"

The professor looked out through the entrance of the tent across the prairie.

"Why don't you ask Swift Arrow where he is? The gentleman seems to know everything." The professor essayed a

flippant tone, but Whitney was not deceived. The leaven was working.

"By Jove, not a bad idea," he said, and went to the door of the tent, which the Indian had put up. Swift Arrow was outside and walked quietly to meet Whitney. From his place in the tent the professor could see them speaking together earnestly, and at first the Indian seemed to protest, but finally, making a gesture of assent, he followed Whitney slowly back. The officer threw himself down by Berwick.

"Prepare yourself, professor," he said, smiling a little uncertainly. "After all, you are going to have a chance of find-out what an Indian prophet is worth. We are going to have a *séance* with the Great Spirit, the Gitchi Manitou. Swift Arrow didn't want to do it much at first, but his gratitude for the little service I did him—you remember the Regina affair—finally overcame his scruples about assisting in the arrest of this brother Indian, and so he is going to hold a conference with the powers that be and find out just where White Crow is. It can't do any harm and it will fill up the time while we wait," he added, avoiding the professor's eye. The professor looked at him sharply.

"Don't pretend that you don't believe in this thing, Whitney! Why, man, I'm getting downright superstitious myself!'

The captain chuckled a little and watched Swift Arrow out of the corner of his eye. The man was going quietly about clearing a space in the corner of the tent. Over this he spread carefully a heavy blanket which he had worn thrown about his shoulders during the night ride, and having removed his shaps, moccasins, and shirt, he lay down upon it. Drawing the four corners together, he wrapped himself tightly in it. To the two men watching him, it looked as if the Indian had fallen quickly asleep, but in a few moments he became very pale, drops of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he began to mutter incoherently.

The sides of the tent were drawn up, for it was intensely hot and the Indians came and gathered about the tepee, staring at the pallid figure stretched out on the ground. The old chief took his station at the entrance and smoked pipeful after pipeful of *kinnikinick*.

For an hour or more Swift Arrow lay in a stupor, mut-

tering unintelligibly, his limbs now and then twitching convulsively. Captain Whitney was intensely bored. He felt extremely ridiculous in his own sight and assured himself over and over that only the impossibility of getting away with his used-up horses prevented his ordering Swift Arrow to break off his conference with the Great Spirit and strike the tent. He pretended to sleep, but was really wide awake and listening to the suppressed hum of conversation from the Indians surrounding the tepee. The professor was writing vigorously in his note-book and trying to appear unconcerned. In reality he too was nervous as a cat, and his mind in a state bordering on revolution.

Suddenly Swift Arrow gave a wild cry and leaping to his feet, threw off the blanket and stood in the center of the tent. Great rivulets of perspiration rolled off his body, his face was pallid, and a light froth lay on his lips. He passed his hand slowly across his forehead as if stupefied, but his eyes were preternaturally bright. The frightened Indians crowding around the tent fell back a little at the sight. Whitney and the professor sat up stiffly, awaiting what was to come. There was a little mocking smile on the officer's face, but Berwick was extremely serious. If there was anything in the exhibition the professor was determined to find out what it might be.

Swift Arrow stood for a moment passing and repassing his hand across his eyes, then he motioned to the Indians outside to leave the tent. When they had all gone away he sat down beside the English officer and began to smoke. For a few seconds he was silent, then laying aside his pipe, he leaned forward and began to speak rapidly in short, jerky sentences.

"The Great Spirit has talked to me. To-night, at dark, you find White Crow at Morlon's—he half-breed. Forty mile from here to south, at foot of great Rockies. Swift Arrow knows place well. Down by *coulée*."

Captain Whitney looked straight ahead of him.

"Do you mean that White Crow has doubled back and gone southwest for forty miles to the foothills?"

The Indian nodded.

"And shall we come up with him toward dusk at the half-breed Morlon's?"

The Indian nodded again and, picking up his pipe of *kinnikinick,* strode out of the tent.

The professor looked over at Whitney.

"Shall we try it?" he asked excitedly. Captain Whitney smiled doubtfully.

"I say, Whitney, really I think we might as well see what's in it." The professor's voice was urgent and the captain could not help smiling.

"Very well, I had already decided to wire Burke and go back to the detachment, so that it will be but little out of the way. If we don't catch him—if—if Swift Arrow here is simply having a little fun with us, I can wire him from the Post, and if we are to get there by dusk we will have to leave here a little after three. I propose that we get some good rest until then."

It was almost four when the tired little party started south again, and twenty times as they galloped across the hot prairie Captain Whitney changed his mind as to whether to follow Swift Arrow's lead. But almost before he knew it they had left the direct southern trail and were veering off to the right, straight toward the Rockies. Glad that the thing had been decided for him, he rode mechanically forward, his eyes dazzled by the splendor of the afternoon sun that shone full in his face.

They rode so for many hours and dark had descended upon them when the Indian, turning sharply to the right, led the way down a rocky road to the bed of a mountain stream, and there on its bank they suddenly came upon the little shack of Morlon, the French half-breed.

"Bless my soul, Whitney, this is the loneliest and most God-forsaken spot I ever saw!" The professor spoke in a whisper. The desolate aspect of the place seemed to compel silence.

"Wait here," said the captain to Berwick and the Indian, and he rode alone up to the door of the shack. He knocked, and in an instant the tall figure and unprepossessing face of Morlon appeared. The man held a candle in his hand, and by its light Whitney could see that he was equally frightened and relieved at the sight of his uniform.

"I want White Crow, the Indian who is hiding here," he said briefly.

The man's hand shook so that the wax of the candle spilled over.

"I—he—is not—why do you think he is here?"

"Come," commanded Whitney, sternly, "give him up at once or I will arrest you, too."

The man pointed over his shoulder to an inner room.

"He is in there," he said in a frightened voice. "I did not want him to come. Bad Indian. He told me he kill me if I not hide him. He just come—little while ago. I don' want him."

He stepped discreetly and hastily out of the house while Captain Whitney went in to get the Indian. White Crow made no resistance, rather to the professor's regret—he had followed Captain Whitney into the shack—and they easily made him their prisoner. He had not slept and had scarcely tasted food for fifty hours, and there was no fight left in him.

"By Jove, I'm glad we have got this fellow at last!" said Whitney. They were in the corral slipping the saddles off their tired ponies preparatory to having a good night's rest at the half-breed's shack.

"My dear fellow," remarked the professor testily, "as I before said, catching him is a secondary matter. The thing that interests me is the way in which he has been found. I have thought of it from every conceivable point of view, and can make nothing of it. It's most extraordinary—most extraordinary!"

Whitney laughed. "My dear professor, you must not take this affair too seriously. It was in all probability a mere accident, a coincidence, if you will, strange but perfectly explicable. Men like you and myself don't believe in the supernatural."

"But all truth-searching minds are open to conviction, no matter what their previous prejudices may be. Do you mean to tell me that the events which have taken place since night before last—the unexpected and timely appearance of the Indian Swift Arrow, the communication from your superior officer pertinent to the very conversation in hand, the seemingly sure official intelligence directing us to Roy and the mysterious communication of our approach to the murderer, the absolute lack of knowledge of his whereabouts and his

location by this Indian prophet—" the professor was sputtering and breathless.

Whitney laughed heartlessly again. "I repeat that while it seems strange it may all have been a coincidence. There was nothing particularly wonderful in Swift Arrow's visit to the detachment. I had not seen him for a long while—it was time for him to turn up. As for White Crow's escape from Roy —he may never have been there. These Indians are awful liars. They saw that we expected to find him there and they may have concluded that it would bring less suspicion upon them to say that he had been there but had gone than to deny his ever having been there. As for his presence here—that may have been a lucky guess only on Swift Arrow's part. Morlon may be friendly with that particular Indian, and if he is, depend on it, every other Indian knows it. His place is secluded and Swift Arrow may have very shrewdly surmised that he would come to him in trouble—"

"Of all narrow-minded, bigoted, conventional, hard-headed, doubting idiots, commend me to an Englishman!"

"Oh, come, Berwick!" Whitney was laughing so he could hardly speak. "How about scientists?"

"Who's talking about scientists? Science be damned!" said the professor recklessly and emphatically, and he followed the captain into the shack.

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON

[1855—]

FRANK P. BRENT

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON, the subject of this sketch, was born on December 20, 1855, at "Edgeworth," in Albemarle County, the residence of his paternal grandfather, General William F. Gordon. His father was George Loyall Gordon, and his mother Mary Long Daniel, daughter of Judge Joseph J. Daniel, associate justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. George Loyall Gordon was educated in the academic and law departments of the University of Virginia. In 1851 he settled in Alexandria, where he practiced law and edited the *Sentinel,* a Democratic newspaper. Shortly after his marriage in 1854 he purchased an ample estate in Louisa County near Gordonsville, where he resided as lawyer and planter till the spring of 1861, when President Lincoln's call for troops to coerce the seceding Southern States forced Virginia out of the Union. Entering the Confederate Army as sergeant of his company, he rose rapidly to the rank of adjutant of his regiment, which position he held when he was killed in Magruder's desperate and heroic charge upon the Federal batteries at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, falling at the head of the charging column, the nearest man to the enemy's guns. On the morning of his death he had received his commission as colonel of another regiment. He died at the age of thirty-two, beloved and admired for those fine chivalric qualities that have always rendered his house famous.

Armistead C. Gordon is the eldest of five children, two of whom died in infancy. His brother, James Lindsay Gordon, noted as a brilliant orator and a graceful occasional poet, began life as a practitioner of law at Charlottesville, represented Albemarle in the Senate of Virginia, moved to New York City, where after serving as assistant district attorney and associate corporation counsel for the city, he died of pneumonia at forty-five years of age, in the full maturity of his remarkable powers. Mr. Gordon's sister, Mary Long Gordon, the wife of Dr. Richard H. Lewis, Secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Health, died in 1895 of typhoid fever. Mr. Gordon's mother died at "Longwood," the family residence in Louisa County, in 1876. She spent all of her married life in the nurture and education of her three children, always holding up before

them high ideals in life and letters, and illustrating in her modest matronly life all the virtues attributed to the mother of the Gracchi.

After receiving excellent preparatory instruction in Major Horace Jones's school for boys at Charlottesville, Armistead C. Gordon entered the academic department of the University of Virginia in 1873, where he remained for two sessions, devoting the most of his time to the study of ancient and modern languages. While at the University he displayed remarkable talents as a writer, his productions both in prose and verse being anxiously sought for by the editors of the *University Magazine*, a monthly publication maintained by the students.

On leaving the University he taught school for four years in the town of Charlottesville, first as associate to his old preceptor Major Jones in the Charlottesville Institute, later as his successor as principal, and then as associate principal of the Charlottesville public high school. In the meantime he was reading law privately and attending the Summer Law School at the University of Virginia, then conducted by the late John B. Minor, LL.D. In 1879 he opened a law office in Staunton, Virginia, where he is still in active practice.

In 1883 Mr. Gordon married in Staunton, Miss Maria Breckinridge Catlett, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Pendleton Catlett and Elizabeth Breckinridge, his wife; and of that marriage five children have been born, two daughters and three sons, all of whom are living.

During his residence in Staunton he has been honored by his neighbors in being elected or appointed to many positions of prominence and trust, and in a sphere of larger activity and usefulness he has served as member of the State Board of Visitors to Mt. Vernon; member of the Royal Charter Board of Visitors to the College of William and Mary; member of the Board of Visitors to the University of Virginia, of which he is still rector; and member and first chairman of the State Library Board, first organized in 1903. Probably the most valuable public service yet rendered by Mr. Gordon was when, acting as a member of the committee composed of three from the Board of Visitors and two from the Faculty, for restoring the buildings of the University of Virginia destroyed by fire in 1895, he advocated and secured the adoption of plans that resulted in the erection of the most classic and graceful group of academic buildings to be found in this or any other country. It was also on his motion that the Greek inscription was placed over the portico of the Academic Building, now known as Cabell Hall: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free,"—a text from the Gospel of St. John, which has come to be recognized as the fittest motto to illustrate the traditional spirit of the University.

As member of the Board of Visitors he began in 1897 the agita-

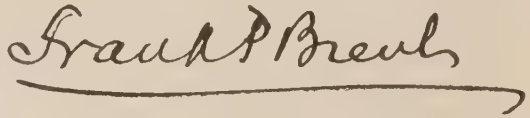
tion in favor of appointing a president for the University of Virginia; and as chairman of the special committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of creating such an office, he drafted the majority report recommending it. But owing to the fierce opposition that sprang up in many parts of the country to the proposed change in the government of the University, action on the report was indefinitely postponed. Seven years later, however, the seed thus sown bore fruit in the adoption of Mr. Gordon's report and in the election of Dr. Edwin A. Alderman as the first incumbent of this office.

In 1901 Mr. Gordon received a written petition from nearly one thousand citizens of Staunton and Augusta counties urging him to stand as a candidate for the convention then called to frame a new constitution for the Commonwealth; but personal and professional considerations compelled him to decline this complimentary request.

Amidst his multitudinous public and professional engagements he has found time to write much, both in prose and verse, that has placed him in the front rank of Southern writers. At irregular intervals he has contributed essays, fiction, and poems to *The Century Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, The Atlantic Monthly,* and other periodicals, and has published the following volumes: 'Befo' de War; Echoes in Negro Dialect,' in collaboration with Thomas Nelson Page; 'Congressional Currency; An Outline of the Federal Money System'; 'For Truth and Freedom; Poems of Commemoration'; 'Envion and Other Tales of Old and New Virginia'; 'The Gay Gordons; Ballads of an Ancient Scottish Clan'; 'The Gift of the Morning Star,' a novel dealing with the character and life of the Dunkards, a numerous religious sect in the Valley of Virginia; and 'The Ivory Gate,' a volume of verse. He has in press a novel depicting colonial life just before the Revolution, the scene of which runs from "Rosegill" in Middlesex, to Williamsburg, and thence to Halifax in North Carolina, with John Paul Jones as one of its characters. He has just completed two notable biographical sketches, one of the late William Green, the other of the late Judge William J. Robertson, two of the most eminent jurisconsults of Virginia, soon to appear in a series entitled 'Great American Lawyers,' edited by William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and published by the John C. Winston Company of Philadelphia. He has also delivered many notable addresses, among them the annual address before the West Virginia Bar Association on "The Citizen and the Republic," on "Judge William McLaughlin," at Washington and Lee University; on "Daniel Morgan," before the Seventh Congress of the Scotch-Irish in America; on the "Valley Ulsterman," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary College;

and on "The Influence of Homer," at the unveiling of Sir Moses Ezekiel's Homeric group at the University of Virginia. He has composed and read the following memorial odes on the occasions named:—"The Garden of Death," at the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead in Thornrose Cemetery at Staunton; "Roses of Memory," before Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Confederate Veterans at Norfolk on Memorial Day; "*Pro monumento super milites interemptos*," at the unveiling of the monument to the Private Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy at Richmond; "The Fostering Mother," at the dedication of the new buildings at the University of Virginia in 1898; "Mosby's Men," at the seventh annual reunion of the survivors of the Forty-seventh Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, at Fairfax Courthouse; "*Vitai Lampada*," a song for a centenary year, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at William and Mary College; "The Stonewall Brigade," at the reunion of the survivors of that famous body in 1901; "New Market; A Threnody," at the dedication of the Ezekiel monument to the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who fell in the battle of New Market; "The Head Master," at the presentation of the portrait of Captain W. Gordon McCabe to the University by his former pupils.

Mr. Gordon is a member of the Chi Phi fraternity, a Greek letter college secret society, and has been the poet at one of its annual conventions. He is also an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias, though no longer actively affiliated with these orders. He is a member of the Alpha chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary College; of the Scotch-Irish Society of America; of the Virginia Historical Society, being on its executive committee; of the Virginia State Bar Association; and of the Coöperative Education Commission of Virginia. He is a non-resident member of the Spalding Club of Aberdeen University, Scotland, to whose publication, 'The House of Gordon,' he has made valuable contributions concerning the history of the Gordons in Ireland and America. In 1906 the College of William and Mary conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.



ENVION

Reg'lar ole time F. F. V's dey was—fus' famblys, ye know—wid dey hansum kerridges' an' fat black niggers a settin' up on de boxes an' a grinnin' foreber,' case dey got so much ter eat. I told ye! An' de way ole Cunnel Toliver'd move 'roun' 'mongst de company, a-bowin' here an' a scrapin' dar, an' a-sayin' ter all on 'em; "I'm mos' happy ter have ye here on dis mos' suspeceous occasion!"

An' den de supper, an' de dancin'. 'Twarn't none o' yer 10 o'clock in de mornin' go-way on de half pas' ten train sort o' weddin's dat my young marster got married at. Big supper, dance all night, an' de whole crowd stayin' dar sebrel days. Table f'arly loaded down wid ev'rything ye could think of—Ole Ferginyer ham, ole Ferginyer turkey, ole Ferginyer cured ven'son, ole Glorster Pint oysters, an' ole Ferginyer mountain-dew f'om beyant de Blue Ridge; an' wine an' egg-nogg 'twel you cudden' hole yer bref. An' evvy now an' den de ole Cunnel 'sed:

"Gennulmen, jine me!" an' dey'd step up ter de long 'hog-any side-board whar de silver chewreens an' things was stacked an' dey'd mix de peach an' honey, an' bow ter one another an' say: "My ree-gards, gennulmen!" an' drink it off, while de niggers stan'in' aroun' wid dey white ap'uns on ter wait on de table'd feel dey moufs f'arly waterin'. Den come de dancin'—none of yer new-fangled brass ban' Garmins, but de reg'lar ole time swing-cornders; an' de whole thing windin' up wid a ole Ferginyer Reel. An' Pompey Rowan was de boss fiddler, wid two mo' o' dem Tide-water niggers—young 'uns, ye know. Dey's an orful perlite set, dem darkeys, down 'bout Glo'rster Pint—reg'lar 'ristercratick niggers dat knows what's what. Come o' dey 'vocations, I 'spec'. An' fiddle—Lord, you jes oughter heerd dem three niggers slingin' o' de bow. De pictures on de walls looked like dey was gwine ter step down outer dey frames an' jine dat reel. Eben de preacher what morrid de couple, soon arter Pomp struk up, marches ober ter de side-board an' takes peach an' honey in his'n' wid de Cunnul; an' de fus' thing I knowed he was jerkin' ez lively a hoof ez any sinner in dat crowd. Well, arter de doin's was done ended, we come back up here ter de mountains, an' Mars' Berkeley

and Miss Agnes settled down at de Grasslane place dat ole Master gin 'em; an' sech another happy couple I never is seed. I stayed in de house an' waited on de table; an' I watched 'em an' I think dat dey loved one another about jes de same. Dar warn't much diff'unce. But I notice 'bout dis time dat Mars' Berk was eternally an' foreber comin' up here ter town ter make speeches out dar in front o' de Co't 'Ouse; an' down at Grasslane he kep' a-readin' o' de newspapers. An' de fus' thing I knowed he had done gone got him a cavalry company an' used ter have a drill ev'ry day. An' den one May mornin' —I ree-collects it ez well ez if it was yestiddy—he come ter me, an' he sez. "Envion, saddle de hosses an' git yerse'f ready ter go off wid me. De Yankees is pas' de Potomac, an' my company is ordered out." In two hours everything was ready, an' de hosses a-stannin' at de do'. De sun was shinin' ez bright an' puty ez I ever seen it; de green was on de trees good, an' de willow bushes all along de bank o' de creek in front o' de house far'ly sparkled in de light. De cherry an' de apple trees was all in blossom, an' de birds was a-singin' like dey was gwine ter bus' deyselves. Yes, sah, de place looked mighty beautiful, an' it did seem a pity-like ter leave it. But the purties' thing o' it all was young Miss Agnes, dressed up all in white, a-stanin' dar in de porch whar de honeysuckle vines was a-growin', waitin' ter see Mars' Berkeley mount an' ride away.

"I cudden' let you go, my darlin'," sez she, ez she put her hand on his gray coat-sleeve, "but for de fac' dat I know yer country calls you, an 'tis yer duty. Ez it is, ef you stayed, I cudden' love you ez I do."

An' den de tears came in her eyes when he put his arms about her—an'—an' I looked away.

We mounted de hosses an' rid off; an' when we turned in our saddles dar she still stood 'neaf de honeysuckles all white an' beautiful, a-shadin' her eyes wid her han' an' watchin' on us go.

Dat was de last time dat he ever seen her. Up an' down, roun' an' about, Mars' Cap'n Berk an' me carried our cavalry company, a-fightin' an' a-scrimmagin' wid de Yankees, an' a-manoovrin' roun' ginnerally. Ontwel at last' dey got us over yander beyo'd Culpepper Co't 'Ouse at dat place dey calls

Manassas, whar Gennul Borygard an' Gennul Johnson had dis sembled all de soljers in de country to whop out de Yankees dat was comin'. I mos' commonly stayed ter de rear an' tuk keer o' de baggage when de fightin' was goin' on; but dat day Mars' Berk, sez he: "Envion, you must come wid me Mebbe I'll be killed down here terday, becase it's gwine ter be a big fight; an' ef so, dar's a letter in my pocket what I want tuk back to yer Miss Agnes."

So dat day, when de lines o' infantry was a-deployin', an' a-filadin' an' a-carryin' on, an' Mars' Berk was settin' dar on his hoss wid his drawed sabre up agin his shoulder, in front o' his company, I was right by him. An den de bugles sounded all on a sudden, an' Mars' Berk said "Charge!" Right down on de Yankees in front of us we rid, wid de hosses a-snortin' an' de bright swords a-shinin' in de sunlight. It would ha' looked awful purty, ef I hadn't been so skeered. I thought to myself: "Nigger, yer time's come now, sho!" but I rid right on wid 'em, close ter Mars' Berkeley. We charged again de Yankee ranks, an' our hosses ez we met 'em, come up on dey haunches. De way de pistols was a-goin' pop! pop! pop! was a caution; an' sich another yellin' an a-swearin' an a-cussin' an' rattlin' o' swords an' scabbards an' tin canteens I never heerd in all o' my born days. But Mars' Berk never said a word. He rid right on silent, wid his sabre a-fallin' right an' lef' 'twel all on a sudden I seed de sword sorter quiver—'case I was a-watchin' on him all de time—an' den he flung bofe arms up in de a'r, an' rolled over ter one side."

"My Gord, for Miss Agnes!" sez I; an' I cotch him in my arms, an' draggin' him off'n his hoss ter mine I rid out o' dat bloody mix wid him ter de rear. A bullet tuk me in de shoulder;—ef my shirt was off, you could see de mark dar now, sah—but I did'n't never stop for dat. I kerried him out o' de reach o' dem whistlin' bullets, an' laid him down on de groun' ez sof' like ez I could. He groaned an' said sumpin' 'bout Miss Agnes, an' den a sort o' gugglin' soun' kim in his throat; an' I knowed dat dat was de las' on him. I retch down inter his breas' pocket whar he had tole me de letter was, an' I tuk it out. Dar was a lot o' blood on one cornder of it; but I put it in my pocket ter take ter my young Mistis jes so. I buried him dar dat night on dat fiel'. I dug his grave wid my

own han's, an' I laid him away without coffin or sheet; but I put a big rock over de place so dat I would know whar ter find him when Miss Agnes sent me arter him again.

An' den, widout sayin' nothin' ter Gennul Borygard or Gennul Johnson widout no passport or nothin', I sot out for home wid dat letter. I never shall forgit ontwel my dyin' day de look on Miss Agnes' face when she seen me a-slowly comin' up over de bridge, across de meadow creek an' through de big front gate. She stood on de porch a-lookin' out, like she looked dat May mornin' when we left her; an' at fus' she started to'ds me. Den I see her sort o' ketch at de pillar by her side; an' when I had got dar her face was whiter dan Mars' Berkeley's was when de death grip was on him; an' she sort o' gasped out at me:

"Envion, is he dead?"

I did'n say a word—I cudden'; but she seen it in my eyes. An' wid a sort o' low cry dat cut through me sharper'n a knife, an' made me forgit all about dat bullet in my back, she sort o' staggered an' fell forruds. I cotch her in my arms an' tuk her in.

I ain't nothin' but a poor good-for-nothin' nigger; but it does me some good ter remember dat I fit in de battle 'long side o' de braves' man dat was in dat wah; an' dat when I come back I tuk keer o' young Miss Agnes.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

From 'The Gift of the Morning Star.' Copyright, 1905, by The Funk and Wagnalls Company. By permission of the publishers.

When a man has grown very old, as when a child is very young, a short space of time will serve to work wondrous changes in him. The two extremes of life seem to move at a quicker pace and with an ampler meaning than does that intermediate stage, in whose earlier period the man finds himself still looking forward to the future, and from whose latter years he is ever gazing backward at the irrevocable past.

Grave physical mutations had transformed Jethro Makal in the months that had intervened between Benammi's departure and his return; changes that were in sharp contrast

with the apparent lack of them in all the other dwellers at the Mill Place, not even excepting Tirzah. The old man's entire presence bespoke his rapidly progressing decrepitude and helplessness. His thin legs had ceased to do their task in life, and his existence had come to be as motionless as it was gray. He sat all day in his easy chair by the chimney corner in the winter time, and through the chill days of the damp depressing spring; and in the summer he was placed conveniently near the open window of his bedroom, looking out upon the varied life of the mill-yard. Wherefore, the children of the Glade in the fishing season now went past the mill, and on to the Black Hole of Ocquon, free from any further fear of the stern disapproval that in former days had been visited upon them by Old Man Hoppergrass.

At night and morning the two Jacobs, his son and grandson, lifted him to and from his bed; and Mother Makal looked after him with even a greater degree of care than she gave to little Abijah. His hands were very tremulous, and his head shook with a constant vibration that was indicative of his attenuated hold on life; while the stare of extreme old age, that strange, questioning gaze which, seeing here as through a glass darkly, would seem fain to fathom the near abyss, was always with him.

But the undaunted spirit and the tameless will, which had held sway within their sphere through the years, yet lingered in the worn body; and the members of the household at the Mill Place still looked upon the patriarch as the severe, unabdicating ruler of the house, and did him according reverence as one supreme in authority.

"I hear that the prodigal son has come home," he said, with the ghost of a sneer in his thin quivering voice, two days after Benammi's return to Barzley Manor.

Old Jethro was one of the elect who could never bring himself to approve of the slaughter of the fatted calf. He addressed his remark to Mother Makal, as, with bustling and good-natured activity, she bestirred herself in the preparation of the family dinner.

"Lor', pappy-pa," she answered, pausing with a face crimson from contiguity to the hickory blaze, and looking at him with an expression in which admiration predominated

over regret, "who in th' worl' ever tole ye that? It do seem that thair ain't nothin' a-goin' on in the whole o' Galilee that ye don't set here in that cheer, an' know it all. I was kind o' in hopes that ye wudden hear 'bout Benammi for yet a little while. I was afeared it might worry ye to know he'd got back."

"Worry me?" he ejaculated; and the palsied head shook with an increased vehemence, while he clutched the chair-arms with claw-like hands until the blue veins looked as if they might burst through the expansion of their blood, and spill the old man's thin life on the floor. "Worry me? Why should I be worried by the transgressions o' the wanderer? More than Hagar wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba hath he tossed himself in a country large o' spaces. Yet it concerneth not me. What have I to do with him?"

The question was rhetorical. Jethro Makal expected no answer. But the woman's mind was full of those things nearest her, and she replied:

"I thought ye might be worrit along o' Tirzah, pappy-pa
Ye know ye fancied oncet that she liked the man overly much
Who ever could ha' told ye about his comin' back?"

"I heard Abijah spakin' of it to Lois," he answered. "The boy said that Benammi had made a great fortune in the boom, at one o' the new towns to the south that they call by the heathen name of Avalon. The children talk of mischief whose tongues should talk of righteousness."

"Yes," she said, ignoring his condemnation of her offspring, the while with sturdy right hand she first poked the fire, and then swung the movable spit with the trussed fowl upon it around to the hot coals; holding back, meanwhile, her skirts from the blaze with her other hand in a movement more effective than graceful.

"Yes. But folks do say that he lost his whole fortune in a day an' night. They tell me that the boom withered up an' perished, like the white frost under a warm sun in Januwerry."

"Withered up an' perished?" echoed the patriarch; and his staccato voice was pitched on its highest key. "Withered up an' perished? The way o' the ungodly shall always perish. Even the riches o' Damascus shall be taken away. An' these

boom cities? The cities o' the Levites may be redeemed, but these air not the cities of our God. Did I not say to ye, long ago, when the tale-bearers brought us news of his prosperity, that in prosperity the destroyer should come upon him? I listened to the stories that they told o' the wonderful places wherein the children o' men sought to lay up their treasures against the day o' wrath. Thair wair places o' stone, an' factories an' furnaces, that wair to make them rich. They wair to have a hand full o' gold, nor was thair any end o' their treasures, nor was thair any end o' their chariots. But lo! God brake their images until He made an end. An' now the prodigal has returned, fetchin' nothin' but the husks of his belly, such as the swine did eat."

The phantom of a smile flitted across the hard senile face. Once more the righteousness of the Lord had triumphed.

"I'm sorry that he didn' come home befo' he lost all that he had gathered," she said. "It's hard on folks to lose, e'b'n when they've got the gif' to make more. But it do seem like a special pity for a man sech as Benammi, after he's learned how to work late in life, not to reap the fruit o' his labor. It mus' be kind o' discouragin' to him. I'm p'int'ly sorry for the man."

He paid no attention to what she said. His thought was rejoicing in the immutability of Jehovah's retributive justice. The quality of mercy had no part in his stern, exultant regard of this notable event in Galilee. He thanked his God that he had lived to see it.

"It is written in the Word," he went on. "All great truths air written there. Hand me the Book, woman."

She took down the great Bible from the shelf by the window and laid it on his uncertain knees. He opened it near the beginning and turned a few pages with trembling hands.

"Here it is," he said. "All truth is here. Listen. The story o' Shinar, which is by interpretation, 'The change o' the city.' Genesis, eleven, one."

He read to her with painful pauses and in uncertain tones the old strange legend of the Tower of Babel.

"It was a famous enterprise," he commented, his voice dying into a whisper as he followed the lines with his lean finger. " 'And the whole earth was o' one language and o'

one speech.' They spake in those days o' nothin' but 'enterprises' and 'schemes' an' the like. 'And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the land o' Shinar.' The very place for a great city, they thought. 'An' they said one to another, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven, an' let us make us a name.' "

Mother Makal paused for a little while in her task, and stood listening reverently.

"They set to work in that eastern plain," went on the earnest, quavering voice of Jethro Makal, "to build the city an' the tower. I do not doubt that city lots sold briskly, an' that there was much traffic in the merchandise o' lands; an' that they bustled an' strove an' wrought mightily."

" 'Hustle,' they call it now," said Mother Makal, interrupting.

"The speech o' the ungodly," he retorted, without glancing from the sacred page. "Thair were some, haply, who gained money, selling to their brethren for a great price; an' doubtless thair were 'plants' and 'industries.' 'An' they had brick for stone, an' slime had they for mortar.' An' they built the tower, those foolish children o' men. An' the Lord came down to see the city an' the tower. 'An' the Lord said, Behold the people is one, and they all have one language.' For their speech was solely o' riches and fame an' greatness. 'Nothin' will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do,' said the Lord. But the children o' men forgot the name o' the Lord; an' they continued to busy themselves with the vain pursuits o' wealth and glory, neglecting the things o' the spirit that lay before them in their daily life. An' the Lord said, 'Go to, let us go down, an' there confound their language.' Thereupon wranglings an' contentions rose among them for the sake o' the evil that they sought an' would have; an' they bickered an' strove and fell out one with another. Each man accused his neighbor o' wrong-doin', an' o' seekin' unfair advantage. An' the Lord bore it no longer. 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face o' the earth.' An' the people went wanderin' about seekin' subsistence; an' their riches an' their fame an' their name were reft from them. 'An' they left off to build the city.' "

He closed the book and sat with it in his lap, looking with dim retrospective eyes into the ruddy fire.

"So hath it been with this man's city of Avalon. They have left off to build the city."

The woman gave the spit a twirl and moved the drip-pan. Then she took the long iron poker, and once more stirred the hickory fire till the sparks flew. Seeing that Jethro had finished and had closed the volume, she said:

"Well, I'll declair, pappy-pa! I never did think o' the Tower of Babel that-a-way, like a boom town."

"Has Tirzah seen him?" he queried.

"Naw," she replied, "He hasn't been here yet. How come ye ast?"

I heerd her a-singin' in the house this mornin'," he said.

KREE

From 'Befo' de War.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

My boy Kree?
He played wid you when you was a chile?
You an' he
Growed up tergether? Wait! Lemme see!
Closer! so I can look in yer face!—
Mars' George's smile!
Lord love you, Marster!
Dar 'neaf dat cypress is whar Kree lays.

Sunburnt an' grown!
Mars' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,
'Count o' de beard dat yer face has on,
But for dat ole-time smile o' your'n—
"An' Kree?" you say.
Hadn't you heerd, Marster,
He 'ceased de year dat you went away?

Kree an' you!
How de ole times comes back onst mo'—
Moonlight fishin's, an' hyars in de sno';
Squirrels an' jaybirds up overhead,

In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through!—
  Look at me, Marster!
Here is me livin'; an' Kree, he's dead.

  'Pears ter me strange
Now, when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years:
Mars' George, sometimes de b'ilin' tears
  Fills up my eyes,
'Count o' de mizery now, an' de change—
  De sun dims, Marster,
Ter an ole man, when his one boy dies.

  Did you say "How?"
Out in de dug-out, one moonshine night,
Fishin' wid your baby brother—he
Wid de curls o' yaller, like streaks o' light,
An' de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead, now—
  Kree died for him;
  An' yearnin' for Kree,
  De Lord tuk him, Marster:
De green grass kivers 'em bofe f'om sight.

  Heerd o' de tale?
Didn' know Kree was de one dat drowned
Savin' Mars' Charley? Well, 'twere he.
De boy waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
Arter de corpse o' poor Kree were found.
  Two months later he went, you see—
  God bless you, Marster!
Nine years has rolled over bofe onder ground.

  Worn out an' gray,
Here I sets waitin', Mars' George, alone.
  All on 'em's gone—
Marster an' Mistis, an' Charley an' he.
You an' me only is lef'. Some day,
When you's gone back ter yer ship on de sea,
  I'll hear him say,
Jes' as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me:
"Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away,
Dat side de river, again I'll be
  Wid my boy Kree.

THE GARDEN OF DEATH

From 'For Truth and Freedom.' Copyright by Armistead Gordon. By kind permission of the author.

Where are they who marched away,
  Sped with smiles that changed to tears,
Glittering lines of steel and gray
Moving down the battle's way—
  Where are they these many years?

Garlands wreathed their shining swords;
  They were girt about with cheers,
Children's lispings, women's words,
Sunshine and the songs of birds—
  They are gone so many years.

"Lo! beyond their brave array
  Freedom's august dawn appears!"
Thus we said: "The brighter day
Breaks above that line of gray."
  Where are they these many years?

All our hearts went with them there,
  All our love, and all our prayers;
What of them? How do they fare?
They who went to do and dare,
  And are gone so many years?

What of them who went away
  Followed by our hopes and fears?
Braver never marched than they,
Closer ranks to fiercer fray—
  Where are they these many years?

Borne upon the Spartan shield
  Home returned that brave array
From the blood-stained battle-field
They might neither win nor yield;
  That is all, and here are they.

That is all. The soft sky bends
O'er them, lapped in earth away;
Her benignest influence lends—
Dews and rains and radiance sends
Down upon them, night and day.

Over them the Springtide weaves
All the verdure of her May;
Past them drift the sombre leaves
When the heart of Autumn grieves
O'er their slumbers—What care they?

What care they, who failed to win
Guerdon of that splendid day—
Freedom's day—they saw begin,
But that, 'mid the battle's din,
Faded in eclipse away?

All is gone for them. They gave
All for naught. It was their way
Where they loved. They died to save
What was lost. The fight was brave;
That is all, and here are they.

Is that all? Was Duty naught?
Love, and Faith made blind with tears?
What the lessons that they taught?
What the glory that they caught
From the onward sweeping years?

Here are they who marched away
Followed by our hopes and tears;
Nobler never went than they
To a bloodier, madder fray,
In the lapse of all the years.

Garlands still shall wreathe the swords
That they drew amid our cheers:
Children's lispings, women's words,
Sunshine, and the songs of birds
Greet them here through all the years.

With them ever shall abide
All our love and all our prayers.
"What of them?" The battle's tide
Hath not scathed them. Lo! they ride
Still with Stuart down the years.

"Where are they who went away
Sped with smiles that changed to tears?"
Lee yet leads the lines of gray—
Stonewall still rides down this way,
They are Fame's through all the years!

THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH

From 'The Ivory Gate.' Copyright by The Neale Publishing Company. By permission of the publishers.

I went to the little church to-day
Over the brook, beyond the hill.
It looks as it looked when I went away,
Green-yarded and white-paled still.

I was a youth when I crossed the sea
To wander in foreign lands, and lo!
Now there is gray in my beard. Ah, me!
Can it be so long ago?

There used to be in those far-back years
A little girl with a happy face,
And a sweet, strange fashion of smiles and tears,
And a young fawn's agile grace,

Who sat each Sunday serenely there
In that little church, where the sunlight fell
Through the window over her yellow hair
And over her face—ah, well!

Ah, well! And I—oh, that little maid,
I loved her truly. Each Sabbath day
I'd go there and watch how the sunshine played
In her hair ere I went away.

Ere I went away. That was long years back,
And now I am middle-aged, forsooth.
It is hard that a brave, strong lad, good lack,
Must give up his brave, strong youth.

While a little church for years can seem
Unchanged. Why, to-day they sang that strain
That they sang long ago—it was like a dream
Of my dead youth come again.

I sat in a dim, back-corner pew
Where I sat when a boy, and closed my eyes,
Till thoughts of the past and the present grew
Into solemn mysteries.

I dreamed I was young again—that there
In the seat three paces in front of me
The sunshine was dancing on yellow hair,
And I thought: "Can this thing be?

"I went to her grave 'neath the churchyard tree
On this very morn, ere I came in here,
Where I thought of the things that used to be
Till I felt on my face a tear.

"And now to think if I open my eyes
I shall see her kneel in that pew and pray
With a soul that is ready for Paradise—
As I did ere I went away!"

I opened my eyes and looked, but lo!
The pew was empty. The sunlight strayed
Up and down on the cushioned seat, as though
It sought for the little maid.

A butterfly drifted in, and flew
For a moment about, then out again.
"Into my life she came, like you
And went," I faltered in pain.

And the pastor read, "Even as water spilled
On the ground, that cannot be gathered again,
Are the children of men," and the sad words filled
My soul with a sadder pain.

When lo! the butterfly drifted in
Once more, and the pastor's lips then read,
"As little children are, free from sin."
"She is gathered to God," I said.

And I said, "You went, but you have returned,
I shall see her again in the years to be—
In the years to be!" And my cold heart burned
By the wayside there in me.

I had not entered for many years
A church of Christ, as I did to-day.
Till this morning mine eyes had not known tears
Since the time when I went away.

I think I shall go to this church always,
Till they carry me out to the graveyard tree,
For the sake of that dear girl's sweet young face,
And the days that used to be.

FOUR FEET ON A FENDER

From 'The Ivory Gate.' Copyright by The Neale Publishing Company. By permission of the publishers.

It is anthracite coal, and the fender is low,
Steel-barred is the grate, and the tiles
Hand-painted in figures; the one at the top
Is a Japanese lady, who smiles.
There's an ormolu clock on the mantel; above,
A masterpiece: *fecit Gerome;*
On the fender four feet—my young wife's feet and mine,
Trimly shod, in a row and—at home.

My slippers are broidered of velvet and silk,
The work of her fingers before
We stood at the altar. To have them made up
Cost me just a round five dollars more

Than a new pair had cost at my bootmaker's shop;
  But each stitch was a token of love—
And she never shall know. Ah, how easy they are
  On their perch the steel fender above.

Words fail me to tell of her own. There's a chest
  In her father's old garret; and there
'Mid a thousand strange things of a century past
  She discovered this ravishing pair.
They are small, trim and natty; their color is red;
  And each has the funniest heel.
White balbriggan stockings, high-clocked, underneath
  These *decolleté* slippers reveal.

Ah, many a time in my grandfather's day
  They led the old fellow a dance.
They were bought with Virginia tobacco, and came,
  Who would guess it?—imported from France.
How odd that yon stern-faced ancestor of mine
  In the earlier days of his life
Should have loved her who tripped in these red slippers then—
  The young grandmama of my wife!

The course of some true loves, at least, runs not smooth—
  And I'm glad that it's so, when I see
The trim, dainty feet in the red slippers there
  Which belong to my lady—and me!
Two short months ago in this snug little room
  I sat in this soft-cushioned seat;
No companion was near save my pipe. Now, behold
  On the polished steel fender four feet!

Let them prate of the happiness Paradise yields
  To the Moslem—the raptures that thrill
The soul of the Hindu whom Juggernaut takes—
  The bliss of Gan-Eden;—and still
I'll believe that no gladness which man has conceived
  Can compare with the tranquillized state
That springs from two small feet alongside one's own,
  On the fender in front of his grate.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

[1860—1904]

ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, second son of George Loyall Gordon, a soldier of the Confederacy who fell in battle in the war between the States, was descended from progenitors who came to colonial Virginia out of the North of Ireland, and whose ancestry runs back to one of the oldest branches of the ancient family of the Gordon name in Morayshire, Scotland. In his maternal line he was a descendant of the Virginia Randolphs, sprung from William Randolph, of Turkey Island, and the Stiths, whose most conspicuous representative was William Stith, historian and president of William and Mary College. The Celtic strain predominated in him, and, differentiating him from his English ancestry, gave such color to his literary work as is bred in with the racial temperament, and is the inevitable outcome of heredity.

James Lindsay Gordon was no less Scotch in the wistful melancholy of his thought than in the name which he bore; and his heritage was a longing for the unattainable. As has been said of another with the Scots background of heredity, "he was of those who never quite get used to the world, who, looking into the darkness, always see something there; he was of those on whom the shades of the prison-house never quite close." The heartbreak, the sorrow, the sadness which characterize very much of his poetry seem as distinctively racial as his lineage; and the appeal of much of his poetry springs from the subdued note of melancholy which is the distinguishing mark of that group of modern Celtic poets of whom James Clarence Mangan, and, later, William Butler Yeats and Katherine Tynan are exemplars.

He was born at his father's residence, "Longwood," in Louisa County, Virginia, on January 9, 1860. His earlier training was received from his mother, who was the accomplished daughter of an able judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; and her teachings contributed in no small measure to give him that intimate acquaintance with the English tongue which is illustrated in the apparently unsought and natural diction of both his poetry and his prose. When a boy of fourteen he entered the ancient College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia, where his mind became imbued at an impressionable age with much that was imaginative and

enkindling in our historic past. Later he became a student in the University of Virginia, in which institution he continued his pursuit of the humanities; and here, under the instruction of Professor John B. Minor, he also studied law.

He began the practice of his chosen profession in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1881; and almost immediately sprang into local distinction as an orator of unusual and brilliant eloquence and of great personal charm. In a short time he was elected to the Senate of Virginia; and thenceforward his reputation as a speaker was commensurate with the boundaries of his State, so long as he remained its citizen. In 1893 he went to New York to live and to continue the practice of his profession; and the distinction that he achieved for lofty and animated oratory in his native commonwealth was renewed and enhanced by his career in the city and state of his adoption. The Reverend John A. Broadus, himself a pulpit speaker of unusual fame, had said of him in the beginning of his career in Virginia, that he had seldom heard one so eloquent; and the day after his death in New York William Bourke Cockran, perhaps the most accomplished and famous orator of his generation in America, pronounced Gordon the possessor of ideal powers of natural oratory, such as he had never in his experience known excelled.

But gifted as he showed himself in the possession of this rare talent, the speech of hustings and of forum, after all, was for him limited and confined by its necessary subserviency to the demands of a professional and political career. It was as a poet that his untrammeled soul, solitary, brooding, musical, appealing, found wings and soared. Not for the sake of money-making, even in the poet's slight degree—for he never accepted a dollar for any verse he ever wrote; and scarcely more for the sake of fame, since the far greater part of his verse has never yet been printed; but because of the irresistible necessity for self-expression that lives in the born artist, he wrote the verses and ballads that were a very part of himself.

His felicity of phraseology, the instinctive selection of what to most writers is "the elusive word," the melody of measure and of rhyme in his verse, are all suggestive of a study of Swinburne and of Rossetti; and to both of these mighty masters of song he gave reverent adoration. But the unfailing instinct of his poetic speech recurs and is referable, after all is said, to the tragic and haunting melancholy of his intellectual spirit.

His place in literature will be fixed through the poignant pathos and appeal of a few poems in his slight volume, 'Ballads of the Sunlit Years,' which was passing through the press at the time of his death. That the poems in this book, chosen and selected by him-

self, are unequal in value, only serves to demonstrate the aphoristic saying that a writer is seldom the best judge of his own work. Much that he left unpublished reaches a higher note than many of the 'Ballads'; yet some of the 'Ballads' may well be said to be of his best.

Sometimes a ballad of battle and of bravery, full of vivid and dramatic life, flashes out from the somber sorrow of the volume, as in "The Sea Kings," or in "Gaudium Certaminis"; but the dominant strain in such poems as "Gone Seaward," "The Story of a Flower," "At the Sunrise Watch," and their like gives the book its real significance.

It remains to be said of him that he served with ability and distinction as Assistant District Attorney of the City and County of New York under two administrations; and that at the date of his death on November 30, 1904, he was discharging with marked success the onerous duties of Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City in charge of the defense of damage suits against the Corporation.

His reputation as a speaker gave him a great vogue in political campaigns; and in more than one Presidential contest he canvassed various Northern States, where the fervid and imaginative quality of his oratory met with high favor and applause. He made many literary addresses on occasions; among others, one before the Alumni Society of the University of Virginia upon the subject of "The Protection of the Suffrage," which affords an admirable instance of his forensic style. Other addresses of like character, few of which have been preserved, were made by him, at William and Mary College, at the University of Vermont, at Randolph-Macon College, and at various institutions of learning, as also before Confederate memorial societies in a number of Southern cities; while up to the date of his death he was conspicuous among the most brilliant and charming of the many gifted after-dinner speakers of New York City.

THE PROTECTION OF THE SUFFRAGE

From an Address before the Alumni Society of the University of Virginia.

. . . In brief, then, the American Republic stands confronted with the momentous question—which the quick-revolving years must solve—whether a patriotic popular government can continue to exist under the conditions of unparalleled wealth and dense population, if that wealth shall be permitted constantly, increasingly and illegally to influence the population in the choice of its officials and the shaping of its laws.

The answer lies beyond our ken.

We know that so long as the tides of mortal life shall beat along the shores of time, avarice will hold a place within the human heart—a passion strong to destroy. But we know, too, that there is another passion, called of many names out of many lands, that is stronger yet to save—the passion that consecrated the pass at Thermopylæ, ages ago, with the blood of three hundred unknown but unforgotten men; that held the bridge with Horatius and saved the Eternal City; that wrested the charter of human rights from sceptered power at Runnymede; that broke a way for Switzerland's freedom, by taking into one dauntless breast the sheaf of Austrian spears; that hurled the British tea into Boston Harbor; that crimsoned the snows at Valley Forge, and piled the trenches rampart high with dead at Yorktown; that carried an immortal line of gray up the wild heights of Gettysburg, and held with heroic devotion the crest of that flaming hill; that wakened on the flagship *Trenton*, at Samoa, the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," as the boys in the rigging of the *Vandalia* swept through the thunder of the tempest to glory forevermore; the passion that has endured the flames of countless sacrificial fagots and the darkness of countless dungeons, and faced, through countless years, privation and poverty and despair and death, that liberty might live.

It is to that passion in the breasts of the sons of the University that I appeal to-day. I am not here to suggest remedial laws. In the words of Pitt: "I come not here armed at all points with the statute-book, doubled down in dog-ears, to defend the cause of liberty." But I come to adjure the

alumni of this great institution, whose influence must be potent in the future as in the past to mould the sentiment and shape the destinies of this people, that when they take from these blest and tranquil shades that pure spirit of individual integrity which is more precious than all the laws, the language, or the philosophies taught here—that unsullied and pervading sentiment which heaps the holder of a tainted diploma with disgrace—they shall not cease to instil the precept and example of this, our mother, into the hearts, the consciences and the daily lives of their people, until they come to know and to feel that he who corrupts the suffrage stabs freedom, and that a tainted public commission dishonors him who holds it, and emperils and debases those who gave. She hath taught us no nobler lesson and given us no better inspiration than that—it is the hope which, like a torch uplifted in the night, cheers and inspires her sons amid the gathering gloom.

Twelve months ago it was my fortune to listen to words spoken from this platform, than which better nor braver never fell from human lips. Twelve months ago I heard an alumnus of this University—one

> On whom from both her open hands
> Lavish honor showered all her stars,
> And affluent fortune emptied all her horn—

one whose young life had touched not yet the goal of its boundless hope, but whose feet already trod far up the shining ways around which beat the splendors of immortality—in speaking to his young compatriots here, give utterance to these elect and golden words:

> Exalt the citizen. As the State is the unit of government, he is the unit of the State. Teach him that his home is his castle and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant and responsible. Let him lean on the State for nothing that his own arm can do, and owe the Government for nothing that his State can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality nor merge it with the mob. Let him stand upright and fearless—a freeman born of freemen—sturdy in his own strength—dowering his family in the sweat of his brow—

loving to his State—loyal to his Republic—earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods, and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

Sir, the lips that spake thus are mute forever, but the truths they told endure; and with reverent heart, and in loving memory and with sense of their meaning deepened and consecrated by his early death, I echo, on the spot where they were spoken, the love-inspired words of Georgia's glorious son. The morning star of the New South has vanished from the skies of time, but for us, as said of Aster in the Greek anthology, he shines as Hesperus—a star amid the dead; and the radiance of his life is all around us, and his voice is yet eloquent to lead into the paths of duty those who have ears to hear.

Mr. President, if through years of feverish debauchment of the most sacred and fundamental of its principles the great Republic shall continue to hold its high place among the nations, then on this western continent will have been reversed all the experiences of men and all the oracles of God. To me it seems that there is but one way to preserve our heritage, and that is by hedging the ballot of the American citizen about with such a sentiment as shall make it the one thing on this earth that money shall not have value enough to buy—by keeping the crown and sceptre of the noblest sovereignty given among men unspotted from the world.

It may not be our generation's fate to shed its blood or spend its lives on fields where glorious records "leap to light, and shine in the sudden making of splendid names." We may not ever, as our fathers did, feel the blood tingle and the pulse thrill responsive to the voice of freedom through the battle cheering on her sons. Whatever sacrifices we may be called upon to make for her must doubtless all be made by the still waters and in the fields

Thick-studded with the calm white tents of peace.

Yet after all, the most enduring victories of men—which have been followed by most of blessing and benefit to humanity—have neither been wrested from the pageantry of war nor won amid the declamation of popular senates. The shop of

the mechanic, the store of the merchant, the fields of the farmer, the simple and humble homes of the toiling millions —these are the bloodless fields where the battle for the preservation of our system must be fought; these are the legislative halls, where the decisive vote between the greed of gain and the passion of patriotism must seal our common destiny; these are the unbannered lists where, since time began, liberty has made her most heroic struggle, and where the ceaseless warfare must go on until the dawning of that day, seen far off in the apocalyptic vision, when the Lamb of God shall take the sin of the world away.

And so if Henry Grady's splendid dream be true, that on our soil the hand of God hath sown the seed of His millenial harvest—although our mortal eyes may not see when the sheaves are garnered home—oh, surely those who have followed these fields for His glory, by setting virtue higher than power, and loving liberty more than lust, shall answer: *Lord, here am I!* when the eternal muster-roll is called.

IN MEMORIAM

H. D. H.

All selections of Poems are from 'Ballads of Sunlit Years.' Copyright by George Gordon Battle. Permission given.

Life's page each day is blurred with many a stain,
Left there by tears that fall from sorrow's eyes;
Each night there rises from the far-off skies
A cry for those who never come again.
My time once more has come—my time for pain,
Not like the first grief's tearless agonies,
But as upon my heart this sorrow lies—
Sorrow as for a dear loved brother slain—
I wind with tears my song's dim laurel-leaves,
Oh, true and brave, around thy memory's bier;
And as my spirit sadly, softly grieves,
And while mine eyes are wet with many a tear,
How many memories hopeless fancy weaves
Round the dear form which death hath made more dear.

Too soon, too soon, thy earthly course was run,
Ere yet life's morn had whitened into day,
Thy feet grew weary on the untrod way,
Thy fair eyes blinded by the morning sun;
Ere yet thy goal was reached, thy palms were won,
And ere the laurels on thy temples lay,
Like some poor rose plucked from its stem in May,
Life flickered out in silence and was done.
Ah, still we hope that when upon thee broke
The light immortal of that fairer clime—
When thy rapt ear with ecstacy awoke
To cadences of harmony sublime,
A grander triumph to thy spirit spoke
Than all the garnered glories of all time.

Beyond the dome of Heaven's eternal blue,
O Soul, now standing on the shadowy shore—
If any thought of mine may reach thee more,
If after death thy heart hath bloomed anew,
If the sweet stories that our boyhood knew,
That God was good and Christ, the White, was pure,
Be not the myths of superstition's lore,
But wholly, grandly, beautifully true;
My heart would crave this question back from thine;
In that fair land beyond the tideless sea,
Far up the heights upon whose summits shine
The sinless eyes that closed on Calvary,
How may my human heart reach up to thee,
When will thy soul give token unto mine?

In the dead past thy death hath made complete,
With all the pain of passionate regret,
The blossom of thy stainless life is set
In that fair place where love and sorrow meet.
In memory of that time that was so sweet,
With aching heart and eyes all wildly wet,
Over thy heart I lay a violet,
With roses at thy head and at thy feet.

Soft be thy rest, O, friend. The light serene
Of death's far land hath hid thee from our sight;
These mortal eyes may never pierce the screen
That shields thy golden day from our dark night;
Some day, we trust, we too may find the light.
A last farewell. God keep thy memory green.

LORRAINE

Bonny Lorraine, have you forgot
The time we walked o'er the morning lea?
I still keep the blue forget-me-not
That you took from your hair and gave to me.
Would you like to walk those ways again
With me at your side in the morning time?
Do you ever think of your youth's sweet prime,
And your young boy-lover, Bonny Lorraine?

Ah, well I remember the time we stood
By the glancing river when day was done,
And the whispering trees in the dim old wood
Turned crimson and gold in the setting sun:
When your heart and your lips and your arms were fain
To cling to me there as your life's one love—
While the stars came out in the skies above—
Do you remember it, Bonny Lorraine?

Surely your heart could not forget
The night when I bade you a last farewell;
Your long, dark lashes with tears were wet,
And your anguish more than your lips could tell;
How you kissed me there as I stood in the rain,
And held me fast while you bade me go—
With your desolate, golden head bowed low;
I know you remember, Bonny Lorraine.

Across the street where the music swells
You glide through the throng in the shadowy dance.
In your ears the sound of your marriage bells—
In your heart the dream of your old romance;

I see you glimmer across the pane—
The jewels ablaze in your shining hair—
And the form of another beside you there,
But I do not envy him now, Lorraine.

Let him bow down low at your royal feet—
Let him sing love's song if it brings him joy;
I sang it once and I found it sweet
In the days when you charmed me—a foolish boy;
But I never shall waken the old refrain,
Its beautiful music is almost hushed:
My heart was bruised, but it was not crushed,
And it loves you no longer, Bonny Lorraine.

Dance on while the music throbs and beats:
Drink memory to death in your wedding wine;
He knows not your life whose quick glance meets
The false, sweet look in your eyes divine.
I can look on you now with no more pain—
On your fair, proud face, in your splendid eyes—
Then looking up to yon starlit skies
Thank God that I lost you, Bonny Lorraine.

GONE SEAWARD

H. G. D.

If to carry beyond us a soul undaunted, if to leave among us
who saw him go
A name that is brighter because he bore it—inwrought with
honor as white as snow—
If these are worthy the Hope Eternal, then hope must follow
his flight I know.

If to stretch a hand to the hands that needed, if to soften the
path unto weary feet—
If fair deeds done in life's silent places, because such deeds to
his heart were sweet—
If these make light on the shadowed waters, he has gone where
a thousand splendors meet.

On the shadowed waters whence comes no answer to the broken questions we ask in vain;
On the sea whose tides ebb out forever and beat not back to our feet again,
Has the bright life passed that to those who loved him only in passing had given pain.

But across those waters no darkness gathers over the way that thy soul hath fled—
So deep that my love may not follow after when the dirge is done and the prayers are said—
Follow and cling and abide forever until I, too, follow, O dear and dead.

And I lift my face to the far-off heaven from these old fields where our feet once trod
Life's ways together in days long over, with sandals of hope and of courage shod,
And pray that the paths that are here divergent may blend in the fields of the peace of God.

DREAM GARDENS

She said she would build her House of Dreams where the autumn fields begin
To stretch away from these singing seas if her ship should ever come in:
She would plant 'neath its sapphire towers, agleam in the radiant air,
A red rose Garden for loving and a white rose Garden for prayer.

And the house would be so sacred she would call it the House of Peace:
For the music that faith alone can make in its chambers should not cease,
And the sweetest winds should blow through them, fraught with the fragrance rare
Of a red rose Garden for loving and a white rose Garden for prayer.

Here in the waste of the world that house our hearts can never win,
But over the tides that never saw a returning sail drift in—
Dear Girl, have you found the House of Peace and the roses blooming there
In a red rose Garden for loving and a white rose Garden for prayer?

I never may reach the mystic shore where your radiant palace gleams,
But many a night by the moonlit seas I have pictured in my dreams
How gently a Heavenly Bridegroom's hands are laid on the golden hair
Where a red rose Garden for loving fades to a white rose Garden for prayer.

A TRUE LOVE

I have come back to my first love, to my constant love, the sea;
To the beautiful face and the ceaseless voice of music and mystery;
From the weary wastes of the inland ways, from the homes and haunts of pain
I have brought a tired life back to lay it down on her shrine again.

The dust of the years is over my heart, the snows of the years in my hair,
But a flutter of youth thrills through my veins to behold and find her fair;
To watch the sparkle and gleam of her face, to hear her voice divine,
And drink the balm of her breath that thrills the pulse of my heart like wine.

What if the years have been bitter and the mile-stones marked with shame—
Have they not brought me back to her, and is she not still the same—

The one unchanging, steadfast, stainless love of my younger day,
Whose perfect voice never breathed a hope a faithless heart could betray?

O, my truest love, my constant love, when the burden of life is done,
Into thine arms let me sink to sleep as sinks the westering sun,
Lulled at last to rest by a voice that never has lied to me—
In death as in life thy lover, my heart to thy heart, O sea.

OVER AN OLD LETTER

There hangs about thee, could the soul's sense tell,
An odour as of love and of love's doom.—*Relics.*

I lift it from the place where it has hidden
Out of the light away these many years;
I read her letter o'er and tears unbidden
Spring into eyes that long have known no tears;
Old dreams come to me, long forgotten fancies
Of days when youth had love and hope to friend,
As reading o'er the best of life's romances,
I find "Your Little Sweetheart" at the end.

Outside the open door a bird is singing
His first sweet song unto the morning sky.
Inside, deep in a man's heart thoughts are springing
That have lain sleeping since his youth went by;
The bird's wild song is from his throat outpealing,
As though the song his very throat would rend—
No song can tell the memories o'er me stealing
At reading those three words there at the end.

"Your Little Sweetheart." All the sweet, sad story
With fond remembrance to my being cries:
There comes a face with hair in amber glory
Tangled across the gleam of sunny eyes:

Through time's dim halls a song rings low and tender,
In whose clear strain two lovings voices blend:
Ah, how they bring back youth's enthralling splendor—
Those words, "Your Little Sweetheart," at the end.

Through the open door I turn my face to seaward,
Where morning winds across the waters blow;
The singing bird is flying far to leeward,
Just as hope left me in the long ago—
A hope that once has gone can come back never:
The chain is broken that no hand can mend;
Her hand will rest in mine no more forever
That wrote "Your Little Sweetheart" at the end.

I lay aside the time-stained yellow letter,
My Little Sweetheart, my last link to thee;
Whether it all were for the worse or better,
May God be with thee whereso'er thou be;
And howsoever much my feet may falter
May thy path lead where radiant roses bend,
For thou wilt be what only death can alter—
My Little Sweetheart to the bitter end.

THE SEA KINGS

Since the *Golden Hind* went 'round the Horn and circled a world unknown,
Wherever the ocean tides have beat or the winds of heaven have blown;
From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas by storms into spindrift whirled
The sons of the men who sailed with Drake have ruled the water-world.

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe or out of the Golden Gate
They are brethren ever linked heart to heart by the chain of resistless fate;
And the quenchless ardor to rule the seas which time can never slake
Makes the same blood race through Dewey's veins that throbbed from the heart of Drake.

And all the way out of Trafalgar down into Manila Bay
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed and fought and struggled and won his way;
And wherever the tides of God may beat and the winds of God may blow
It will be to-morrow as it is to-day and it was in the Long Ago.

A BALLAD OF MEETING

Out of the sunlit years, Christine,
Into a new day grey and cold,
You come, my boyhood's discrowned queen,
With your lips yet red and your hair yet gold;
With the same sweet charm in each clinging fold
Of your silken garment's changing sheen;
But my pulse stirs not, for my heart's grown old,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

You bring old dreams to my brain, Christine,
Dreams half forgotten and hopes half told;
Dreams that would waken your smiles, I ween,
Hopes that the late years do not hold;
They were born when we walked ere the suns grew cold
Through the sunlit years with faith between,
But they died long since, and I am grown old,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

What do you want in my life, Christine,
Now that so many sad years have rolled
Over our lives since you walked serene
To the market where lives are bought and sold,
And bartered the worth of a woman's soul
For the gilded ashes of things unclean?
Ah, well, farewell: my heart has grown old,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

ENVOI.

O, the lips may be red and the hair be gold,
And the charm of the body remain, Christine,
But they hold no heart when they lose the soul,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

THE STORY OF A FLOWER

I was a flower of the field that grew
In the flush of a summer-time long gone by,
Under soft skies of a turquoise blue,
In the midst of a field of waving rye.

I was plucked by fingers slender and white
Just at the close of my sunniest day;
And all through the hours of one summer night
In the silken hair of a girl I lay.

I remember the sound of viol and horn,
I remember bright lights and a crowded room
And how in the roseate flush of morn
A man's lips brushed my bloom.

And then I was lifted from out of my place
In the twilight of morning cool and dim—
One moment held to a pale, sweet face,
And kissed and given at last to him.

And he owns me now and he loves me yet;
Often and over he has told me so;
But ever I long with a sweet regret
For the blue of the skies that I used to know.

Withered and old, with my fragrance fled,
A ghost am I from a summer land
Where all the flowers of my day are dead,
And yet I wish I could understand

What it means when one talks of a life's despair.
Why over my ashes the tears should flow?
And where is that girl with the silken hair
Who kissed me one summer night long ago?

JIM OF BILOXI

"Jim ———, of Biloxi." That is all
It is graven into the granite wall
Where the monument rises fair
Into the soft Virginia air
Among a hundred comrades' names,
Their country's heritage—and Fame's.

Jim ———, of Biloxi. Nothing more
Naught of his name or his fame is sure,
Save that down where the river ran
And the regiments struggled man to man,
An humble son of the fighting South
Gave his life at the musket's mouth.

Perchance where the Sunflower River flows
By forests of jessamine and rose,
Or where the Gulf Stream washes far
Its tides of blue to the vesper star,
Some one waited with prayers and tears
For Jim ———, of Biloxi, these many years.

Life and Name and Cause are lost;
Least and last of the mightiest host
That ever wrote in the blood of men
A dream that will never be dreamed again—
Gone like the stream that the bugles blew,
Jim ———, of Biloxi, heaven shelter you.

GAUDIUM CERTAMINIS

(Japan Speaks)

The time has come. We are going into the battle:
Hark to the caissons rumbling through the dawn,
And far on the Corean hills the muskets rattle,
And the sound of the feet of the horses rushing on;
It has come at last—the time for which we waited
That shall make amends for all the protesting years,
And the hunger of hate and the fury of fight be sated
In a tempest of fire and tears.

Sound of sabres on skulls that crunch and quiver—
Thud of bullets on breasts that stagger and reel:
Torrents of blood that splash in a crimson river
Through crash of cannon and clash of shivering steel;
Struggling horses and dying men with faces
Black with the dust of battle and blind with fight—
And locked in one of Time's Titanic embraces—
The Jap and the Muscovite.

It will be worth the years that have gone o'er us
(The years through which we have made protest in vain)
To listen at last to the cannon's thundering chorus
And bathe to the lips in the wash of the scarlet rain—
With thousands dropping to death like slaughtered cattle,
Of mine and of thine—of the Jap and the Muscovite;
Let us alone—we are going into the battle—
And God defend the right.

TO T. L. W.

IN A COPY OF "ARCADE ECHOES"

With life's first laurels in his eager hands
Down the dim slope of death he went away—
Lingering not here disconsolate, as they
Who wait and watch the ebbing of the sands
Of time, he suddenly broke the bitter bands
That bind the soul within its coil of clay,
And, with no single hope or faith grown gray
Passed, blithe and young, into the Golden Lands.
Hope dies, love withers, memory fails and fades:
But through the long years' ceaseless ebb and flow
These faint, far echoes from the old Arcades,
Blown through the reeds of boyhood long ago,
In sunlit hours in twilight's quiet shades
Will speak to us of one we used to know.

ON THE TENTH FLOOR

Vain longings for the green fields and the sea,
For the old sense of loneliness and peace,
Come amid City sounds that never cease—
Tumult of trade and traffic, under me.
High overhead the sweet, keen, windless day—
Air clear and pure and sky without a stain:
Beneath, the ebb and flow of loss and gain
Amid the unending clangor of Broadway.

Here, between peace above and strife below,
My soul is like a captive bird whose wings
Beat time to the disconsolate song it sings,
Whose sadness only prisoned souls can know—
Wild with desire for unattainable things,
And chief of these is to take flight and go.

AT THE SUNRISE WATCH

Through the still hush of the night,
  Where the fair, white star-beams burn,
Up toward their fading light
  In the last dim watch I yearn;
All earth's dreams are dead in me,
  As long since earth's hopes have died;
  "Lord, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be."

As the shadows pass away
  As the long, sad vigils cease,
Through the gateways of the day
  Lift me to Thy perfect peace;
Wash me by Thy sunrise sea
  Pure in Calvary's flowing tide:
  "Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility."

Other faiths have failed me here;
  Other friends have passed me by;
Now I turn toward the sphere
  Where one friendship will not die,
From this soul's Gethsemane
  With all passions crucified—
  "Lord, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be."

JOHN B. GORDON

[1832—1904]

FRANCES GORDON SMITH

JOHN B. GORDON, thirty-fifth Governor of Georgia, and three times a United States Senator, was born in Upson County, Georgia, February 6, 1832. His earliest American ancestor, Adam Gordon, came from Scotland to Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. His ancestors of later generations were prominent in the days of the colonies, and were soldiers of the Revolutionary War. His father was the Reverend Zachary Herndon Gordon. The subject of this sketch was educated at the University of Georgia. He read law and practiced for a time with his brother-in-law, Logan E. Bleckley, afterwards Chief Justice of Georgia. He married, in 1854, Fanny, daughter of Honorable Hugh Anderson Haralson, who represented Georgia in Congress for many years, and was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs during the Mexican War.

In 1861 John B. Gordon joined the volunteers and was elected captain of a company. He served to the close of the war, becoming in succession major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, major-general, and lieutenant-general, and at the close of the war commanded one wing of General Lee's army. In an official report of General D. H. Hill General Gordon was designated "the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate Army," and it has been said of him that "no soldier in American arms ever made a record that surpassed in audacity and success the one marked out by Gordon." At the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) in 1862, at intervals during the day five balls passed through his body; but he remained with his men, bleeding from four frightful wounds, until the fifth ball struck him full in the face and he was borne unconscious from the field. It was here he won the stars of the brigadier; and at Spottsylvania, for the repulse of Hancock on May 12, 1864, he was made major-general. From first to last Gordon was in the front of affairs. He held the last lines at Petersburg and fought with stubborn valor for every inch of space. He guarded the retreat from the ill-fated city, and at Appomattox Court House was put at the head of the four thousand troops (half of Lee's army) who were intended to cut through Grant's line had not Lee surrendered. His devoted wife, who re-

mained near him throughout the war, and whose experiences make an intensely interesting story, saved his life, by her careful nursing, after the battle of Sharpsburg.

General Gordon won an international fame as a soldier. An English correspondent of the London *Times* declared him the rising genius of the South. He was second only to the great Lee. After the surrender he gathered his men about him and exhorted them to "bear their trials bravely, to go home in peace, obey the laws, rebuild the country and work for the weal and harmony of the Republic." These words were the keynote of his entire career after the war. He settled in Atlanta at the close of the war. He was a member of the National Union Convention held in Philadelphia in 1866, and chairman of the Georgia delegation to the National Democratic Convention in 1868. In 1867, although he declined to allow the use of his name as candidate for Governor of Georgia, he was nominated, and, according to his party, was elected and counted out by the Reconstruction machinery. He was delegate-at-large to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore in 1872, was elected to the United States Senate that same year, defeating Alexander H. Stephens and Benjamin H. Hill, and was reëlected in 1879. He resigned in 1880 and raised the money to build the Georgia Pacific Railroad. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Georgia, was reëlected in 1888, and in 1890 was again elected United States Senator.

His service in the United States Senate was brilliant and statesman-like. He delivered powerful and eloquent speeches upon finance and civil service reform, and made a masterly defense of the South, exerting a conservative influence. In the Louisiana troubles he was chosen by the Democrats in Congress to draft an address to the people of Louisiana and the South, urging patient endurance and an appeal to a returning sense of justice to cure wrongs. He took a masterful part in the debate, and a serious variance between him and Senator Conkling was adjusted by Senator Bayard and others The farmers of Georgia thank him for his efforts for agriculture. He aided Lamar in saving Mississippi from political misrule, and was empowered by Governor Hampton to look after South Carolina's interest, having canvassed the State for its redemption with Hampton, and after the adjournment of Congress secured the removal of troops from Carolina. For this he received the historic dispatch: "The troops have been withdrawn. Perfect peace prevails. South Carolina thanks you." His life-size portrait hangs in the South Carolina Capitol. The ladies sent his little daughter, born in Washington, a silver urn with Hampton's dispatch on it, and the people

of South Carolina sent to General Gordon a superb silver service, each piece mounted with a gold palmetto tree. As Governor his administration was faultless. The New York *Sun* declared his first inaugural worthy of Thomas Jefferson. His last election as United States Senator was a marvelous political victory. Unopposed until he antagonized the sub-treasury plan of the Farmer's Alliance, which had four-fifths of the Legislature in its favor, he was elected after the most exciting contest of the times. In the wild enthusiasm succeeding his victory, he was borne by the multitude through the Capitol to the street, placed on a caisson and drawn about the city amid shouts and rejoicing, while the whole State was ablaze with bonfires. His speech in the United States Senate in 1893, at the time of the Chicago strikes, pledging the South to maintain law and order, rang from one end of the country to the other. He declined to allow the use of his name for reëlection to the Senate at the expiration of his third term (1897), and devoted his time to lecturing and to the preparation of his 'Reminiscences.'

His great historic lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," fulfilled a distinct mission in cementing the bonds of peace between the North and the South. 'The Reminiscences of the Civil War' radiates the same generous and chivalrous spirit as the lecture—and in addition, the book has been classed by competent critics as second only in importance to Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' among contemporary contributions to history and biography.

General Gordon's personality was one of rare sweetness and charm, and his private and public life a model of manly virtue and Christian citizenship. He died on January 9, 1904, at his winter home, Biscayne, Florida, after a brief illness—showing to the very last that vivid interest and enthusiasm for all the best things of life, and that exquisite thoughtfulness of others, which were the keynotes of his whole career. The whole country mourned his passing. Flags were at half mast and business was suspended in almost every Southern city, and thousands of men and women poured into Atlanta to do honor to his memory at the funeral obsequies on January fourteenth. It was said that no such tribute had ever been paid a public man by the whole country, North and South, except that paid to the lamented President McKinley.

Immediately after his death a movement was inaugurated to erect a suitable memorial, the Georgia Legislature appropriating $15,000.00 towards it. Subscriptions poured in from the North as well as the South, and on May 25, 1907, three years after his death, a superb bronze equestrian statue, done by the eminent sculptor, Solon Borglun,

was unveiled in the presence of thousands who loved and honored the soldier, the statesman, the peace-maker, the *man*.

Frances Gordon Smith.

[Liberal extracts have been made in this sketch from the writings of Henry W. Grady, I. W. Avery and others, and acknowledgment is hereby made of the valuable assistance from these writers—F. G. S.]

AT ANTIETAM

From 'Reminiscences of the Civil War.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

Like two mighty giants preparing for a test of strength, the Union and Confederate armies now arrayed themselves for still bloodier encounters. In this encounter the one went down, and in that the other; but each rose from its fall, if not with renewed strength, at least with increased resolve. In the Southwest, as well as in Virginia, the blows between the mighty contestants came fast and hard. Both were in the field for two and a half years more of the most herculean struggle the world has ever witnessed.

At Antietam, or Sharpsburg, as the Confederates call it, on the soil of Maryland, occurred one of the most desperate though indecisive battles of modern times. The Union forces numbered about 60,000, the Confederates about 35,000. This battle left its lasting impress upon my body as well as upon my memory.

General George B. McClellan, after his displacement, had been again assigned to the command of the Union forces. The restoration of this brilliant soldier seemed to have imparted new life to that army. Vigorously following up the success achieved at South Mountain, McClellan, on the sixteenth day of September, 1862, marshaled his veteran legions on the eastern hills bordering the Antietam. On the opposite slopes, near the picturesque village of Sharpsburg, stood the embattled lines of Lee. As these vast American armies, the one clad in

blue and the other in gray, stood contemplating each other from the adjacent hills, flaunting their defiant banners, they presented an array of martial splendor that was not equaled, perhaps, on any other field. It was in marked contrast with other battle-grounds. On the open plain, where stood these hostile hosts in long lines, listening in silence for the signal summoning them to battle, there were no breastworks, no abatis, no intervening woodlands, nor abrupt hills, nor hiding places, nor impassable streams. The space over which the assaulting columns were to march, and on which was soon to occur the tremendous struggle, consisted of smooth and gentle undulations and a narrow valley covered with green grass and growing corn. From the position assigned me near the centre of Lee's lines, both armies and the entire field were in view. The scene was not only magnificent to look upon, but the realization of what it meant was deeply impressive. Even in time of peace our sensibilities are stirred by the sight of a great army passing in review. How infinitely more thrilling in the dread moments before the battle to look upon two mighty armies upon the same plain, "beneath spread ensigns and bristling bayonets," waiting for the impending crash and sickening carnage!

Behind McClellan's army the country was open and traversed by broad macadamized roads leading to Washington and Baltimore. The defeat, therefore, or even the total rout of Union forces, meant not necessarily the destruction of that army, but, more probably, its temporary disorganization and rapid retreat through a country abounding in supplies, and towards cities rich in men and means. Behind Lee's Confederates, on the other hand, was the Potomac River, too deep to be forded by his infantry, except at certain points. Defeat and total rout of his army meant, therefore, not only its temporary disorganization, but its possible destruction. And yet that bold leader did not hesitate to give battle. Such was his confidence in the steadfast courage and oft-tested prowess of his troops that he threw his lines across McClellan's front with their backs against the river. Doubtless General Lee would have preferred, as all prudent commanders would, to have the river in his front instead of his rear; but he wisely, as the sequel proved, elected to order Jackson from

Harper's Ferry, and, with his entire army, to meet McClellan on the eastern shore rather than risk the chances of having the Union commander assail him while engaged in crossing the Potomac.

On the elevated points beyond the narrow valley the Union batteries were rolled into position and the Confederate heavy guns unlimbered to answer them. For one or more seconds, and before the first sounds reached us, we saw the great volumes of white smoke rolling from the mouths of McClellan's artillery. The next second brought the roar of the heavy discharges and the loud explosions of hostile shells in the midst of our lines, inaugurating the great battle. The Confederate batteries promptly responded; and while the artillery of both armies thundered, McClellan's compact columns of infantry fell upon the left of Lee's lines with the crushing weight of a landslide. The Confederate battle line was too weak to withstand the momentum of such a charge. Pressed back, but neither hopelessly broken nor dismayed, the Southern troops, enthused by Lee's presence, reformed their lines, and, with a shout as piercing as the blast of a thousand bugles, rushed in counter-charge upon the exulting Federals, hurled them back in confusion, and recovered all the ground that had been lost. Again and again, hour after hour, by charges and counter-charges, this portion of the field was lost and recovered, until the green corn that grew upon it looked as if it had been struck by a storm of bloody hail.

Up to this hour not a shot had been fired in my front. There was an ominous lull on the left. From sheer exhaustion, both sides, like battered and bleeding athletes, seemed willing to rest. General Lee took advantage of the respite and rode along his lines on the right and center. He was now accompanied by Division Commander General D. H. Hill. With that wonderful power which he possessed of divining the plans and purposes of his antagonist, General Lee had decided that the Union commander's next heavy blow would fall upon our center, and those of us who held that important position were notified of this conclusion. We were cautioned to be prepared for a determined assault and urged to hold that center at any sacrifice, as a break at this point would endanger his entire army. My troops held the most advanced position

on this part of the field, and there was no supporting line behind us. It was evident, therefore, that my small force was to receive the first impact of the expected charge and to be subjected to the deadliest fire. To comfort General Lee and General Hill, and especially to make, if possible, my men still more resolute of purpose, I called aloud to these officers as they rode away: "These men are going to stay here, General, till the sun goes down or victory is won." Alas! many of the brave fellows are there now.

General Lee had scarcely reached his left before the predicted assault came. The day was clear and beautiful, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. The men in blue filed down the opposite slope across the little stream (Antietam), and formed in my front an assaulting column four lines deep. The front line came to a "charge bayonets," the other lines to a "right shoulder shift." The brave Union commander, superbly mounted, placed himself in front, while his band in the rear cheered them with martial music. It was a thrilling spectacle. The entire force, I concluded, was composed of fresh troops from Washington, or some camp of instruction. So far as I could see every soldier wore his white gaiters around his ankles. The banners above them had apparently never been discolored by the smoke and dust of battle. Their gleaming bayonets flashed like burnished silver in the sunlight. With the precision of step and perfect alignment of a holiday parade, this magnificent array moved to the charge, every step keeping time to the tap of the deep-sounding drum. As we stood looking upon that brilliant pageant, I thought, if I did not say: "What a pity to spoil with bullets such a scene of martial beauty!" But there was nothing else to do. Mars is not an æsthetic god; and he was directing every part of this game, in which giants were contestants. On every preceding field where I had been engaged it had been my fortune to lead or direct charges, and not to receive them; or else to move as the tides of battle swayed in one direction or the other. Now my duty was to move neither to the front nor to the rear, but to stand fast, holding that centre under whatever pressure and against any odds.

Every act and movement of the Union commander in my front clearly indicated his purpose to discard bullets and de-

pend upon bayonets. He essayed to break through Lee's centre by the crushing weight and momentum of his solid column. It was my business to prevent this; and how to do it with my single line was the tremendous problem which had to be solved, and solved quickly; for the column was coming. As I saw this solid mass of men moving upon me with determined step and front of steel, every conceivable plan of meeting and repelling it was rapidly considered. To oppose man against man and strength against strength was impossible; for there were four lines of blue to my one of gray. My first impulse was to open fire upon the compact mass as soon as it came within reach of my rifles, and to pour into its front an incessant hailstorm of bullets during its entire advance across the broad, open plain, but after a moment's reflection that plan was also discarded. It was rejected because, during the few minutes required for the column to reach my line, I could not hope to kill and disable a sufficient number of the enemy to reduce his strength to an equality with mine. The only remaining plan was one which I had never tried, but in the efficacy of which I had the utmost faith. It was to hold my fire until the advancing Federals were almost upon my lines, and then turn loose a sheet of flame and lead into their faces. I did not believe that any troops on earth, with empty guns in their hands, could withstand so sudden a shock and so withering a fire. The programme was fixed in my own mind, all horses were sent to the rear, and my men were at once directed to lie down upon the grass and clover. They were quickly made to understand, through my aides and line officers, that the Federals were coming upon them with unloaded guns; that not a shot would be fired at them, and that not one of our rifles was to be discharged until my voice should be heard from the center commanding "Fire!" They were carefully instructed in the details. They were notified that I would stand at the centre watching the advance, while they were lying upon their breasts with rifles pressed to their shoulders, and that they were not to expect my order to fire until the Federals were so close upon us that every Confederate bullet would take effect.

There was no artillery at this point upon either side, and not a rifle was discharged. The stillness was literally op-

pressive, as in close order, with the commander still riding in front, this column of Union infantry moved majestically in the charge. In a few minutes they were within easy range of our rifles, and some of my impatient men asked permission to fire. "Not yet," I replied. "Wait for the order." Soon they were so close that we might have seen the eagles on their buttons; but my brave and eager boys still waited for the order. Now the front rank was within a few rods of where I stood. It would not do to wait another second, and with all my lung power I shouted "Fire!"

My rifles flamed and roared in the Federals faces like a blinding blaze of lightning accompanied by the quick and deadly thunderbolt. The effect was appalling The entire front line, with few exceptions, went down in the consuming blast. The gallant commander and his horse fell in a heap near where I stood—the horse dead, the rider unhurt. Before his rear lines could recover from the terrific shock my exultant men were on their feet, devouring them with successive volleys. Even then these stubborn blue lines retreated in fairly good order. My front had been cleared; Lee's center had been saved; and yet not a drop of blood had been lost by my men. The result, however, of this first effort to penetrate the Confederate centre did not satisfy the intrepid Union commander. Beyond the range of my rifles he reformed his men into three lines, and on foot led them to the second charge, still with unloaded guns. This advance was also repulsed; but again and again did he advance in four successive charges in the fruitless effort to break through my lines with the bayonets. Finally his troops were ordered to load. He drew up in close rank and easy range, and opened a galling fire upon my line.

I must turn aside from my story at this point to express my regret that I have never been able to ascertain the name of this lion-hearted Union officer. His indomitable will and great courage have been equaled on other fields and in both armies; but I do not believe they have ever been surpassed. Just before I fell and was borne unconscious from the field, I saw this undaunted commander trying to lead his men in another charge.

The fire from these hostile American lines at close quarters now became furious and deadly. The list of the slain

was lengthened with each passing moment. I was not at the front when, near nightfall, the awful carnage ceased; but one of my officers long afterwards assured me that he could have walked on the dead bodies of my men from one end of the line to the other. This, perhaps, was not literally true; but the statement did not greatly exaggerate the shocking slaughter. Before I was wholly disabled and carried to the rear, I walked along my line and found an old man and his son lying side by side. The son was dead, the father mortally wounded. The gray-haired hero called me and said: "Here we are! My boy is dead, and I shall go soon; but it is all right." Of such were the early volunteers.

My extraordinary escape from wounds in all the previous battles had made a deep impression upon my comrades as well upon my own mind. So many had fallen at my side, so often had the balls and shells pierced and torn my clothing, grazing my body without drawing a drop of blood, that a sort of blind faith possessed my men that I was not to be killed in battle. This belief was evidenced by their constantly repeated expressions: "They can't hurt him." "He's as safe one place as another." "He's got a charmed life."

If I had allowed these expressions of my men to have any effect upon my mind the impression was quickly dissipated when the Sharpsburg storm came and the whizzing Minies, one after another, began to pierce my body.

The first volley from the Union lines in my front sent a ball through the brain of the chivalric Colonel Tew, of North Carolina, to whom I was talking, and another ball through the calf of my right leg. On the right and the left my men were falling under the death-dealing cross-fire like trees in a hurricane. The persistent Federals, who had lost so heavily from repeated repulses, seemed now determined to kill enough Confederates to make the debits and credits of the battle's balance-sheet more nearly even. Both sides stood in the open at short range and without the semblance of breastworks, and the firing was doing a deadly work. Higher up in the same leg I was again shot; but still no bone was broken. I was able to walk along the line and give encouragement to my resolute riflemen, who were firing with the coolness and steadiness of peace soldiers in target practice. When later in

the day the third ball pierced my left arm, tearing asunder the tendons and mangling the flesh, they caught sight of the blood running down my fingers, and these devoted and big-hearted men, while still loading their guns, pleaded with me to leave them and to go to the rear, pledging me that they would stay there and fight to the last. I could not consent to leave them in such a crisis. The surgeons were all busy at the field hospitals in the rear, and there was no way, therefore, of stanching the blood; but I had a vigorous constitution, and this was doing me good service.

A fourth ball ripped through my shoulder, leaving its base and a wad of clothing in its track. I could still stand and walk, although the shocks and loss of blood had left but little of my normal strength. I remembered the pledge to the commander that we would stay there till the battle ended or night came. I looked at the sun. It moved very slowly; in fact, it seemed to stand still. I thought I saw some wavering in my line, near the extreme right, and Private Vickers, of Alabama, volunteered to carry any orders I might wish to send. I directed him to go quickly and remind the men of the pledge to General Lee, and to say to them that I was still on the field and intended to stay there. He bounded away like an Olympic racer; but he had gone less than fifty yards when he fell, instantly killed by a ball through his head. I then attempted to go myself, although I was bloody and faint, and my legs did not bear me steadily. I had gone but a short distance when I was shot down by a fifth ball, which struck me squarely in the face, and passed out, barely missing the jugular vein. I fell forward and lay unconscious with my face in my cap; and it would seem that I might have been smothered by the blood running into my cap from this last wound but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, had at a previous hour during the battle shot a hole through the cap, which let the blood out.

I was borne on a litter to the rear, and recall nothing more till revived by stimulants at a late hour of the night. I found myself lying on a pile of straw at an old barn, where our badly wounded were gathered. My faithful surgeon, Dr. Weatherly, who was my devoted friend, was at my side, with his fingers on my pulse. As I revived, his face was so ex-

pressive of distress that I asked him: "What do you think of my case, Weatherly?" He made a manly effort to say that he was hopeful. I knew better and said: "You are not honest with me. You think I am going to die; but I am going to get well." Long afterward, when the danger was past, he admitted that this assurance was his first and only basis of hope.

AT GETTYSBURG

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A THIRD of a century has passed since, with Lee's stricken but still puissant army, I turned my back upon the field of Gettysburg, on which nearly 40,000 Americans went down, dead or wounded, at the hands of fellow-Americans. The commanders-in-chief and nearly all the great actors upon it are dead. Of the heroes who fought there and survived the conflict, a large portion have since joined the ranks of those who fell. A new generation has taken their places since the battle's roar was hushed, but its thunders are still reverberating through my memory. No tongue, nor pen, can adequately portray its vacillating fortunes at each dreadful moment. As I write of it now, a myriad thrilling incidents and rapidly changing scenes, now appalling and now inspiring, rush over my memory. I hear again the words of Barlow: "Tell my wife that I freely gave my life for my country." Yonder resting on his elbow, I see the gallant young Avery in his bloody gray uniform among his brave North Carolinians, writing, as he dies: "Tell father that I fell with my face to the foe." On the opposite hills Lee and Meade, surrounded by staff and couriers and with glasses in hand, are surveying the intervening space. Over it the flying shells are plunging, shrieking, bursting. The battered Confederate line staggers, reels, and is bent back before the furious blast. The alert Federals leap from the trenches and over the walls and rush through this thin and wavering line. Instantly, from the opposite direction, with deafening yells, come the Confederates in counter-charge, and the brave Federals are pressed back to the walls. The Confederate banners sweep through the rid-

dled peach orchard; while farther to the Union left on the gory wheat-field the impacted forces are locked in deadly embrace. Across this field in alternate waves rolls the battle's tide, now from the one side, now from the other, until the ruthless Harvester piles his heaps of slain thicker than the grain shocks gathered by the husbandman's scythe. Hard by is Devil's Den. Around it and over it the deadly din of battle roars. The rattle of rifles, the crash of shells, the shouts of the living and groans of the dying, convert that dark woodland into a harrowing pandemonium. Farther to the Union left, Hood, with his stalwart Texans, is climbing the Round Tops. For a moment he halts to shelter them behind the great boulders. A brief pause for rest, and to his command, "Forward!" they mount the huge rocks reddened with blood—and Hood's own blood is soon added. He falls seriously wounded, but his intrepid Alabamians under Law press forward. The fiery brigades of McLaws move to his aid. The fiercest struggle is now for the possession of Little Round Top. Standing on its rugged summit like a lone sentinel is seen an erect but slender form clad in the uniform of a Union officer. It is Warren, Meade's chief of engineers. With practiced eye, he sees at a glance that, quickly seized, that rock-ribbed hill would prove a Gibraltar amidst the whirling currents of the battle, resisting its heaviest shocks. Staff and couriers are summoned, who swiftly bear his messages to the Union leaders. Veterans from Hancock and Sykes respond at a "double-quick." Around its base, along its sides, and away toward the Union right, with the forces of Sickles and Hancock, the gray veterans of Longstreet are in herculean wrestle. Wilcox's Alabamians and Barksdale's Mississippians seize a Union battery and rush on. The Union lines under Humphreys break through a Confederate gap and sweep around Barksdale's left. Wright's Georgians and Perry's Floridians are hurled against Humphreys and break him in turn. Amidst the smoke and fury, Sickles, with his thigh-bone shivered, sickens and falls from his saddle into the arms of his soldiers. Sixty per cent. of Hancock's veterans go down with his gallant Brigadiers, Willard, Zook, Cross, and Brooke. The impetuous Confederate leaders, Barksdale and Semmes, fall and die, but their places are quickly assumed by the next in com-

mand. The Union forces of Vincent and Weed, with Hazlett's artillery, have reached the summit, but all three are killed. The apex of Little Round Top is the point of deadliest struggle. The day ends, and thus ends the battle. As the last rays of the setting sun fall upon the summit, they are reflected from the batteries and bayonets of the Union soldiers still upon it, with the bleeding Confederates struggling to possess it. The embattled hosts sleep upon their arms. The stars look down at night upon a harrowing scene of pale faces all over the field, and of sufferers in the hospitals behind the lines—an army of dead and wounded numbering over twenty thousand.

The third day's struggle was the bloody postscript to the battles of the first and second. There was a pause. Night had intervened. It was only a pause for breath. Of sleep there was little for the soldiers, perhaps none for the throbbing brains of the great chieftains. Victory to Lee meant Southern Independence. Victory to Meade meant an inseparable Union. The life of the Confederacy, the unity of the Republic—these were the stakes of July third. Meade decided to defend; Lee resolved to assault. The decisive blow at Meade's left centre was planned for the early morning. The morning came and the morning passed. The Union right, impatient at the Confederate delay, opens fire on Lee's left. The challenge is answered by a Confederate charge under Edward Johnson. The Union trenches are carried. Ruger's Union lines sweep down from the heights on Johnson's left and recover these trenches. High noon is reached, but the assault on the left centre is still undelivered. With every moment of delay Lee's chances are diminishing with geometrical progression. At last the heavy signal-guns break the fatal silence and summon the gray lines of infantry to the charge. Pickett's Virginians are leading. The tried veterans of Heth and Wilcox and Pettigrew move with them. Down the long slope and up the next the majestic column sweeps. With Napoleonic skill, Meade's artillerists turn the converging, galling fire of all adjacent batteries upon the advancing Confederates. The heavy Southern guns hurl their solid shot and shell above the Southern lines and into the Union ranks on the summit. The air quivers and the hills tremble. Onward, still onward, the Southern legions press.

Through a tempest of indescribable fury they rush toward the crest held by the compact Union lines. The Confederate leaders, Garnett, Trimble and Kemper, fall in the storm—the first dead, the others down and disabled. On the Union side, Hancock and Gibbon are borne bleeding to the rear. Still onward press the men in gray, their ranks growing thinner, their lines shorter, as the living press toward the centre to fill the great gaps left by the dead. Nearly every mounted officer goes down. Riderless horses are flying hither and thither. Above the battle's roar is heard the familiar Southern yell. It proclaims fresh hope, but false hope. Union batteries are seen to limber up, and the galloping horses carry them to the rear. The Confederates shout is evoked by a misapprehension. These guns are not disabled. They do not fly before the Confederate lines from fear of capture. It is simply to cool their heated throats. Into their places quickly wheel the fresh Union guns. Like burning lava from volcanic vents, they pour a ceaseless current of fire into the now thin Confederate ranks. The Southern left is torn to fragments. Quickly the brilliant Alexander, his ammunition almost exhausted, flies at a furious gallop with his batteries to the support of the dissolving Confederate infantry. Here and there his horses and riders go down and check his artillery's progress. His brave gunners cut loose the dead horses, seize the wheels, whirl the guns into position, and pour the hot grape and canister into the faces of the Federals. The Confederates rally under the impulse, and rush onward. At one instant their gray jackets and flashing bayonets are plainly seen in the July sun. At the next they disappear, hidden from view as the hundreds of belching cannon conceal and envelop them in sulphurous smoke. The brisk west wind lifts and drives the smoke from the field, revealing the Confederate banners close to the rock wall. Will they go over? Look! They are over in the Union lines. The left centre is pierced, but there is no Union panic, no general flight. The Confederate battle-flags and the Union banners are floating side by side. Face to face, breast to breast, are the hostile hosts. The heavy guns are silent. The roar of artillery has given place to the rattle of rifles and crack of pistol-shots, as the officers draw their side arms. The awful din and confusion

of close combat is heard, as men batter and brain each other with clubbed muskets. The brave young Pennsylvanian, Lieutenant Cushing, shot in both thighs, still stands by his guns. The Confederates seize them; but he surrenders them only with his life. One Southern leader is left; it is the heroic Armistead. He calls around him the shattered Southern remnants. Lifting his hat on the point of his sword, he orders "Forward!" on the second line, and falls mortally wounded amidst the culminating fury of Gettysburg's fires.

The collision had shaken the continent. For three days the tumult and roar around Cemetery Heights and the Round Tops seemed the echo of the internal commotion which ages before had heaved these hills above the surrounding plain.

LEE AND GRANT

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The strong and salutary characteristics of both Lee and Grant should live in history as an inspiration to coming generations. Posterity will find nobler and more wholesome incentives in their attributes as men than in their brilliant careers as warriors. The lustre of a stainless life is more lasting than the fame of any soldier; and if General Lee's self-abnegation, his unblemished purity, his triumph over alluring temptations, and his unwavering consecration to all life's duties do not lift him to the morally sublime and make him a fit ideal for young men to follow, then no human conduct can achieve such position.

And the repeated manifestations of General Grant's truly great qualities—his innate modesty, his freedom from every trace of vainglory or ostentation, his magnanimity in victory, his genuine sympathy for his brave and sensitive foeman, and his inflexible resolve to protect paroled Confederates against any assault, and vindicate, at whatever cost, the sanctity of his pledge to the vanquished—will give him a place in history no less renowned and more to be envied than that secured by his triumphs as a soldier or his honors as a civilian. The Christian invocation which came from his dying lips, on Mount McGregor, summoning the spirit of peace and unity and

equality for all his countrymen, made a fitting close to the life of this illustrious American.

Scarcely less prominent in American annals than the record of these two lives, should stand a catalogue of the thrilling incidents which illustrate the nobler phase of soldier life so inadequately described in these reminiscences. The unseemly things which occurred in the great conflict between the States should be forgotten, or at least forgiven, and no longer permitted to disturb complete harmony between North and South. American youth in all sections should be taught to hold in perpetual remembrance all that was great and good on both sides; to comprehend the inherited convictions for which saintly women suffered and patriotic men died; to recognize the unparalleled carnage as proof of unrivaled courage; to appreciate the singular absence of personal animosity and the frequent manifestation between those brave antagonists of a good fellowship such as had never before been witnessed between hostile armies. It will be a glorious day for our country when all the children within its borders shall learn that the four years of fratricidal war between the North and the South was waged by neither with criminal or unworthy intent, but by both to protect what they conceived to be threatened rights and imperiled liberty; that the issues which divided the sections were born when the Republic was born, and were forever buried in an ocean of fraternal blood. We shall then see that, under God's providence, every sheet of flame from the blazing rifles of the contending armies, every whizzing shell that tore through the forests at Shiloh and Chancellorsville, every cannon-shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg, and all the blood and the tears that were shed are yet to become contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood and for the future defence of American freedom. The Christian Church received its baptism of pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary, and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose. So the Republic, rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

[1851—1889]

JAMES W. LEE

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY was born in Athens, Georgia, in 1851. During his boyhood he enjoyed the best educational advantages; after graduating at the State University he went to the University of Virginia, where he took a postgraduate course. He was during his term at each of these institutions the youngest student in his class. He studied diligently what suited his intellect best, and paid little attention to branches in which he felt no interest. History, belles-lettres, Anglo-Saxon, and Greek attracted him, and his standing was very high in all of these.

Henry W. Grady was an idealist. He lived close by the clime of eternal realities, and looked out upon the stars which never go down; he reveled in the light which comes from the sun which knows no sinking; he kept up constant commerce with the enchanted land of beauty. Was he less practical because of this? He was more. Was he farther from the real world of suffering and toil because of this? He was nearer to it. He was one of the first to call attention to the wealth of our mountains. In a speech delivered some years ago he told of a burial in Pickens County, Georgia. He said the grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone was from Vermont. That the burial was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. That an iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws came from Pittsburg. That hard woods and metals abounded, but the corpse was hauled on a wagon which was made in South Bend, Indiana. That a hickory grove was near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. That the cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago, and the shoes from Boston. That the folded hands were incased in white gloves which came from New York, and around the poor neck that had worn all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That the country so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral but the poor man's body and the grave in which it awaited the Judgment trump. And that the poor fellow lowered to his rest on coffin bands from Lowell carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow

in his bones, and the echo of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid

The attention of the people he thus directed to the marble in our mountains and lived to see $3,000,000 invested in marble quarries and machinery around that grave. He lived to see the largest marble-cutting works in the world, twenty miles from that grave. He called attention to the iron in our mines, and helped to lift the iron industries of the South to rivalry with those in England and the North. He saw it advance from 212,000 tons in 1880 to the production of 845,000 in 1887. He called attention to the immense fund of heat God had stored away for us when he laid the foundations of the world. He helped to swell the mining industry from 3,000,000 tons of coal in 1870 to 6,000,000 in 1880, and nearly 15,000,000 tons in 1887.

He saw not only the coal and iron, but the uses coming together to which they might be turned. He saw their relation to human comfort and to civilization, and under the influence of his enthusiasm expressed in brilliant editorials through his pen, there were built some of the largest furnaces and foundries in the world. To bring this raw material of iron and wood a little way from the mountain and the forest did not satisfy him. He wished to see it carried through nail factories, shovel and pick factories, carriage and wagon factories, on the spot. He wished to see it made ready for use and started from our doors upon the rounds of trade. He urged the application of intelligence to raw material in bridge works, car works, chain works, nail works and hinge works.

He saw the possibilities of Southern soil. In the elements which compose it, the genial skies above it, and the dews which come out of the night upon it; he saw watermelons, strawberries, cherries, grapes, pears, peaches, and all fruits and foods. His editorials on truck farming were prose poems. They carried hope and courage to the Southern farmer. He idealized the Georgia watermelon: the blossom that bore it, the vine that nourished it, and the planter that protected it. In flavor, in beauty, in haste to get ripe, he helped it to the first place in the markets of the world. After reading one of his editorials on the watermelon, it could be seen lying green and dew-covered in the patch, with contents sweet enough for the taste of a king. He aided the Southern strawberry to herald first in Northern markets the coming spring. The Southern peach he made classic. He swelled its power to delight with its meat, and to suggest with its painted cheek the soft skies under which it grew. He made the Southern ground-pea a wanderer around the world and helped it to advertise our section from the peanut stands of all countries.

He loved the cotton plant. In no poet's esteem did ever rose or

hyacinth or violet stand higher. Its blossom opening its leaves of white to catch scarlet from the down-flowing light, revealed the birth of a king. It was interesting to him because of its relation to human comfort and use. He loved it because it caught so much of heaven's sunshine for man's use. It appropriated in the South every year from sky and rain enough cloth to protect with a suit of clothes every human being on earth. He saw more in it than its lint. He proved that though the South received $350,000,000 for its 7,000,000 bales of cotton, it would be a valuable plant though it gave no lint at all. That after the 3,000,000 pounds of lint was sold for the $350,000,000, there was left 3,750,000 tons of seed. That this would supply 150,000,000 gallons of oil, which, sold at forty cents a gallon, would bring $60,000,000. Or that it might be reduced to lard, when it would produce 1,125,000,000 pounds of edible fat, which would equal in pounds 5,625,000 hogs of 200 pounds each. Allowing 200 pounds of edible fat to each person per annum, he showed that this would keep in meat 5,625,000 citizens.

Whatever he wrote was colored and magnetized by the hue and subtle force of his own personality. He wrapped our mountains in the glow of his genius, and sent the light of his thought through the structure of our mineral formations, and invited millions of money to the establishment of mills and foundries to work them. He bathed our forests in the purple and pink and gold of his imagination and disclosed the value of our timber, and thus invited people to erect spoke and hub and ax-handle factories all through the Southern States. He laid the bars and lines of his exquisite imagery on the hills and valleys of our farms, and with graceful pencilings of light from the boundless resources of his mind worked traceries with the vines over the doors of our country homes and advertised the charm of rural dwelling places.

As an orator Mr. Grady sought, by spoken work and direct appeal, more immediately to accomplish what engaged his attention as an editor. To build up his section in wealth, to quicken its enterprise and widen its outlook, was ever his aim as editor or orator. As an orator he was without an equal among Southern men of the younger generation. On the rostrum he was a master. He had action, pathos, fervor. In gesture, in manner, he was grace itself. Never did the artist in him reveal itself more clearly than in one of his great speeches. He was the embodiment of strength, unity and beauty. The multitudes hung upon his lips entranced. A living man had come to talk upon living issues, in words exquisitely chosen, in sentences marvelously wrought, and out of a heart overflowing with sympathy and good will. His message was magnetized and baptized by a personality that conquered without effort. Straight to the heart it went,

mingling with the blood and assimilating the thought. It captured and held in the most magical way, imagination and reason and conviction. To hear his words as they fell from the chambers of his imagery, shot through with the colors of his own soul, and filled with the truth he had to utter, was absolutely delightful. They united hearts by a spell, and made them the speaker's own. Grady had a soul full of music. He used his power as an orator and an editor to play it to the people. He piped in strains high and accents low. He sent it from him in march and waltz, in plantation melody and cathedral hymn, in child's and battle-strain. He sought through his oration and editorial to strike all the notes of the orchestra. There were hidden in the life of Henry W. Grady the detentions and suggestions of a glad literature. It was an original quotation from an eternal source that managed to get itself into the syntax and prosody of orations and editorials, which kindled a new, wide and kindly light in twenty years of solemn time. Never did message from the illimitable sources of thought and life come to men at a more opportune moment. The section which gave Grady birth had been disorganized and dismantled by the conflicts of war. The Southern people were poor and down-hearted, oppressed by the burden of defeat and faced by the complications of untried problems. The sun of the Southern republic, which promised so much in its rising effulgence, had just gone down. The afterglow arising from the sense of honor unsullied, and from the assurance of duty faithfully performed, kept, it is true, the horizon of the sinking Confederacy red for a long time after the echo of the last gun had died away. But the brilliant display of pink bars of cloud, and orange flush of haze, shot into the western sky of the failing Southern republic from the heroism of Jackson and the courage of Lee, and the sacrifice of brave men and the devotion of tender women, could not keep the shadow lines from falling across the pageantry of glorious color.

Around the afterglow of vermilion and purple and green there was a fringe of night which threatened, inch by inch, to close in a curtain of darkness. At a time like this, Grady began to find in the folds of his glowing young life the alphabet of the doctrine of hope. Preliminary lessons from the literature of his mission he began to get. He was to call the attention of the Southern people from the afterglow of the sinking Confederacy, with its sad beauty of reminiscence and departing vision. He had seen the red streaks of a dawn which betokened the interior splendors of a grander day. Up the eastern horizon he saw arising the wondrous foregleams of a great future. Under the stimulus of this light from the frontiers of new time, the letters in his living spirit began to gather themselves into words and the words into sentences, and the sentences to

get filled with a meaning it became the passion of his life to make known.

Phlegmatic, low-keyed people, coming in contact with the boundless optimism of Grady, said he was visionary, and that his enterprises would not succeed. That class of men who are too stupid to think and too cowardly to get out of the beaten track, and too stingy to spend a cent on a promising experiment, always predict failure to the originality that dares to live and breathe under the burning sun. They would expect the honeysuckles to fail because they are so gay, and happy, and red, were they not assured by precedent, and the only logic they comprehend, that they have been blooming for ages. While wise and conservative and slow men were ringing the changes on the doctrine that the South was getting poorer and poorer every day, Grady with his orations and editorials was waking up his section and bringing a new invoice of blood to the hearts of her people.

In 1886 he was invited to deliver an address upon the occasion of the New England dinner in New York on "The New South." The surroundings were complicated. Demonstrations in honor of Jefferson Davis had been credited to the remains of the spirit of rebellion. How the South could honor its living heroes, and cover with flowers the graves of its sleeping dead, and yet be loyal to the flag, and in sympathy with the Union, was not understood. The crossing of swords by editors of different sections had kept the air full of misunderstandings and misinterpretations. Thus to be called to speak of the South to such a company, and under such conditions, while an honor, was attended with grave perils. Mr. Grady recognized the delicacy of the position, and accepted the responsibility. He had lived long enough to form for himself a conception of the South. He understood her resources, the hearts and motives of her people. He had imbibed from her genial skies, and learned from her loving sons, and caught from her suffering and her trials lessons which went to make the conception complete. It was not overdrawn; it was not unfair. It was such a conception of the South as squared with the facts. This conception he was not to chisel into cold, unfeeling marble, but was to throw it out into Northern thought, and to make it live entire and complete in Northern hearts. His traditions, his instincts, his training, came to his help. His exquisite taste and boundless charity guided him. The mistake of a word or an insinuation would have been fatal. He accomplished his work like a prince. He embodied his conception in Northern sentiment and left it to live and work in Northern convictions. It sensibly and perceptibly moved the sections nearer together. It thawed out much coldness, and inaugurated a better day. The gulf stream hugged

in midwinter New England's ice-bound coasts. The warm winds from its waters softened and scattered the blizzards that rushed over New England's hills. It was a speech of twenty minutes in length, but it did more to unite the North and the South than all the orations of politicians and discussions of editors that had occupied public attention since the war. It was the speech in which Mr. Grady gave the first national display of brilliant imagery from the boundless resources of his illuminated spirit. Upon that occasion he was like an animated Aurora with the variations of a luminous sunset, and managed in twenty minutes to bathe the whole nation with splendid light. Never did light in contact with cloud and water and dust produce a better twenty minutes' display than did the light of Grady's oration, in contact with the sorrows and disappointments and achievements and hopes of Southern history, thrown out before the brilliant company that made up the New England Society of New York on that night.

The last great speech Mr. Grady ever delivered was in Boston. It was upon the occasion of a banquet given by the merchants of that city. He was asked to discuss the race problem. His former addresses and work had come to the attention of the Republic. He was the acknowledged leader of the South. What he said was insured a hearing and what he wrote a reading. He was to speak on a subject less understood and more often treated than any in our social life. A theme hackneyed and old, but a theme ever new, because coming up in so many forms, and charged with interests so peculiar and relations so difficult of adjustment. He was to speak in the home of Sumner and Phillips, and under the shadow of Faneuil Hall. He was to be just to the South, fair to a weak and belated race, and true to the facts, from which conclusions had been drawn so diverse. He had a conception of the colored race, and a solution for the colored problem. It was not to be settled by law, or by force, or by editorials, written at a distance from the South, but by love. He was a true and tried friend of the colored people. He had been petted and nursed when a child by a colored mammy. He had been melted by their songs and charmed by their folk lore. All who knew his heart understood that he could not have been unjust to them. He uttered his message in Boston, and through Boston to the people of his country. They heard and pondered it. They said: "These are the words of an earnest, honest, manly man. They are spoken in love. We shall treasure them and honor the man who uttered them." Those who differed from him did so in respect and good will.

He left the scenes of his triumph, wrapped in the nation's applause, and came home to die amid the tears and the anguish of his people

The world meant more to Henry Grady and brought more to him than to most people. He tasted neither tea, nor coffee, nor wine, nor tobacco—nothing but pure water passed his lips, yet no one relished more the simple pleasures of life. The elements in his spirit were rarefied and combined after the provisions of a marvelous formula. I have seen people look at him as he moved with gladsome swing and straight, vigorous step along the street, as they would stop to observe some striking phenomenon of Nature. There was a perpetual charm about his personality that could be worked out by no science. By the magnetism of his personality, by the impact of his spirit, by the warmth of his thought, he was capable of raising men to a very high degree of temperature. It was in this way that he got so much from them for the public good. He was concerned about all things relating to human life, its business, its loves, its fears, its hopes. Mr. Grady looked through social distinctions and official decorations to the hearts and interests beneath them.

A newsboy's tale of sorrow held him as completely as the movements of senators. As an editor and an orator he sought to advance public interests and social well-being, as a man his work was with individuals. He was related by some act of kindness to every individual in his native State. He was constantly speaking a word or writing a telegram about individuals when they had no thought of it. He saw everything and felt everything that concerned the people about him. Whether they were lawyers, or doctors, or engineers, or bootblacks, if he came to know them, they were ever after carried in his thought. His heart and his pocketbook were open, the one to give sympathy, the other help. During his last days, when delirious, he was often talking of helping some poor fellow to get a start. He would say: "I'll give twenty-five dollars, and this one will give so much, and thus we will get him on his feet again."

He had a deeply religious nature, and strong faith in God.

On a visit to his mother just before he died he told her he wanted to be a boy again. She toasted cheese for him in the corner and tucked the cover around him at night, and breathed to heaven a prayer for him as she had over her little boy in the years departed. She carried him to Sunday-school, and when the children sang "Shall we gather at the river?" he covered his face in both hands and cried like a child. When his mother came to see him in his last illness, the first words he said to her were: "Mother, my feet are in the river."

James W. Lee

THE NEW SOUTH

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Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the greatest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." Of the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners; and have smoothed the path to Southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out latch-

strings to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooked are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hand than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial and political illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owing class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail—while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the cor-

ner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, "that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hand that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and

has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex need of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining

sides is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held that balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blow of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch witness in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gather about the couch of your dying captain, thrilling his heart with grace; touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of goodwill and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

> Those opposed eyes,
> Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,
> March all one way.

THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS

Extract from an Address delivered at the State Fair, Dallas, Texas, October 26, 1887. From 'Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.'

A FEW words for the young men of Texas. I am glad that I can speak to them at all. Men, especially young men, look back for their inspiration to what is best in their traditions. Thermopylæ cast Spartan sentiments in heroic mold and sustained Spartan arms for more than a century. Thermopylæ had survivors to tell the story of its defeat. The Alamo had none. Though voiceless, it shall speak from its dumb walls. Liberty cried out to Texas, as God called from the clouds unto Moses. Bowie and Fanning, though dead, still live. Their voices rang above the din of Goliad and the glory of San Jacinto, and they marched with the Texas veterans who rejoiced at the birth of Texas independence. It is the spirit of the Alamo that moved above the Texas soldiers as they charged like demigods through a thousand battle-fields, and it is the spirit of the Alamo that whispers from their graves held in every state of the Union, ennobling their dust, their soil, that was crimson with their blood.

In the spirit of this inspiration and in the thrill of the amazing growth that surrounds you, my young friends, it will be strange if the young men of Texas do not carry the lone star into the heart of the struggle. The South needs her sons to-day more than when she summoned them to the forum to maintain her political supremacy, more than when the bugle called them to the field to defend issues put to the arbitrament of the sword. Her old body is instinct with appeal calling on us to come and give her fuller independence than she has ever sought in field or forum. It is ours to show that as she prospered with slaves, she shall prosper still more with freemen; ours to see that from the lists she entered in poverty she shall emerge in prosperity; ours to carry the transcending traditions of the old South, from which none of us can in honor or in reverence depart, unstained and unbroken into the new. Shall we fail? Shall the blood of the old South—the best strain that ever uplifted human endeavor—that ran like water at duty's call and never stained where it touched—shall this blood that pours into our veins through a century luminous with achievement, for the first time falter and be driven back from irresolute heat, when the old South that left us a better heritage in manliness and courage than in broad and rich acres, calls us to settle problems? A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved, and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak, as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched with patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives until sundown to-morrow he will get well." And again

leaving him, not to death but with hope; all night long these words fell into his heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane: I will open the battered gate, and the mockingbird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his weight of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hand shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown they shall find my parched lips with

their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battle-field, strewn with the wrecks of governments and institutions, of theories and of faiths that have gone down in the ravages of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South He bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us, for her sake, turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the sun. Let us staunch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends to us, minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her up from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life. Let every man here pledge himself in this high and ardent hour, as I pledge myself, and the boy that shall follow me; every man himself and his son, hand to hand and heart to heart, that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interests, advance her fortune, defend her fame and guard her honor as long as life shall last. Every man in the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South. Have no ambition but to be first at her

feet and last at her service. No hope but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom, as a little child sleeps at his mother's breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

With such consecrated service, what could we not accomplish; what riches we should gather for her; what glory and prosperity we should render to the Union; what blessings we should gather into the universal harvest of humanity! As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and of thrift; her country-side the treasury from which her resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys trampled in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses empty, her churches earnest and all creeds lost in the Gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her gently as from the wings of the unseen dove.

All this, my country, and more can we do for you. As I look the vision grows, the splendor deepens, the horizon falls back, the skies open their everlasting gates and the glory of the Almighty God streams through as He looks down on His people who have given themselves unto Him, and leads them from one triumph to another until they have reached a glory unspeaking; and the whirling stars, as in their courses through Arcturus they run to the Milky Way, shall not look down on a better people or happier land.

THE RACE PROBLEM

Extract from an Address delivered at the Annual Banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, December, 1889.
From 'Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.'

Mr. President: Bidden by your invitation to a discussion of the race problem—forbidden by occasion to make a political speech—I appreciate in trying to reconcile orders with propriety the predicament of the little maid who, bidden to learn to swim, was yet adjured, "Now, go, my darling, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water."

The stoutest apostle of the church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet hall, and discuss the problem of the races in the homes of Phillips and of Sumner. But Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of what disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement, if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm—then, sir, I find the courage to proceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England's historic soil, and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here, within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached—here, in the cradle of American letters and almost of American literature, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure—carved from the ocean and the wilderness—its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars—until at last the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base—while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government, and the perfect model of human liberty! God bless the

memory of those immortal workers—and prosper the fortunes of their living sons—and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork.

Two years ago, sir, I spoke some words in New York that caught the attention of the North. As I stand here to reiterate, as I have done everywhere, every word I then uttered —to declare that the sentiments I then avowed were universally approved in the South—I realize that the confidence begotten by that speech is largely responsible for my presence here to-night. I should dishonor myself if I betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word, or by withholding one essential element of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me confess, Mr. President—before the praise of New England has died on my lips—that I believe the best product of her present life is the procession of 17,000 Vermont Democrats that for twenty-two years, undiminished by death, unrecruited by birth or conversion, have marched over their rugged hills, cast their Democratic ballots, and gone back home to pray for their unregenerate neighbors, and awake to read the record of 26,000 Republican majority. May the God of the helpless and heroic help them—and may their sturdy tribe increase!

Far to the South, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line, once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate, above a fertile soil, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests, vast and primeval, and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of the three essential items of all industries—cotton, iron, and wood—that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly—in iron, proven supremacy—in timber, the reserve supply of the Republic. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions cannot much

longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries. Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in Divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest—not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a limit—this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world.

That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home—a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet but fit setting, in its material excellence, for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship. Against that, sir, we have New England, recruiting the Republic from its sturdy loins, shaking from its overcrowded hives new swarms of workers and touching this land all over with its energy and its courage. And yet, while in the Eldorado of which I have told you, but fifteen per cent. of lands are cultivated, its mines scarcely touched and its population so scant that, were it set equidistant, the sound of the human voice could not be heard from Virginia to Texas—while on the threshold of nearly every house in New England stands a son, seeking with troubled eyes some new land into which to carry his modest patrimony, the strange fact remains that in 1880 the South had fewer than in 1870 and in 1870 fewer than in 1860. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slave-holder stood guard every inch of its way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairest half of this Republic, and free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindling with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. Nothing, sir, but this problem, and the suspicions it breeds, hinders a clear understanding and a perfect union. Georgia and Massachusetts at Valley Forge and Yorktown, chastened by the sacrifices

at Manassas and Gettysburg, and illumined with the coming of better work and a nobler destiny than was ever wrought with the sword or sought at the cannon's mouth.

If this does not invite your patient hearing to-night, hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends upon its right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave-ships of the Republic sailed from your ports—the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do hereby declare that in its wise and humane administration, in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and giving him a happiness he has not yet found in freedom—our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war this institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil. But the freedman remains, and with him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal political and civil rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end.

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The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a

big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there while at her knees—the truest altar I yet have found—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin, or guard at her chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death—bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering from the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away, and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his trembling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow! And may God forget my people when they forget these.

Whatever the future may hold for them—whether they plod along in the servitude from which they have never been lifted since the Cyrenian was laid hold upon by the Roman soldiers and made to bear the cross of the fainting Christ—whether they find homes again in Africa and thus hasten the prophecy of the psalmist who said: "And suddenly Ethiopia shall hold out her hands unto God"—whether, forever discollated and separated, they remain a weak people beset by stronger, and exist as the Turk, who lives in the jealousy

rather than in the conscience of Europe—or whether in this miraculous Republic they break through the caste of twenty centuries and, belying universal history, reach the full stature of citizenship, and in peace maintain it—we shall give them uttermost justice and abiding friendship. And whatever we do, into whatever seeming estrangement we may be driven, nothing shall disturb the love we bear this Republic or mitigate our consecration to its service. I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the Government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance—but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the soldier standing at the base of a Confederate monument above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspiration, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

Such, Mr. President, is this problem as we see it; such is the temper in which we approach it; such the progress made. What do we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best. Fourth, give us your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions, send your sons that they may help know how true are our hearts and may help to swell the Anglo-Saxon current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the Republic—for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no South, no North, no East, no West;

but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State in our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and mighty inspiration impels every one of us tonight to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans—and we fight for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil—these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission. And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of His millennial harvest, and He will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until His full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way—ay, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered treasures—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a Republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the Lakes to the Gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill—serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the path, and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE BALCONY

From 'Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.'

My special amusement in New York is riding on the elevated railway. It is curious to note how little one can see on the crowded sidewalks of this city. It is simply a rush of the same people—hurrying this way or that on the same errands—doing the same shopping or eating at the same restaurants. It is a kaleidoscope with infinite combinations but the same effects. You see it to-day, and it is the same as yesterday. Occasionally in the multitude you hit upon a *genre* specimen, or an odd detail, such as a prim little dog that sits upright all day and holds in its mouth a cup for

pennies for its blind master, or an old bookseller with a grand head and the deliberate motions of a scholar moldering in a stall—but the general effect is one of sameness and soon tires and bewilders.

Once on the elevated road, however, a new world is opened, full of the most interesting objects. The cars sweep by the upper stories of the houses, and, running never too swiftly to allow observation, disclose the secrets of a thousand homes, and bring to view people and things never dreamed of by the giddy, restless crowd that sends its impatient murmur from the streets below. In a course of several months' pretty steady riding from Twenty-third Street, which is the station for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to Rector, which overlooks Wall Street, I have made many acquaintances along the route—and on reaching the city my first curiosity is in their behalf.

One of these is a boy about six years of age—akin in his fragile body and his serious mien, a youngster that is very precious to me. I first saw this boy on a little balcony about three feet by four, projecting from the window of a poverty-stricken fourth floor. He was leaning over the railing, his white, thoughtful head just clearing the top, holding a short, round stick in his hand. The little fellow made a pathetic picture, all alone there above the street, so friendless and desolate, and his pale face came between me and my business many a time that day. On going up town that evening just as night was falling, I saw him still at his place, white and patient and silent. Every day afterwards I saw him there, always with the short stick in his hand. Occasionally he would walk around the balcony rattling the stick in a solemn manner against the railing, or poke it across from one corner to another and sit on it. This was the only playing I ever saw him do, and the stick was the only plaything he had. But he was never without it. His little hand always held it, and I pictured him every morning when he awoke from his joyless sleep, picking up his plaything and going out to his balcony, as other boys go to play. Or perhaps he slept with it, as little ones do with dolls and whip-tops.

I could see that the room beyond the window was bare. I never saw anyone in it. The heat must have been terrible, for it could have had no ventilation. Once I missed the boy

from the balcony, but saw his white head moving about slowly in the dusk of the room. Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me. I found myself continually thinking of him, and troubled with that remorse that thoughtless people feel even for suffering for which they are not in the slightest degree responsible. Not that I ever saw any suffering on his face. It was patient, thoughtful, serious, but with never a sign of petulance. What thoughts filled that young head—what contemplation took the place of what should have been the ineffable upspringing of childish emotion—what complaint or questioning were living behind that white face—no one could guess. In an older person the face would have betokened a resignation that found peace in the hope of things hereafter. In this child, without hope or aspiration, it was sad beyond expression.

One day as I passed I nodded at him. He made no sign in return. I repeated the nod on another trip, waving my hand at him—but without avail. At length, in response to an unusually winning exhortation, his pale lips trembled into a smile—but a smile that was soberness itself. Wherever I went that day that smile went with me. Wherever I saw children playing in the parks, or trotting along with their hands nestled in strong fingers that guided and protected, I thought of that tiny watcher in the balcony—joyless, hopeless, friendless—a desolate mite, hanging between the blue sky and the gladsome streets—lifting his wistful face now to the peaceful heights of the one, and now looking with grave wonder on the ceaseless tumult of the other. At length—but why go any further? Why is it necessary to tell that the boy had no father, that his mother was bedridden from his birth, and that his sister pasted labels in a drug-house, and he was thus left to himself all day? It is sufficient to say that I went to Coney Island yesterday, and forgot the heat in the sharp saline breezes—watched the bathers and the children—listened to the crisp, lingering music of the waves as they sang to the beach—ate a robust lunch on the pier—wandered in and out among the booths, tents, and hubbub—and that through all these manifold pleasures I had a companion that enjoyed them with a gravity that I can never hope to emulate, but with a soulfulness that was touching—and that as I came back in the

boat, the breezes singing through the cordage, music floating from the fore-deck, and the sun lighting with its dying rays the shipping that covered the river, there was sitting in front of me a very pale but very happy bit of a boy, open-eyed with wonder, but sober and self-contained, clasping tightly in his little fingers a short battered stick. And finally, that whenever I pass by a certain overhanging balcony now, I am sure of a smile from an intimate and esteemed friend who lives there.

TRIBUTE TO DAVIS

From Speech introducing him at the Unveiling of the Statue of Senator Hill.

Had the great man whose memory is perpetuated in this marble chosen of all men one witness to his constancy and his courage, he would have chosen the honorable statesman whose presence honors this platform to-day. Had the people of Georgia chosen of all men one man to-day to aid in this sacred duty, and, by the memories that invest him about, to give deeper sanctity to their work, they would have chosen Jefferson Davis—first and last President of the Confederate States. It is good, sir (*turning to Mr. Davis*), for you to be here. Other leaders have had their triumphs. Conquerors have won crowns, and honors have been piled on the victors of earth's great battles, but never yet, sir, came man to more loving people. Never conqueror wore prouder diadem than the deathless love that crowns your grey hairs to-day. Never king inhabited more splendid palace than the millions of brave hearts in which your dear name and fame are forever enshrined. Speaking to you, sir, as a son of a Confederate soldier who sealed his devotion with his life—holding kinship through the priceless heritage of his blood to you and yours—standing midway between the thinning ranks of his old comrades, whose faltering footsteps are turned toward the grave, and the new generation thronging eagerly to take the work that falls unfinished from their hands—here, in the auspicious Present, across which the historic Past salutes a glorious Future, let me pledge you that the love we bear you shall be transmitted to our children, and our children's children, and that generations yet unborn shall in this fair land hold your memory

sacred, and point with pride to your lofty and stainless life. My countrymen (*turning to the audience*), let us teach the lesson in this old man's life, that defeat hath its glories no less than victory. Let us declare that this outcast from the privileges of this great government is the uncrowned king of our people, and that no Southern man, high or humble, asks a greater glory than to bear with him, heart to heart, the blame and the burden of the cause for which he stands unpardoned. In dignity and honor he met the responsibilities of our common cause. With dauntless courage he faced the charges. In obscurity and poverty he has for twenty years borne the reproach of our enemies and the obloquy of defeat. This moment—in this blessed Easter week—that, witnessing the resurrection of these memories that for twenty years have been buried in our hearts, has given us the best Easter we have seen since Christ was risen from the dead, this moment finds its richest reward in the fact that we can light with sunshine the shortening end of a path that has long been dark and dreary. Georgians, countrymen, soldiers and sons of soldiers, and brave women, the light and soul and crown of our civilization, rise, and give your hearts voice, as we tell Jefferson Davis that he is at home among his people.

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS DAY

From *The Atlanta Constitution.*

No man or woman now living will see again such a Christmas day as the one which closed yesterday, when the dying sun piled the western skies with gold and purple.

A winter day it was, shot to the core with sunshine. It was enchanting to walk abroad in its prodigal beauty, to breathe its elixir, to reach out the hands and plunge them open-fingered through its pulsing waves of warmth and freshness. It was June and November welded and fused into a perfect glory that held the sunshine and snow beneath tender and splendid skies. To have winnowed such a day from the teeming winter was to have found an odorous peach on a bough whipped in the storms of winter. One caught the musk of yellow grain, the flavor of ripening nuts, the fragrance of strawberries, the

exquisite odor of violets, the aroma of all seasoning in the wonderful day. The hum of bees underrode the whistling wings of wild geese flying southward. The fires slept in drowsing grates, while the people, marveling outdoors, watched the soft winds woo the roses and the lilies.

Truly it was a day of days. Amid its riotous luxury surely life was worth living to hold up the head and breathe it in as thirsting men drink water; to put every sense on its gracious excellence; to throw the hands wide apart and hug whole armsful of the day close to the heart until the heart itself is enraptured and illumined. God's benediction came down with the day, slow dropping from the skies. God's smile was its light, and all through and through its supernal beauty and stillness, unspoken but appealing to every heart and sanctifying every soul, was His invocation and promise, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM

[1804—1875]

R. D. W. CONNOR

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM, youngest son of Joseph and Isabella Graham, was born in Lincoln County, North Carolina, September 5, 1804. Following the Scotch-Irish impulse for education, he was trained at private academies for the University of North Carolina, from which he graduated with "highest honors" in 1824. His prowess in debate, manifested in the old Dialectic Literary Society, kindled ambition for political distinction, to be won at that time through the bar alone. He read law and was admitted to the bar in 1827. Aware of the opportunity and responsibility of the lawyer, he set before himself high standards of professional learning, dignity, and integrity. To these standards he proved inflexibly true.

His fame rests less upon his ability as a lawyer than upon his services as a statesman. Beginning his public career in the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1833, he served as member and speaker until 1840, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. After serving two years he was retired in 1842 by the election of William H. Haywood, Democrat. The Whigs in the next year elected Graham governor and reëlected him in 1845 by an increased majority. He declined the mission to Spain offered him by President Taylor, but in 1850 entered the Cabinet of President Fillmore as Secretary of the Navy. After two years' service as Cabinet minister he resigned to accept the Whig nomination for the Vice-presidency on the ticket with General Scott. Upon his defeat he retired to private life and except for one term in the State Senate did not again appear in public life until called to the front by the crisis of 1860.

By temperament conservative, he was intellectually progressive. The politician follows public opinion, the statesman leads it, and Graham was ever a statesman. He manifested deep interest in education, advocating earnestly the bill under which the public school system was inaugurated. By his bill the Raleigh and Gaston Railway, the first built in the State, was chartered and by another bill the Wilmington and Weldon was made possible. As legislator and governor he furthered every state activity, and when the revenues of the State amounted to but $9,000 recommended these measures to a

Legislature which had refused on the score of economy to vote funds for lighting the lamps in the portico of the State House. In the United States Senate, where his course, all too brief, foreshadowed a career of usefulness, he made two speeches that attracted attention and exhibited the breadth of his mind. He declined to embarrass the Tyler Administration, and in a debate involving the duties of the States under the Constitution he asserted that these must be determined not by their liability to punishment but by the covenant into which they had entered by that instrument. "It is faith, honor, conscience," he declared, "and not the hangman's whip," on which rest the blessings of free government.

As Secretary of the Navy he suggested and planned the successful expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan, sent out our expedition to explore the valley of the Amazon, and was instrumental in bringing Kossuth to America, publishing Commodore Maury's Charts of the ocean currents, surveying the seas to the south of Japan and between Asia and North America, and reorganizing for effective service the coast survey.

His defeat for Vice-president in 1852 sent him into retirement, where, out of sympathy with Democrats and Republicans, he watched from his quiet home in Hillsboro the approach of the crisis of 1860. He was one of the organizers of the Constitutional Union Party, made up of Whigs and American "Know Nothings" and bent on saving the Union without war. He stumped North Carolina for John Bell, their candidate for the Presidency, but foreseeing that Lincoln would be elected, he endeavored to prepare his people for the calm acceptance of this result. In his opinion Lincoln's election did not justify secession or revolution. He "therefore disapproved the counsels of those who sought the overthrow of the government" upon the announcement of Lincoln's election, and opposed the call of a convention in February, 1861, to effect secession. In this position he was upheld by the people of the State, who defeated the convention at the polls.

But the fall of Fort Sumter and the President's call for troops presented a different question to the people of North Carolina. Sustained by a practically unanimous sentiment among the people, the Legislature called a convention to meet at Raleigh, May 20. Realizing fully that this meant secession, William A. Graham yet approved the step; declaring, however, that he "had changed no opinions" which he had previously held and entertained "no regrets at the recent action of the people" in refusing to call a convention. He was elected a delegate from Orange County. Two parties at once appeared among the members, one advocating the constitutional right of secession, the other denying any such right but advocating

the right of revolution. For presiding officer William A. Graham, the candidate of the "revolution" party, was defeated by the "secession" candidate, but finally voted for the secession resolution. He opposed in vain the resolution adopting the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, as he wished North Carolina merely to "ally herself with her sister states of the South until the recognition of her and their common independence" but otherwise to "maintain her position as a separate power of the earth," leaving her ultimate political position "to the future to determine."

Though frequently disagreeing with the policies of the Confederate Government, he gave it his loyal support in the convention, the State Senate, and the Confederate States Senate. His loyalty to the Southern cause found practical expression in five sons who wore the gray. Among the first to recognize the hopelessness of the struggle, and failing in his effort to have the President conclude peace, he urged Governor Vance to negotiate for peace through the separate states. Vance declined, but if he had consented it would have been too late. Lee was at Appomattox and Sherman approaching Raleigh. Graham was doubtless instrumental in saving Raleigh from the fate of Atlanta and Columbia.

In the Reconstruction period Graham, the most trusted leader of the people, declined to place expediency against principle. The people followed him by defeating the constitutional amendments. His speech in 1868, when called to preside over the convention of the Conservative party, rang the death-knell of "Reconstruction" in North Carolina. In 1870 the Conservative Democratic party, having control of the Legislature, impeached and removed Holden as unfit to hold any office or place of trust in North Carolina. Throughout the trial Graham sustained his reputation as an able constitutional lawyer and powerful advocate.

But conspicuous as were Graham's political services, it may be doubtful whether we ought not to pronounce them surpassed by his service as trustee of two great educational institutions. Elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina in 1834, he continued with the exception of a brief period, during which the doors of the University were closed, a member until his death. With him it was not merely a place of honor; it was equally a place of responsibility. He accepted this responsibility seriously, was a constant attendant upon the meetings of the Board, and was counted among its working members. A detailed account of his duties would make but a wearisome narrative, yet we may be sure he did not find them wearisome in the performance. They were with him labors of love. At the Commencement exercises of 1849, in the annual address, he defended the University curriculum

against its critics; and the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In 1867 the great New England philanthropist, George Peabody, "moved by the Holy Ghost," created the Peabody Education Fund for the cause of education in the desolated States of the South. The Board of Trustees to whom the management of this fund was entrusted was composed of the most eminent men of the Nation. The service that Graham rendered the South as a member of the Board was a fitting close of his long career. Speaking of this service Robert C. Winthrop, Chairman of the Board, said: "One of the original members of the Board, receiving his appointment from Mr. Peabody on my own recommendation, he has fulfilled every promise I had made for him. No one of us has been more punctual in his attendance at our meetings, or has exhibited a more earnest and intelligent interest in all our proceedings, while his dignified, genial presence has given him a warm place in all our hearts."* The philosophical historian of the future, after surveying the whole field, will doubtless pronounce that the highest and most enduring statesmanship displayed by Southern leaders during the first half-century following Lee's surrender was that directed towards upbuilding the public school systems of the Southern States. When this final verdict is pronounced the services of William A. Graham as a member of the Peabody Education Board will appear of more permanent value than his more striking services as legislator, governor, and Cabinet minister.

The last years of Governor Graham's life were devoted to the practice of the law. The changes wrought by the war were productive of much litigation, and Graham, of course, received a large share of this practice. Preëminently a worker, the exacting demands of his profession, to all of which he paid careful attention, impaired his health, and his friends and physician warned him that he must seek rest. In 1874 the States of Virginia and Maryland agreed to submit to arbitration a long-standing boundary line dispute, each State to choose one commissioner, and these two to select a third. Virginia chose William A. Graham; Maryland, Jeremiah S. Black; and the two selected ex-Governor Winston of Alabama. It was while attending a meeting of this commission at Saratoga Springs, New York, that Graham was seized with the fatal illness from which he died August 11, 1875. Distinguished honors were paid to his memory, especially by the two states whose differences he was trying to settle, and by his native State. Accompanied by a guard of honor his body was taken first to Raleigh and thence to Hillsboro, where it is buried.

*"Proceedings of the Peabody Board," October 6, 1875.

Governor Graham was married in 1836 to Miss Susannah Washington, daughter of John Washington, of New Bern, North Carolina. They raised a large family, some of whom have attained places of distinction in the State.

The demands of his political and professional life left Governor Graham less time for literary work than suited his tastes and inclinations. He left therefore fewer literary productions than many other men of less ability. Of his political efforts the greatest was undoubtedly the speech against test oaths delivered in the Convention of 1861. It is of more than passing interest and value because he based his opposition on the fundamental principles underlying political freedom. Aside from his political and professional studies, his chief delight was in the study of history and especially the history of his own people. He was intensely interested in the collection and preservation of the sources of North Carolina history, and at the time of his death was president of the North Carolina Historical Society. All of the purely literary productions which he left, except the address at the University in 1849, treat of some phase of North Carolina history. The principal ones are "The British Invasion of North Carolina in 1780 and 1781," delivered before the New York Historical Society in 1853; "The Life and Character of General Nathanael Greene," delivered in Greensboro in 1860; "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," delivered in Charlotte at the Centennial Celebration of 1875; and memorial addresses on George E. Badger, Thomas Ruffin, and Archibald D. Murphey. In conception, in style, and in contents they are the productions of an educated, cultured, and well-read man, who was too busy in the making of history to devote much attention to the writing of it. While possessing considerable merit they give the author no claim to literary fame. This is not surprising, indeed, for they were not "prompted by mere desire for literary distinction," but "were all the result of passing events, all the fruit of hours snatched from an absorbing profession."*

Robert D. O. Conner

*McGehee: "Memorial Oration," p. 71.

SPEECH ON THE ORDINANCE CONCERNING TEST OATHS AND SEDITION

Delivered in the Convention of North Carolina, December 7, 1861. For lack of space about ten pages are omitted.

Mr. President, the very motion of a test oath carries us back to the "bigot monarchs and the butcher priests" of the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, and beyond these, to the Inquisition itself. It is a device of power, in Church and in State, to perpetuate itself by force against free discussion and inquiry, and in defiance of what in more liberal times we call public sentiment. In direct contravention of that most essential principle of criminal justice that no man shall be compelled to give evidence against himself, it requires of its victim the confession of a creed, and his failure or refusal it takes as conclusive evidence of his guilt, and inflicts upon him torturous penalties of forfeitures, such as, if they will not cure him of his heresy, may deter others in like cases offending. Whether the creed be religious or political, or the remedy be the thumbscrew, the iron boot, the break-wheel, or the rack, or whether it be banishment, deprivation of privilege, degradation, or forfeiture of estate, there is no difference in the odiousness of the principle. Forsaking every vestige of Christian charity and toleration, it assumes to control by force that conscience which the God who gave it designed to be free, and avows its purpose to drive men to perjury or self-accusation. I have somewhere seen or read of a picture of a trembling prisoner of the Inquisition, who when called to take the religious test of that inexorable tribune, replies: "I cannot; I'll be damned if I do." To which the stern Inquisitor replies: "You'll be damned if you don't." It will require no stretch of the imagination to picture your justice, under this ordinance, with his prisoner before him, refusing the oath, with "I'll be perjured, forsworn, if I take it"; and the equally stern reply, "You'll be banished if you don't take it."

The history of our mother country affords us some instruction on the subject of tests, and the persecutions that attended them, religious and political. In the Catholic ascendency, Protestants were the victims; in the Protestant reigns, Cath-

olics suffered in turn; and it is a reproach to that enlightened and Christian nation, even that down within our own memories, no man could hold even a military office until he took a test oath against Catholicism, and received the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This last vestige of intolerance and bigotry in that country was swept away under the enlightened counsels of Earl Gray, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, not more than thirty years ago.

But in the worst and most intolerant times, neither in England nor in any civilized nation of which I have recollection, was there ever such an experiment made as is proposed to be made here, of prescribing a test, religious or political, and running amuck with it against the whole people, to see if perchance some victim may not be found for banishment or degradation.

In this country we have known but little of test oaths, except as we have read of them under more arbitrary governments. The Legislature of Virginia, more than fifty years ago, in a laudable desire to suppress the practice of dueling, directed an oath to be taken by certain public functionaries, and among others the advocates in her courts of justice, that they would not engage in any duel. Mr. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, since known to the country as one of her most distinguished lawyers, was then at the bar, and the Court of Appeals having decided that the oath must be taken, Mr. Leigh requested time to consider the question of the power of the Legislature to impose such an oath. And at a subsequent day he submitted an argument which satisfied the Court that the power did not exist, and they unhesitatingly reversed the former decision, which Chief Justice Roane pronounced to be an "offhand and erroneous" one; an example of fairness of mind which I beg to commend to all who may have inclined in favor of this ordinance. In his argument Mr. Leigh so vividly depicts the mischievous nature of test oaths as the "barbed and poisoned weapons" of despotic power, that I will detain the Convention by reading a few sentences from it:

"If the words of the Constitution," said he, "were doubtful, its spirit could not be mistaken. If the Legislature might add one new disqualification, they might add many, multiply

disabilities without end; disqualify whole districts or classes of men by personal or local description; make an academical degree, or even a previous service in one of its bodies, a necessary qualification; and thus convert the government into an oligarchy. If this tremendous power existed at all, it was boundless and uncontrollable as the winds, and dissipated at once all our fond notions of a written constitution, late the glory of American politics. These test laws, particularly, were the first weapons young oppression would learn to handle; weapons the more odious since, though barbed and poisoned, neither strength nor courage was requisite to wield them. Should we rely on public virtue to keep us from the use and extension of this system of tests? In no age, nor clime, nor nation, had ever virtue wholly swayed human bosoms and actions; man was universally liable to be transported with passion, blinded with folly, corrupted with vice, and yet more with power, maddened with faction, and fired with the lust of domination; let us not flatter ourselves that *we* were exempt from the common lot; and although the wise exposition of the bill of rights, by the act to establish religious freedom might for a time secure us from a *religious* test, a *political* one was certainly a possible, perhaps a probable, and not a very remote event. Sir, I am possessed with a strange delusion, if *the very law in question* does not appoint a political test. I fear other instances might be recounted. Such are the *beginnings*. The *end* of all these things is death."

Sir, this ordinance goes beyond the apprehensions of Mr. Leigh, and does apply a religious test to a considerable portion of our population, as a condition of their being allowed to remain citizens. It would be a very great mistake to suppose that the oath which it prescribes was an oath "to support the Constitution of the Confederate States," the only oath to that government required by its Constitution; or that it was the common oath of allegiance to the State of North Carolina, or both of these together. Let us read it:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear (or affirm, as the case may be), that I will bear faithful and true allegiance to the State of North Carolina, and will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain, and defend the independent government of the Confederate States of America against the government of the

United States, or of any other power, that by open force or otherwise shall attempt to subvert the same. I do hereby renounce my allegiance to the government of the United States, and will support and defend the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, and the Constitution of this State, not inconsistent with the Constitution of the Confederate States—so help me God."

Now, Sir, the requirement of this affirmation to be taken by the denomination called Quakers is as effectual an act of banishment of that sect as if it had been plainly denounced in the ordinance. And the same may be said, I presume, in relation to Mennonists and Dunkards, though I have less knowledge of them. There were some of the last named class in the County of Lincoln during my boyhood; whether they remain, and keep up their peculiar tenets, I am not informed. But the Quakers are a well-known sect, numbering not less than ten thousand persons in the State—and it is equally well known that they will not engage in war, and are conscientiously scrupulous against bearing arms. Our laws, from the Revolution downward to this day, have respected their scruples and extended to them the charity and toleration due to the sincerity and humility of their profession. This ordinance wholly disregards their peculiar belief, and converts every man of them into a warrior or an exile. True, they are allowed to affirm; but the affirmation is equivalent to the oath of the feudal vassal to his lord, to "defend him with life and limb and terrene honor." It is that they "will, to the *utmost of their power,* support, maintain and *defend* the independent government of the Confederate States of America, against the United States, or any other power, that by *open force or otherwise* may attempt to subvert the same," etc. If this does not include military defence, it is difficult to find language that would. It is so well known that the ordinary oath to the State implies defence with arms, that the Quakers have ever refused to affirm it in terms, but have had a special affirmation provided for them, as may be seen in the present Revised Code, and in all former editions of our laws. This ordinance, therefore, is nothing less than a decree of banishment to them. Sir, this humble denomination, who in the meekness and charity which so distinguished their Divine Master, yield pre-

cedence to none, were the first white men who made permanent settlements within our borders. Scourged and buffeted by Puritanism in New England and Prelacy in Virginia, they found no rest or religious freedom until they had put the great Dismal Swamp between themselves and the nearest of their persecutors. In the dark forests of its southern border, they obtained a toleration from the red men which had been denied them by their Anglo-American brethren. There they opened the wilderness, reared their modest dwellings, and filled the land with the monuments of civilization. There, and upon the upper waters of the Cape Fear, which they subsequently colonized, their posterity has remained to this day—a quiet, moral, industrious, thrifty people, differing from us in opinion on the subject of slavery, but attempting no subversion of the institution—producing abundantly by their labor, paying punctually and certainly their dues to the government, and supporting their own poor. Sir, upon the expulsion from among us of such a people, the civilized world would cry, shame!

But it may be said that this was not intended. If so, it but demonstrates that it is dangerous for freemen to take hold of the weapons of despotism and brandish them about, lest they do mischief more than was designed. But there is certainly no exemption of Quakers in the ordinance, though they are excepted and specially provided for in the act of Assembly, 1777, from which its main features are copied—none in those amendments which the chairman signifies his intention to move; and the report of the committee declares "there can be no neutrals in the struggle" in which we are engaged.

It may not be a religious test to others, but Sir, it is a disturbance of and interference with the religious sentiment and domestic repose of the country, not to be justified unless called for by some most urgent necessity. The veteran of the Court House, who sees every breach of the peace and misdemeanor, and calculates on proving his attendance as a part of his income, may regard oaths as unmeaning ceremonies; but your quiet and retired citizen who, except when called to the public duty of a juror, or to prove his neighbor's will, has seldom been sworn at all, looks upon them in the language of your public statute, as "being most solemn appeals to Almighty

God, as the omniscient witness of truth and the just and omnipotent avenger of falsehood," and takes them not without a feeling of awe. Beyond his daily prayer—

> That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
> And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
> Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
> For him and for his little ones provide;

Beyond this, his morning and evening imploration, repeated perhaps with unwonted fervor and emphasis in these times of difficulty and scarcity, he takes not his Maker's name. He is summoned to vex His ear with no blasphemous, unnecessary, unhallowed appeals. When you invade the retirement of such a man by domiciliary visitation, and demand from him his oath, with a threat of banishment brandished over his head, he would feel as the pagan whose household gods had been rudely jostled from their seats. He, as well as you, Mr. President, has read those thrilling words in which Chatham has engraven on our memories the domestic rights of our fathers beyond the seas, that "every Englishman's house is his castle, though so rude and humble that the rains and the winds of heaven may beat upon, and may enter it, yet the king cannot enter it." He will reflect that until now his house has been equally sacred from the intrusion of government, and his conscience unruffled by impertinent interrogation; and he will instinctively inquire, if these are the first fruits of the new order of things, what may not be expected in the sequel? And in spite of all the apologies and disclaimers that your magistrates may be instructed to make, he can sensibly arrive at no other conclusion than that he was suspected of disloyalty, and that the visit was designed to drive him to perjury, or exile; or else that it was a senseless proceeding, which ought to bring the government that made it into contempt.

But, Mr. President, the enormity of the proposition remains yet to be told. It violates every safeguard of personal freedom embodied in our bill of rights, most of which have been consecrated in the history of English liberty from the time of Magna Charta itself. The Northern government became a despotism by usurpation. Pass this ordinance upon

the old plea of tyrants, the necessity of the times, and the Southern one, within the borders of North Carolina, will have become a despotism by legislation. Whereas, our people are resolved to be independent and free, not only in the *end* but in the *means*. They are resolved, not only to be freemen at the termination of the contest, but will not surrender their liberties during its progress. Nor will they be satisfied with the flimsy pretexts and excuses for the sacrifice of a sacred principle, that it can do no harm except to traitors. They intend that even traitors shall not be condemned except in accordance with those great principles of right and justice which are of universal application. For they know full well that it is upon the persons of friendless or odious men that despotism, whether of a single tyrant or of a mob, first lays its hands; and that vigilance is more necessary to the preservation of liberty in times of public peril and revolution than in peace. Now, Sir, you can hardly mention a guarantee of individual right contained in that immortal declaration prefixed to the Constitution, which is not outraged by the proposed proceeding in relation to a test oath. Let me particularize a few of the more prominent among them:

1. Contrary to the very words of that declaration, it "disseizes every freeman" and every boy, too, above the age of sixteen, of his privileges as a citizen, and converts him into an alien, and exiles him until he shall reëstablish his right to citizenship by taking the oath of allegiance, defence, and of abjuration of the government of the United States, already recited; a high-handed outrage in subversion of "the law of the land," the only process by which so dreadful a sentence could be inflicted—and it is well known that "by law of the land" here is meant a regular trial before judge and jury, according to the course and usage of the common law.

2. It convicts a freeman of a crime, the high crime of disloyalty to the government, by an act of attainder passed by this Convention, and subjects him to the punishment of being banished unless he shall acquit himself by an oath—the declaration guaranteeing that no such conviction shall be had "but by the unanimous verdict of a jury of good and lawful men in open court, as heretofore used."

3. Without any evidence of an offence having been com-

mitted, and without any offence being described in a warrant and supported by evidence, it considers a free citizen as condemned, and exiles him from his sacred home, unless he will disclose the secrets of his heart, and they are found to be patriotic by a justice of the peace.

4. In a highly criminal proceeding, it compels a man to give evidence against himself. This hideous feature is a little disguised, but it is unquestionably there. If he will swear the oath he goes free, but if he will not his refusal is plenary evidence of his guilt, and he suffers the dread penalty. This refusal he is forced to give if his conscience will not allow him to take the oath. Wherein does this differ from that old device of bigotry and cruelty of putting him on the wheel and cracking his bones until he shall declare that he is not guilty of heresy or treason? In nothing that I can perceive, except that in the one case he suffers in the flesh, and in the other it is expulsion from wife and children, and friends and country.

Mr. President, when my friend, Charles S. Morehead, of Kentucky, as noble and gallant a gentleman as any that I have ever known, was seized on his native soil and hurried off to a prison in a far distant state, upon an alleged order from the Secretary of State at Washington, I thought, not that "ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards," but that the Mississippi Valley would have risen as one man and cried "to the rescue." American constitutional freedom has been struck down in the person of one of the noblest of her sons; and I supposed that without regard to past differences of opinion as to whether the Union should be maintained, all men would have been satisfied by that act of tyranny, that the free Constitution of our fathers was extinct; that arbitrary power reigned in its stead; and that safety was only to be found in the overthrow of that power. But that proceeding, violent and revolting as it was, may be favorably distinguished from this. Morehead was not required to give evidence against himself. The government which arrested him professed to have had sufficient proof of his guilt, and did not call upon him under penalty of exile, forfeiture or torture, to furnish any evidence either positive or negative to affect the case. Sir, I think it now appears that the oath in question

requires some emendation. The citizen ought to be excused from swearing to support the Constitution of North Carolina, as heretofore existing, since the whole proceeding violates so many of its fundamental principles, as in fact, to abrogate it. He might with more propriety be called on to take an oath of abjuration, declaring that he had no faith in the bill of rights as a means of securing freedom, and renouncing his adherence to it, at least in all cases where disloyalty was imputed. That would be far more appropriate than that other oath of abjuration, "renouncing 'hereby' all allegiance to the United States"; implying in the clearest manner that until the oath is taken allegiance is still due to the United States—a folly that will excite a laugh when it is not taken as an insult. The citizen will say, "I protest that I thought all this was settled in May last, by the Convention. I have not considered myself as owing any allegiance to the United States since that time, and I have none that I can 'hereby' renounce." With nearly as much reason might he be required to renounce all allegiance to Victoria Regina, successor of the Georges II and III, of whom our fathers were born subjects, and to abjure the heresy of transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, and Popery in general, as the Englishmen who took office were required to do prior to Catholic emancipation. And the power being established, as it is assumed by this ordinance, it would be the easiest thing in the world to superadd a mild abjuration to abide by the creed as established by the Convention, Synod, Conference or Association, as one or another denomination might happen to predominate with the ruling powers.

And here let me correct a very important error of fact which happens in the committee's report. It is there stated that our volunteers who have entered the military service have taken an oath, and it is argued that therefore all other citizens should enter into the like solemn obligation. The conclusion would not follow if the oath were the same. Soldiers received into the service and pay of the State or Nation, like public servants in civil office, have always been required to take an oath of allegiance, but citizens in general never were. In fact, however, no volunteer has taken the absurd oath here proposed to be thrust upon the citizen. They have not been

required to abjure allegiance "to the government of the United States." They are bound to take an oath of allegiance to the State. And under an act of Assembly in May last, the Governor prescribed an oath, by which they undertook "to obey his orders, and the orders of the officers set over them." But by ordinance of this convention they were relieved from an oath of this nature, which no man could be expected to keep without some infringement, and which had been disused in the Army of the United States, prior to the Mexican War, and since; and they were simply made liable to the penalties of the articles of war, for disobedience of orders, from the time of signing the agreement of enlistment. No volunteer of North Carolina, therefore, can be lawfully required to take any oath, but the oath of allegiance to the State, anterior to his being mustered into the service of the Confederate States. That, let us remember, is a government with Legislative, Executive and Judicial functionaries, in full operation, and can prescribe and administer such oaths as to it may seem meet, to soldiers; and, if it wishes to try so hazardous an experiment, to citizens also. Our interference, then, to bind the consciences of our citizens to that government, after having granted it power of life and death over their conduct, is quite a work of supererogation, if not of servility. In its Constitution, article 6, section 4, it has plainly enumerated the persons in the State and Confederacy whom it requires to take the oath to support it. If it desires to enlarge the catalogue by polling every citizen to search his heart, and see if it cannot find somebody to punish as a traitor, let it try the virtue of an act of Congress, and the machinery of its own officers. That would give the regulation generality and relieve it of one of its features of hatefulness, that of being leveled at the people of a particular State, and this by the officiousness of the State authority in a matter committed by the people to other hands. For I suppose no one imagines that there is any danger of rebellion against the State government as such.

The whole solicitude which prompts this most extraordinary measure springs from an apprehension of infidelity on the part of the people, or a portion of them, to the Confederate government—and it implies that that government is

too weak or its functionaries too timid to provide and apply the needful remedies. We, therefore, must rush in to the help of the Nation. If Congress were consulted I doubt not they would render thanks for the good and patriotic intention, but if they spoke candidly would declare that they considered the remedy ten times as bad as the disease. No, Sir —the Congress would as soon think of repealing the Constitution, and dissolving into a state of chaos, as to undertake this process of the polling and purgation of the whole people. Nor has any other state proposed or conceived it. They know that if serious disaffection does not exist (as every one knows it does not in North Carolina), this is a way in which the government may readily be brought into contempt and collision with the people; and that if it did, this is not the mode in which to deal with it. Lord Macaulay relates of James II. that he never learned how to treat an insurrection which common sense teaches should be treated by taking hold of the ringleaders and making examples of them—but on the happening of such an occurrence he seized, tried and executed the unhappy insurgents of all ages and sexes; and while his servile and tyrannical chief justice, Jeffries, went the circuits perverting the law for the condemnation of all accused, the moody monarch diverted himself among his parasites and courtiers by speaking of them as Jeffries's campaigns. Sir, the progress of your justices under this ordinance, abjuring men and boys, without regard to the aged, the decrepit, the halt, maimed or blind, under terror of exile or degradation from the proud privileges of citizenship, will be looked upon by those who have the instincts, not to say knowledge, of freemen, as no less of campaigns; and with no view to favor the public enemy, but to assert their self-respect and dignity, they will strive to hurl from power the authority under which they are made.

What, Sir, is such a proceeding but the establishment of martial law throughout the length and breadth of the state, by which the peaceful citizen is invaded in his home and his conscience, and placed upon the footing of the inhabitant of a besieged city? A Roman proconsul, a British colonial governor, or a successful general in the armies of Abraham Lincoln, with an overwhelming force and but feeble resistance,

may adopt measures of such dictatorial severity and rigor. We are informed that Governor Tryon, after overpowering the Regulators at Alamance, marched a military force into many of the upper counties of the then province and exacted from the inhabitants an oath of allegiance to the King at the point of the bayonet. General Dix, also, upon his recent conquest of the two counties of the eastern shore of Virginia, condescended to advertise their helpless citizens, that if they would take the oath of allegiance to the United States they should receive every protection and their property should not be confiscated. This was a sufficient hint what consequences would follow if they did not. But who ever heard of a government, professing to be free, undertaking to drive from its borders or disfranchise its whole population if they would not, man by man, submit to the ordeal of a compulsory test oath?

What arbitrary despotism, in its domestic rule, ever embarked in any such enterprise of Quixotic absurdity? Was it attempted in France under the First Napoleon, or under the Third? Even in the wildest excesses of her revolutionary frenzy, there seems to have been sufficient common sense left to the ruling authorities to enable them to recollect, that "human law is a rule of civil *conduct,*" not of *faith,* and that only bigotry and fanaticism will attempt to regulate conscience and opinion in government or in religion. Charles V, Emperor of Germany and Spain, after waging for years the most bloody and relentless wars, to put down Luther and the Reformation, becoming sated with carnage and disgusted with the pageantry of monarchy, yielded up the reins to his son and retired to a monastery. There he amused his leisure in scientific studies and in experiments upon instruments for measuring time. But by no diligence or skill was he ever able to make two clocks run alike. This, says his biographer, Dr. Robertson, saddened his soul with remorseful reflections upon his previous life, in which he had caused rivers of blood to flow, in vain and wicked efforts to compel men to think alike. This simple anecdote, which is but an illustration of all human experience, proves the futility and impossibility of controlling thought and opinion; and that those governments only are wise that leave

the mind and conscience free, and are content with conformity to their behests in action.

Of the one hundred and twenty thousand voters in the State, how many in the eighty-five years of its independence have taken an oath to the State, or to the United States, during our connection with that Government? Those who have filled office, and exercised a portion of the sovereign power as magistrates or constables, or in the higher stations, have been obliged, and properly, too, to swear fidelity to the State and General Government; but as to the great mass of the people, if they have not literally kept the Scriptural injunction to "swear not at all," it has not been by reason of any oath of fealty imposed by public authority. And the inquiry will naturally be made, where is the necessity for this novel and most extraordinary proceeding? The Legislature has twice been convened in extra session since the breaking out of the present war, and has considered and adopted such measures as it deemed necessary to the public safety or defence. But no member of either House, in anxious contemplation of the crisis, seems to have thought of a test oath, forced upon all the people, under terror of exile or loss of privilege, as among these measures. Cæsar Augustus sent out a decree that all the world should be taxed. The North Carolina Convention is asked to send out a decree that all the world shall be sworn. There is virtue in taxation. Money is the sinews of war; but what nation was ever defended by oaths—oaths imposed on its own people without distinction, especially when the alternative was banishment or degradation?

Mr. President, to say of this measure that it is absurd and calculated to bring ridicule on our legislature, and that it is unnecessary, and will be wholly ineffectual, if necessary, inasmuch as a forced oath is well understood to be no oath in the sight of man or his Maker, is but to characterize its more obvious features. I am fully persuaded that abroad, if not at home, it will be regarded as the offspring of fear. It will be argued, and the hypothesis cannot be resisted, that a proceeding so unusual, so searching, so destructive of personal freedom and dangerous to public liberty, would not be resorted to except in a state where public sentiment was suppressed by the high hand of force, and a sense of danger had

driven the government to desperation. In that aspect no measure could give greater encouragement to the enemy, and no libel could more deeply wound the sensibilities of the people of the State, or do them more gross injustice. They have looked upon the pending contest as a foreign war, of nation against nation, waged upon the frontiers by national armies. But you propose by this ordinance to declare it a civil and social war, in which no man is to be trusted—in which the secrets of the right hand may be concealed from the left, until you have cleansed out the conscience and made assurance doubly sure by a forced oath. It is not enough that thirty-five thousand men, portions of them from every county in the State, are in the field, exposing their lives to the arms of the enemy and to the pestilence of camp and garrison, and that almost every family has its representative there; that they have submitted cheerfully to the burdens of taxation and the privation incident to a destruction of commerce, and have, over and above this, voluntarily and cheerfully contributed of their labor, their substance, and the very comforts of their homes, to give aid to your soldiers and vigor to their efforts; that there is not a cloud of disloyalty to be seen in all the horizon as big as a man's hand; but that the whole people, it may be with trifling exceptions, are pressing forward with a noble unanimity to the establishment of our national independence. All this will not suffice. Every man must be purged as by fire.

And all for what? The report of the committee informs us. It is "to rid the country of traitors at heart," who are supposed to be few in number, and will be discovered when tested by this oath. Such doctrine, Mr. President, is the very bigotry of despotism. Who constituted us the searchers of hearts? What government ever undertook to deal with anything as crime, except the overt acts of its people, but the most unmitigated tyrannies? There are doubtless republicans in principle residing under every monarchy in Europe, and there may be monarchists in the States of America; but so long as they demean themselves as peaceable citizens, do not levy war against the State or the Confederate States, nor adhere to our enemies, giving them aid and comfort, they pass without molestation and are under the protection of the

Constitution and laws. . . . . But wherever they are, treason is an offence well known to and defined by law, and like other crimes, is to be dealt with according to law. And it is quite remarkable that while the committee inveigh with vehemence against the despotism now practiced by the Lincoln Government in Maryland, they should bring forward a measure equally abhorrent to freedom in North Carolina. Sir, if such a measure prevails, and is acquiesced in, it is of little moment what may be the issue of the present great conflict in the battle-field. We shall in the end be in any event slaves, and present the sad spectacle of a State throwing away its liberties in a struggle to preserve them, in angry imitation of the contagious example of an enemy who threw away theirs, to give vigor to their efforts for our subjugation.

I protest against it, as a gross abuse, amounting in effect to a usurpation of power—as a dangerous device by which a faction may at any time pervert the government and transmute it into an oligarchy. I protest against it in the name of religious freedom and domestic quiet—in the name of that civil liberty which is our birthright, and has been the inheritance of our ancestors for eight hundred years. I protest against it as a weak and futile weapon of defence, calculated only to encourage the enemy, weaken ourselves and bring our legislation into ridicule and disrespect at home and abroad, and degrade our citizens in their own esteem—as an officious intermeddling with the province of the Congress of the Confederate States—as a libel upon the people we represent, whose noble alacrity, patience, perseverance, self-denial and bravery in this contest deserve all praise; whereas, the statute book, in the present times, and much more in the future, in all historical interpretation must be construed to imply an imputation of widespread disaffection.

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But among freemen, every one of whom is equal, in consultation and at the ballot-box, if restraints upon the freedom of speech and of the press may be imposed beyond those provided by the common law, it has never been found necessary to call them into operation heretofore. There seems to have been a general acquiescence in the doctrines of Jefferson in his inaugural address. "If there be any among us who would

wish to dissolve this Union [Confederacy] or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it." I have myself been accustomed to associate statutes of sedition with those indictments for seditious libel, where there were attempts to screen corruption, imbecility, favoritism, and the insolence of office, by criminal prosecutions against persons who exposed them, and when the gallantry of Erskine, Curran and other advocates at the English and Irish bar won immortal names in wrestling with a domineering and subservient bench, that never forgot the hand that elevated it above the people, nor its favorites; and prevailing in the contest, I have been accustomed to look upon them as bringing into active employment, if not producing, a vile race of parasites and sycophants, Titus Oateses, Bedloes, etc., thronging the gates of office and patronage, in the character of spies and informers, ready to discover Meal-tub plots and Rye-house plots of the most direful import, and to accuse any man whom it might be desirable to hunt down and destroy.

You propose by the first section of this ordinance to create nine indictable offences, every one of which is described in a manner so loose and undefined as to hold out the greatest temptations to malignant accusers, and to produce neighborhood strifes without end. I shall not detain the Convention by a recital of them. Their counterpart may be found in the misprisions against the King's person and government, which Blackstone says may be "by speaking or writing against him, cursing or wishing him ill, giving out scandalous stories concerning him, or doing anything that may tend to lessen him in the esteem of his subjects, may weaken his government, or may raise jealousies between him and his people." Under this it has been at different times held indictable to say of the King that he had a cold, at a time when his services were important in the field; also, to say of him falsely that he labored under mental derangement, or to drink to the pious memory of a traitor, or for a clergyman to absolve persons at the gallows who there persist in the treasons for which they die, etc. 4 Black. Com. 123. Sir, the whole doctrine is unsuited to our free institutions. It is founded on the supposi-

tion that force, compulsion, is the only means of upholding government, and that public opinion is nothing, and must be subordinated by it. We have sufficient law now to afford all the security needed, if, as no one doubts, public sentiment is with us and will enable us to enforce it—and if it is not, no new statutory enactment will be enforced. The common law of riot, rout, unlawful assembly, and conspiracy enables you to take hold of any parties whose guilt may be dangerous; and the doctrine of seditious libel is the same now that it was in 1802 when Harry Crosswell was convicted of a libel on President Jefferson—except that the truth of the matter published is a defence. Over and above this, every section of the State is accessible on brief notice by railroad, and the military power may be exerted with effect on the first appearance of insurrection.

But, Sir, the whole scope of this ordinance is to give proper defence and protection to the Confederate States. There are a few expletives thrown in, in which the State is mentioned but they seem only designed to fill out a sentence and give roundness to a period. Now what business is it of ours to pass a law to punish sedition against the Confederate States any more than to punish the robbery of its treasury or post-office, or piracy against its ships on the sea? If there is to be such a crime as sedition against that government, ought it not to be a general crime, punishable in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and other states? And has not that government a Congress now in session for the third or fourth time? Is it supposed that we are wiser than they, and are to usurp their functions? If that Congress has the same propensity to copy that prevails here, they need only turn to the administration of the elder Adams, and reënact the sedition law of that day, referred to by the gentleman from Richmond (Mr. Leak). It is a very well drawn statute, much better than this ordinance. I say this without disrespect to the committee, for they only profess to copy from the act of 1777. The gentleman from Richmond made a slight error in supposing this was the same with the Sedition Law of 1798 It is infinitely worse. Judge Chase had decided, and correctly too, that there was no law of the United States except what was enacted by statute, and therefore that there was no law

of libel to protect its officers from the President downward against any defamation whatever. The act was consequently passed to punish by indictment libelous publications against them, which would be indictable if made against other persons by the common law—allowing, however, the truth to be given in evidence as a defence. Yet, so distasteful was it to the public mind, and so odious did it render its authors, that after a lapse of half a century, when all other party issues of that time were forgotten, it still remains in public recollection. But as a restriction on liberty, the liberty of the press and of speech, it was nothing compared with this act, which has been exhumed from the oblivion in which it has lain for eighty odd years, and which it is proposed to revivify, just as it was on the day of its first enactment. At that time the doctrine prevailed here as well as in the mother country, of "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." So that if any man "shall publish and deliberately speak or write against our public defence," (this is one of the defences it creates) no matter how true may be the words written or spoken, such as that a commanding general fled ingloriously from a field of battle when victory was in his grasp, or that from his incompetency he sacrificed half his command without any conceivable object, although it may be every word true, the party who wrote or spoke thus must be convicted.

If the Congress of the Confederate States desires to try over again the experiment of the Sedition Law of 1798, or to go back beyond it, and recopy old penal statutes made to put down Papacy, or uphold the prerogatives of royalty, the way is perfectly open to it. But let us not render ourselves a subject of merriment, by taking better care of that government than it takes of itself. Let us not stigmatize our people by singling them out as peculiar subjects for the operation of laws of this kind. Let us not give just cause of offence to them, by showing a distrust of that elevated patriotism and unanimity with which they are sustaining their country in this her hour of trial. Let us abandon this measure as impolitic, as it is insulting, oppressive and unjust. I ask the yeas and nays on the question of its indefinite postponement.

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON

[1788—1863]

GEORGE ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON, the son of William Grayson, an officer of the Revolution, was descended from one of the oldest families in South Carolina. He was born at Beaufort in that State on November 10, 1788. Having received a good classical training at the famous Willington Academy of Dr. Moses Waddel* (1770-1840), he continued his liberal education at the College of Charleston. After graduating there in 1809, he entered at once upon the study of law. In 1813 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and at the expiration of his term of office, he was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession at Beaufort. Having been sent to the State Senate in 1831, he opposed the tariff act of that year, but was not in favor of pushing the collision between the State and the Federal authorities to the extreme of civil war. He was then elected a representative in Congress from the Beaufort and Colleton districts and served two terms (December 2, 1833 to March 3, 1837). In the tariff controversy which still agitated the country, he maintained a firm, but conservative policy, urging that "the reserve rights of the State gave it the power to determine the limits of its grant to the Federal authorities and the means of arresting violations when discovered." From 1841 to 1853 he held the position of collector of the Port of Charleston by the successive appointments of Presidents Tyler, Polk and Fillmore. Having been removed by President Pierce, he retired to his plantation and devoted himself to its management. For many years he served as a state commissioner of equity. During the secession agitation in 1850 he published an open letter to Governor Seabrook deprecating strongly the evils of disunion. Throughout his life he remained, however, a staunch defender of the institution of slavery. He died at Newberry, South Carolina, on October 4, 1863, of an illness resulting from a stroke of paralysis.

Grayson was known to the public of his day chiefly as a brilliant statesman and man of affairs, and as frequent contributor of articles to the *Southern Review* and the daily press. In addition

*For a still fuller account of Dr. Waddel and his academy, see Judge Longstreet's "William Mitten." (1864).

to the "Letter to Governor Seabrook" (1850), he published his "Letters of Curtius" (1851). He was the author, also, of a very readable "Sketch of James Louis Petigru" (1866), the distinguished Charleston lawyer, which is his most important prose work. His style, though marked by the old-fashioned formality and self-consciousness then in vogue, is clear, vigorous, and decidedly entertaining. Especially interesting is the account of the school which he attended in the back-woods of Abbeville County, where so many men of national note, including Calhoun, Crawford, Legaré, Longstreet, McDuffie, and Wardlaw, were prepared for college, and his sketch of its great master, Dr. Moses Waddel, whom the author styles "the Carolina Dr. Arnold," and Calhoun "the father of classical education in the upper country of South Carolina and Georgia."

Grayson's place in literature, however, must ultimately rest upon his poetical writings, which afforded him a pleasing diversion during his life as a planter. From the four volumes of verse which he published, for the most part anonymously, one forms the impression that he was a vigorous and entertaining writer, though neither very correct nor original. His most serious effort, "Chicora" (1856), is an Indian legend treated in the manner and spirit of the early romantic poets, Scott and Southey. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn finds in it "a singular sweetness of versification and a quiet, true, very real charm," and pronounces it "one of the pleasantest pieces of poetic work produced in the State." The canto containing the story of Acura's "Journey to the Blessed Isles," in its swift-footed measures, its romantic fancy, and its idyllic interpretation of Indian life and character, will endure favorable comparison with "The Song of Hiawatha." "Chicora" may, indeed, be safely named the second greatest poem on the red man in the literature of America. The same volume contains Grayson's finest and most important short poem, "Threescore Years and Seven." It is almost perfect in metrical technique, and its reflective quality is admirably sustained throughout. The calm and optimistic mood of the soul as it nears the close of life's voyage, the pathos of old age "footsore and faint with toil," the rapt vision of the spirit's flight to "the silent city of repose," and the chaste beauty of the imagery employed to convey or to decorate the thought, mark this as a noble poem on death not unworthy of a place by the side of the better known "Thanatopsis." Due no doubt to political conditions and the author's prominence as a public man, his long descriptive and didactic poem, "The Hireling and the Slave" (1854) attracted wider attention than his more artistic poems. In his use of the heroic couplet, he illustrates the tendency of the Southern poets of that generation to follow the literary conventions in vogue in England in the Eighteenth

Century. It is a poem with a purpose, and vividly and even argumentatively contrasts the miserable condition of the Northern wage-worker with the happy and care-free lot of the Southern slave. It contains, curiously, the first prophecy of a future return of the negroes to Africa, a solution of the question which has since been frequently proposed. The parts of most enduring value, as literature, are those in which the author portrays picturesquely the simple tasks of the slaves with axe or plough, and their merry pastimes, hunting in the swamps and fishing in the bays along the coast. Grayson published, privately, two other poems, "The Country" (1858), and "Marion" (1860). The former is a pastoral, descriptive poem of mediocre merit and is modeled on the sixth satire of the second book of Horace.

His work, as a whole, repays study as that of a representative Southern planter of ample culture and means, who, coming upon the stage immediately after the formation of the Union, reflects not only the new national and sectional impulses, but, also, the struggle between the classical and romantic movements in English literature, the influence of which he must have felt strongly in his early manhood.

George Armstrong Wauchope.

THREESCORE YEARS AND SEVEN

From 'Chicora, and Other Poems.'

Life's voyage, by rock and shoal, is near its close,
The billow buffeted, the gale endured;
Shattered in spars and hull, the vessel goes
Near the safe port from every storm secured.

The road grows short; with frost or torrid skies,
By weary steps, hill, plain, and valley pressed,
Footsore and faint with toil the traveler eyes
The rising spire that marks the place of rest.

The night is near at hand; the shadow steals,
With the last sunbeam, farther from the trees;
In mist and chill the waning moon reveals
Her light, and hollow sounds the evening breeze.

The year is almost gone; the falling leaf,
  Yellow and sere, flies far on every blast;
Spring flower, and summer fruit, and autumn sheaf
  Gathered—its bright and beautiful are past.

Welcome! the port of refuge safe from storms,
  Welcome! the silent city of repose,
Welcome! night's dreams and visionary forms,
  And winter's waste of purifying snows!

Another spring shall bloom; another day,
  Brighter than hope, shall rise to set no more;
A fairer region court the traveler's stay,
  And oceans, wreckless, spread without a shore.

Launched on their bosom, to each starry sphere,
  Beyond the reach of telescopic eye,
Farther than Fancy wings her swift career,
  Radiant, like suns, unbodied spirits fly.

Stripped of their fleshly rags—the mortal chain
  Of sensual appetite and passions vile—
Freed from the cankered earth, the sting, the stain
  Of base pursuits that dazzle and beguile—

Companionship with seraphim they hold,
  The endless chain of being they explore,
Nature's deep hidden mysteries unfold,
  And, face to face, the Ineffable adore.

Strong with the vigor of immortal youth,
  Beyond dim Reason's ken they speed their flight;
With Intuition's glance o'ermaster Truth,
  And find in knowing ever new delight.

Again, with earnest gaze and outstretched arms,
  They meet, oh thought of joy! the lost on earth,
Restored, renewed, arrayed in all the charms
  That Love bestows on Heaven's diviner birth.

Restored to part no more, no more to know
The doubt, the fear, the change of mortal love;
To endless ages, hand in hand, they go,
Sharing and doubling all their joys above.

Happiest of hearts on earth! the calm, the pure,
Aloof from vulgar joys and vain pursuits,
That seek through life, unswerving, to secure
Of nobler being these celestial fruits.

I ask no scholar's lore, no poet's lyre,
Trophy nor wreath that conquerors display,
Nor wealth, nor wit, nor eloquence desire,
Nor matchless wisdom, nor imperial sway.

But faith—strong faith—that upward to the sky,
In every ill unshaken, undismayed,
Looks like the eagle, with unblenching eye,
Steadfast and bright in sunlight and in shade.

Let this be mine! and if the parting day
Grow dark, the wave seem black with winter's gloom,
Fearless, though rough and perilous the way,
I tread the path that leads me to the tomb.

THE VISION OF BLISS

From 'Chicora, and Other Poems.'

Close by the lake, beside the wood,
The lodges of Acura stood;
His the Great Spirit's choicest boon,
The lofty stature, strong and straight,
The foot that traced from morn till noon,
From noon till night, the flying deer,
The buffalo or grizzly bear,
And drove the monster to his lair,
Unerring as the foot of Fate;
His heart was pure, his hand was strong,
Through the five tribes no name exceeds
His in the brave's triumphant song,
For fame achieved in warlike deeds.

But in the chief's young heart, the flame
Of love, with quiet progress stealing,
And warmer influence, daily came,
New hopes, and joys, and thoughts **revealing**
The maid was beautiful as Spring,
With leaves and flowers, and whispering **breeze**
And cloudless skies, and murmuring bees,
And humming-birds of glittering wing—
Such beauty as Yohèwah gives
At distant intervals, to show
The form of loveliness that lives
Where pure and gentle spirits go;
Scarce seen on earth the vision bright,
When, radiant with celestial light,
It vanishes from mortal sight;
So to the nation's wondering view,
Like some bright flower before unknown,
In wild or wood, of matchless hue,
In beauty's light, Avora shone;
So snatched away from human eyes,
In the cold grave the maiden lies.

Heart-broken now, the youth deplores
His loss by forest, vale, and hill,
By frozen lake and river shores,
Moon after moon, in sorrow still;
The bow unstrung, the quiver's store
Of shining shafts all idle lie;
No longer, as they shunned before,
The herds of deer now shun his eye;
In vain the lodges ask for game,
Bear, elk and moose unsought remain;
And through the tribes the sachems blame
The young brave's mournful mood in **vain.**

One morn, on new adventure bent,
To the wide wood the hunter went,
For there he knew a pathway led
Through the dim forest to the dead;

Such he had heard the legend told,
In stormy nights, when spirits wake,
By Meda-men and prophets old,
In winter lodge, by Erie's lake.

Onward he pushed, day after day,
In ice and snow, his eager way,
Through tangled swamp and deep morass,
Where moose or elk would never pass,
Till suddenly the yielding air
Grew soft, the thickets disappear;
The open wood is dressed in green,
And green the wider glades below,
And flowers of every hue are seen
On shrub or tree that ever blow;
With wondering eyes and joyous breast,
And swifter foot, the hunter pressed
Onward to where a sachem stood
By the green margin of the wood,
With head of snow, and eyes that beam
As calm and sweet as autumn morn,
When crimson leaves the woods adorn,
And fall in sunny bank and stream.

"Not unexpected are you come,"
The old man said; "Your wish I know;
But to the happy spirit home
No limbs of flesh can ever go;
Leave here the cumbrous mass; pursue
Your course; the open pathway take,
That ever leads the just and true
In safety to the sacred lake;
There by the pictured rocks that rise
From the blue waters to the skies,
Are crystal boats, that swiftly bear
Good spirits to the sacred isle,
And there, released from every fear,
Your eyes shall meet Avora's smile,
More bright and beautiful than when
Her spirit dwelt with mortal men."

The body's weight and weakness gone,
With swifter course the hunter flew,
And farther as he hastened on,
More wonderful the region grew;
No shadow from the rock was cast
In this the dreamland of the dead,
Through lofty trees his passage passed,
Yet pauseless on the hunter sped.

He found the pictured rocks, the strand,
With shining boats an endless store,
And, launching boldly from the land,
Upon the lake were myriads more;
Straight onward to the spirit's home,
Like flying swans, the vessels made
Their rapid course through mist and foam,
In every shadowy boat a shade.

He seized a boat, the paddle plied,
Nor thought of rising wave or storm,
When in another, by his side,
He wondering sees the maiden's form;
Forward with vigorous arms they urge
Their passage through the swelling surge,
That rises foaming on their way
With curling crest and blinding spray,
And threatens with resistless force,
Like a white rock, to bar their course.

But as the mountain billows swell,
And curl to crush the light canoe,
Obedient to some secret spell,
That ever guards the just and true,
The surge is hushed, the waves subside,
And on the calm, unruffled tide,
With placid course the vessels glide.

Fast on they pass—the maid, the youth;
The island cliffs that shine afar,
Radiant as evening's peerless star,
The guides of constancy and truth

Direct their way; upon the strand
The light prows grate; they leap to shore;
With hearts of rapture, hand in hand,
The hills ascend, the vales explore.

Not in those isles of summer seas,
Where, stories say, no winters come,
Are hills and vales as fair as these
In the blessed land, the spirit's home;
A richer verdure spreads the ground,
The sky is of a softer blue,
And scattered in profusion round
Are flowers of every shape and hue;
Their fragrance on the unsated breeze
Floats exquisite; and evermore
On purple vines and bending trees
Are various fruits, an endless store;
Innumerable birds prolong,
With chattering joy, their dainty cheer,
Of brighter plume and sweeter song
Than meet with mortal eye or ear;
The spotted fawn and timid doe
Browse the sweet shrub without a fear,
They never dread the hunter's bow
And quivered deaths that strike them here;
Not in this gentle spirit land
The warrior heeds his earthly fame,
Nor hunters drive, with practiced hand
And shining shafts, their former game;
No reptile crawls, no falcon flies,
No beast prowls savage and alone,
Nor snows nor ice, nor stormy skies,
In the blessed isle are ever known;
No need for food; the balmy air
Gives life, and strength, and added grace,
And beauty brightening every year
To youthful form and radiant face;
With senses more refined, and keen,
And various than we know in this,
Our grosser state, from every scene
They draw a sweeter, purer bliss.

By the Great Spirit's gracious boon,
In forests here, by crystal stream,
Acura lived moon after moon,
Earth almost a forgotten dream;
But when twice six were come and gone,
By the night lodge, at early dawn,
A gentle voice of music rose,
Than morning birds more soft and clear,
And whispering in the hunter's ear,
"Not this the life," it said, "for those
Whose bodies sleep not with the dead,
Through life's sharp cares and duties led—
Nature's sole pathway to repose;
To calm your grief, your courage cheer,
The pitying spirit has sent you here;
Return, and now, with manly heart,
Perform the chief's—the hunter's part;
Protect, defend, the wants supply
Of others; when the time to die
That comes for all shall come for you,
With bosom tried, but ever true,
Then come: the maid you love so well
Again shall meet you on the shore,
And with you in these vales once more
In boundless joys forever dwell."

Back to earth's toils the hunter came:
Among the tribes of purest race,
With chiefs and braves the first in fame,
Acura filled the noblest place;
And now, to leave its vales no more,
Blessed with the bliss enjoyed before,
He treads again the happy shore.

THE SLAVE AND HIS PASTIMES

From 'The Hireling and the Slave.'

Companions of his toil, the axe to wield,
To guide the plough, to reap the teeming field,
A sable multitude unceasing pour
From Niger's banks and Congo's deadly shore;
No willing travelers they that widely roam,
Allured by hope, to seek a happier home.
But victims to the trader's thirst for gold,
Kidnap'd by brothers and by fathers sold,
The bondsman born, by native masters reared,
The captive band, in recent battle spared.
For English merchants bought, across the main,
In British ships, they go for Britain's gain;
Forced on her subjects in dependent lands,
By cruel hearts and avaricious hands.
New tasks they learn, new masters they obey,
And bow submissive to the White man's sway.

But Providence, by His o'erruling will,
Transmutes to lasting good the transient ill,
Makes crime itself the means of mercy prove,
And avarice minister to works of love;
In the new home, whate'er the negro's fate,
More blest his life than in his native State!
No mummeries dupe, no Fetish charms affright,
Nor rites obscene diffuse their moral blight;
Idolatries, more hateful than the grave
With human sacrifice, no more enslave;
No savage rule its hecatomb supplies
Of slaves for slaughter, when a master dies;
In sloth and error sunk for countless years,
His race has lived, but light at last appears—
Celestial light—religion undefiled
Dawns in the heart of Congo's simple child:
Her glorious truths he hears with glad surprise,
And lifts his views with rapture to the skies;

The noblest thoughts that erring mortals know,
Spring from this source, and in his bosom glow;
His nature owns the renovating sway,
And all the old barbarian melts away.

And now, with sturdy hand and cheerful heart,
He learns to master every useful art,
To forge the axe, to mould the rugged share,
The ship's brave keel for angry waves prepare;
The rising wall obeys his plastic will,
And the loom's fabric owns his ready skill.

* * * * * *

Not toil alone, the fortune of the slave!
He shares the sport and spoils of wood and wave;
Through the dense swamp, where wilder forests rise
In tangled masses, and shut out the skies,
Where the dark covert shuns the noontide blaze,
With agile step, he threads the pathless maze;
The hollow gum with searching eye explores,
Traces the bee to its delicious stores,
The ringing axe with ceaseless vigor plies,
And from the hollow scoops the luscious prize.

When autumn's parting days grow cold and brief,
Light hoar frosts sparkle on the fallen leaf,
The breezeless pines, at rest, no longer sigh,
And pearl-like clouds stand shining in the sky;
When to the homestead flocks and herds incline,
Sonorous conchs recall the rambling swine,
And from the field, the low descending sun
Sends home the Slave, his fleecy harvest done,
In field and wood he hunts the frequent hare;
The wild hog chases to the forest lair,
Entraps the gobbler; with persuasive smoke
Beguiles the 'possum from the hollow oak;
On the tall pine tree's topmost bough espies
The crafty coon—a more important prize—
Detects the dodger's peering eyes that glow
With fire reflected from the blaze below,

Hews down the branchless trunk with practised hand,
And drives the climber from his nodding stand;
Downward, at last, he springs with crashing sound,
Where Jet and Pincher seize him on the ground,
Yields to the hunter the contested spoil,
And pays, with feast and fur, the evening toil.

When calm skies glitter with the starry light,
The boatman tries the fortune of the night,
Launches the light canoe; the torch's beam
Gleams like a gliding meteor on the stream;
Along the shore the flick'ring fire-light steals,
Shines through the wave, and all its wealth reveals.
The spotted trout its mottled side displays,
Swift shoals of mullet flash beneath the blaze;
He marks their rippling course; through cold and wet,
Lashes the sparkling tide with dext'rous net;
With poised harpoon the bass or drum assails,
And strikes the barb through silv'ry tinted scales.

* * * * * *

Still braver sports are his, when April showers
Impart new fragrance to the joyous flowers,
When jasmines, through the woods, to early spring,
In golden cups, their dewy incense bring,
White dogwood blossoms sparkle through the trees,
The fragrant grape perfumes the morning breeze,
And with the warmer sun and balmier air,
The finny myriads to their haunts repair;
Such sports are his—with boundless jest and glee,
Where bold Port Royal spreads its mimic sea;
Bright in the North—the length'ning bay and sky
Blent into one—its shining waters lie,
And southward breaking on the shelving shore,
Meet the sea wave and swell its endless roar,
On either hand gay groups of islands show
Their charms reflected in the stream below—
No richer fields, no lovelier isles than these,
No happier homes, the weary traveler sees!

WILL T. HALE

[1857—]

GEORGE F. NICOLASSEN

WILLIAM THOMAS HALE was born at Liberty, De Kalb County, Tennessee, February 1, 1857. His father kept a general store, in which the son was a clerk for a time. His education was obtained in the academy at his home place. At the age of twelve he began to write verses and throughout his youth manifested a fondness for literary and historical studies. The first of his lines to be printed was a sonnet which appeared in a country paper. The author relates that he could not sleep the night after it was published. He studied law in a private office and practiced about eight years at Liberty and Lebanon, but his preference has always been for literary work. He was married on April 6, 1876, to Miss Lula Lewis, at Lebanon, and in 1890 he removed to Lebanon with his wife and four children. Here he spent five of the pleasantest years of his life, and here he entered upon the wider literary career for which he was fitted by his tastes and talents. His work in journalism was begun while he was living at Lebanon, and has continued ever since. He has been connected with various papers in Tennessee and elsewhere; was assistant editor, book reviewer, and news editor on the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* when it was edited by Honorable E. W. Carmack, afterward United States Senator from Tennessee. It was on this paper that he began to make a reputation by his poems, which were copied by newspapers and periodicals in all parts of the country. Indeed, in a review of the first volume of this collected verse the Chicago *Times-Herald* said that he and Eugene Field were "the most widely copied of all the newspaper poets."

In 1896, Mr. Hale resigned his position on the *Commercial Appeal* and became assistant Sunday editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* On account of ill-health he shortly afterward returned to Tennessee, spending some months in the Cumberland Mountains. In the latter part of 1896 he became assistant editor of the Nashville *American,* where he attracted attention both by his verse and editorials. After further editorial experience on the Knoxville *Sentinel,* the Nashville *Cumberland Presbyterian* and the Nashville *Daily News,* he retired from active journalism and became a general writer, which vocation he has continued to follow, contributing occasional verse to the

New York *Independent* and the *Youth's Companion,* and prose articles to the *Southern Methodist Review* and other periodicals. In the meantime several composers, North and South, asked and gained permission to give certain of his poems a musical setting. Requests from the editors of biographical dictionaries—among them Appleton's 'Cyclopedia of American Biography'—came for data as to his life and work, and from compilers of anthologies for permission to include specimens of his verse.

Mr. Hale's pennings for the press would fill volumes, and include historical and biographical sketches, literary criticism, political writing, stories, etc. He has published five volumes which have received flattering notices from the book-reviewers. They bear the titles: 'Showers and Sunshine,' a collection of poems, Memphis, 1896; 'The Backward Trail; Stories of the Indians and Tennessee Pioneers,' Nashville, 1899; 'An Autumn Lane, and Other Poems,' Nashville, 1900; 'Great Southerners,' a number of biographical and critical articles, Nashville, 1900; and 'True Stories of Jamestown and its Environs,' Nashville, 1907, a series of sketches, somewhat connected so as to present Jamestown during its whole existence. As indicating his versatility, at one period, while doing general literary work, he wrote at the same time editorials for four papers—a daily newspaper, a religious weekly, a weekly for children, and an agricultural weekly; and as showing the hold some of his fugitive verse has on the public, he frequently sees in the papers a bit of verse written while he was on the *Commercial Appeal* and still credited to that paper. During the St. Louis World's Fair he was manager of the Tennessee Building and acquitted himself with credit. While holding this position he received many of what he has described as "tiny ovations"—scores of persons from different states volunteering to inform him of some verse of his which clings to the memory and which has been treasured in a scrapbook. On one occasion an Illinois farmer approached him, quoting a line or two which had caught his fancy; and on another, the grandson of a Virginia general recited a number of verses which had appealed to him.

Mr. Hale has always been of a retiring disposition; and, after spending many years in several cities, he has withdrawn to his fruit farm, a few miles from Nashville on the Granny White turnpike, where he can enjoy country life and his work with fruits and flowers. He is a man of robust physique and pleasing countenance, broad-shouldered and above the average in height. He has had personal acquaintance with many literary people, living and dead, among them Mrs. Anne Chambers-Ketchum, James Whitcomb Riley, Maurice Thompson, Joel Chandler Harris, and Frank L. Stanton, and has many autograph volumes containing on the fly-leaves original

presentation verses of cherished sentiment. He is often classed with Riley and Stanton, and his works show many points of similarity with theirs. There is a love of Nature in his heart and he delights to interpret Nature in his poems, which are simple, true in sentiment, unaffected and clear in expression. His verse is smooth and rhythmical. He describes the gentle peace of the rural byway in mid-summer; he translates lovingly the myriad voices of Nature's wee creatures; weaves into rhythmic fancies the fragrance of leaf and flower. There are homely bits of sentiment in the pleasing dialect of the Tennessee villager and farmer; the philosophy of a simple and manly life close to Mother Earth; humor, too, often mingled with the minor note of hidden melancholy; occasionally a more strenuous tone, as when the poet utters a protest against oppression or cruelty sanctioned by the law. Best of all is the human quality, the recognition of man's perfection and the hopefulness for growth, while a certain devotional spirit is not the least of the many charms of the work of this high-souled Southern singer.

G. F. Nicolassen.

THOSE BOY ADVENTURERS

From 'True Stories of Jamestown and Its Environs.' Copyrighted, 1907, by Smith and Lamar. Publishing House of Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tennessee. Used by permission of the publishers.

Someone has said that the names of twenty-seven persons are all that are known of the human family from man's creation down to the days of Noah. Most of the countless millions who have come into being have been utterly forgotten, their dust mingling with the soil, and what they dreamed or hoped having no part in the world any more.

Men have usually been the chroniclers of events. Bound up in their own importance, of their sex they have mainly written, giving so little space to the women that some disgusted writer has declared that history should be rewritten and the deeds of the mothers and wives given the prominence they deserve. What should be expected, then, than that the young folk should be overlooked? As an instance of how little we know of the young of even distinguished families, consider

James II of England. When we think of him, it is to blame him for his faults; but however great they were, should we not sometimes feel more charitable if we reflected that he had eleven dead children, all buried at Westminster? Then there was "Good Queen Anne," his daughter, who, though she died at fifty, had eighteen dead children. History is almost silent as to these, so that we know scarcely any more about those little princes and princesses than of scores of children who were born and buried at Jamestown almost in the same age.

As we have seen, among the emigrant arrivals at Jamestown in 1607 were four boys. Had they any relatives in the party, or were they waifs of the street—homeless orphans in "the desert of London town, gray miles long," who considered that it was no nearer to eternity in America than in England?

It may be that the early days of the voyage were jolly ones to them, with everything new and strange, and the stalwart sailors bravely battling with the storm. They really had no time to think of the desert, gray miles long, that had been left behind! Then there were things to be seen when they came into American waters—for instance, the first live Indians that they may have heard some decrepit sailor in some tumble-down tavern tell about. Representatives of the race came to view on April 26, 1607, after they had reached Cape Charles. A few of the company had ventured ashore, when they were attacked by the red men. As one of the colonists wrote: "At night when wee were going aboard, there came the savages creeping downe from the Hills like Beares, with their Bowes in their Mouthes, charged us very desperately, hurt Captain Gabriel Archer in both hands, and a saylor in two places of the body very dangerous. After they had spent their arrowes, and felt the sharpness of our shot, they retired into the woods with a great noise and so left us."

But that was exciting, being just at dusk when the pagans looked like shadowy demons! What English boys had ever looked on such a scene, and felt so joyously terrified by that "great noise"—which was the American Indian's war-whoop, to become dreadfully frequent throughout three centuries? Wonder how they made that unusual noise? Maybe when the youths should later hear some of the men like Captain John Smith describe how the signals of the Powhatan's guard were

made by "shaking his lips with his fingers between them" they would consider that an answer to their question. And how big the shadowy forms looked from the ship! By and by they would listen with widening eyes to the tales regarding the Susquehannocks—how they seemed giants to the English; one with his tobacco pipe three-quarters of a yard long, sufficient to beat out one's brains; and another "the calf of whose leg was three-quarters of a yard about and all the rest of his limbs answerable to that proportion." Then the four would get together and declare that those Cape Charles fellows, from the way they whooped and sent their arrows, must have been Susquehannocks.

In some respects the New World is a duplicate of the Old—only it is on a grander scale. As for the animals and birds—could all those around about Jamestown have been in the ark? The skylark was in it, of course, and lions and tigers and things the learned men wrote concerning; but these American creatures—pshaw, the Deluge never extended to Virginia!

The woodland creatures must have made the adults wonder and speculate also. Indeed, few things were more interesting to the English people than animal life in America. They gave rein to their fancy. Of the opossum, Purchas wrote that it was "a monstrous deformed beast, whose fore part resembleth a fox, the hinder part an ape, excepting the feet, which are like a man's; beneath her belly she hath a receptacle like a purse, where she bestows her young until they can shift for themselves." The humming-bird was believed to be a cross between a fly and a bird; it was sometimes called the West Indian bee. Another writer declared that the buffalo—"a slow kind of cattel as bigge as kine, which were good meate"—vomited "a hot, scalding liquor" on the dogs that chased them. Sir Samuel Argall, who ruled the colony a few years from 1617, was the first Englishman to see the buffalo; that was in 1613. In 1609 the ship which carried Captain John Smith to England carried also some flying squirrels to be presented to James I. Then there is a little animal which was at first believed to be the civet of Africa. Harriot, the learned man of Sir Walter Raleigh's colony on Roanoke Island in 1587, made this note: "In our travels there, one had been killed by a savage or inhabitant; and in many

places the smell where one had been." That was the American skunk!

As late as 1649 a pamphlet descriptive of Virginia mentions the variety and abundance of wild creatures—"rackoons, as good meat as lamb," deer, otters, beavers, foxes, dogs that "bark not," wild turkeys, partridges, geese, mocking-birds, pigeons, and "passonnes," meaning opossums. The fact that more of these were not slain for food during the starving time of 1609-10 was sufficiently explained once by Captain Smith in his celebrated "rude answer" to the London Company: they were very wild, their bounds large, and the settlers weak.

So the boy adventurers could have filled a book with descriptions of queer things in America. They had an early experience with the savages soon after the settlers had landed at Jamestown, too. That was while Captain Smith and Newport were on an exploring expedition up the river. The grass about the fort was tall, and one day, unaware that the Indians were near, the colonists were startled by an attack of two hundred yelling savages. The latter were beaten back, but not before one Englishman was killed and eleven of his comrades wounded. This was the first death in the community, and must have deeply impressed the boys.

For the next two weeks the red men crouched in the grass and sent their arrows after the whites; then a friendly Indian belonging to the Powhatan's tribe suggested that the grass be cut. Thereafter sentinels were kept out day and night. In 1608, according to Smith, there were five thousand Indians within a radius of sixty miles of Jamestown.

What wonder if the dreams of the waifs were often troubled during the mysterious muteness of midnight? Doubtless they could hear in the vague recesses of the forest the night bird's cry, or the snarl of a prowling animal, and straightway thought of the buffalo that vomited "hot, scalding liquor" on its foe! When it was safe, they may have strolled about the peninsula, watching the James moving unceasingly through sunshine and shadow, and rippling against the low banks. Was either an orphan? If so, thoughts of the mother came in those idle hours of wandering. Might she not then, though an angel, be watching that spot wistfully?

And then the stirring stories they were in a position to hear!—of the strange fate of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America; of bloody pirates far to the south; of the devils that were believed to inhabit the distant Bermudas; of the queer Indian women barbers who with two shells could "grate away the hair of any fashion they please!"

In after years there were many interesting young people in Jamestown: maybe Bermuda, the daughter of John Rolfe by his first wife; and Henry (the son of the antiquary Sir Henry Spelman, of England), who was one day to be rescued by Pocahontas and live with the Indians. We know nothing of the fate of Bermuda, but Spelman grew to be a man of importance in the colony and wrote the 'Relation of Virginia.' But how did the four boy adventurers live and die? We may never know, but strangely and imperishably connected with the beginning of a great nation are the names of Samuel Collier, Nat Pecock, James Brumfield, and Richard Multon.

AN AUTUMN LANE

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The farthest hills that vaguely are outlined
  Are loveliest to the dreamer's pensive view;
The dearest years are those that lie behind,
  Far off and dim in recollection's blue.
I loiter, therefore, in the autumn lane
  That leads to where my earlier years were spent;
Old forms, old thought, old faiths come back again
  As all the past is with the present blent.
The dawn-gleams spread—soon will the car of light
  Pass yonder peak upon its world-long run:
Lo, out from Night's dark tunnel on the sight
  See the red headlight now, the rising sun!

Beneath the glow that like a rapture springs,
  The frosted fields show an unwonted dress,
As though of down from visiting angel's wings
  Who passed above them in night's silentness.

Beyond the glistening runnel gray cliffs raise
  Heads that are ancient—turbaned in the blue—
As cities that were legends in the days
  When old Damascus flourished quaintly new.
Not here may come the sounds from where is whirled
  The city's smoke that all the welkin drapes—
Harsh hammerings on the anvil of the world
  Where rushed humanity its fortune shapes.

Unvexed by much that makes the spirit sore
  With witnessing the war of Wrong and Right,
A peaceful stream that cheers a peaceful shore
  Day rolls between its banks of morn and night.
The upper waste, moved by nor winds nor tides,
  Spreads in calm beauty countless leagues away,
Where one cloud looms as if at anchor rides
  The Ship of Zion in some heavenly bay.
Within their wings a scrap of April sky,
  The watchful jays their strident warnings clang,
Where the low hills seem lonely mounds where lie
  The bones of giants from whom Anak sprang.

Here humble folk in humble ways have taught
  The truth too often now ignored by men:
Pure lives are echoes of God's holiest thought
  That sounds awhile betwixt the Now and Then;
Who for the sake of right have often done
    Some kindly deeds the world may never con—
White blocks of light they've quarried from the sun
  To form a stair to step to heaven on;
And proving, in their efforts to succeed
  Through shadows that envelop them, that still
That path is plain, in spite of night and need,
  That's lighted by the ruddy light, the will.

Here likewise, as when Eve saw last the face
  Of her firstborn and dropped her trial tears,
Old Memory keeps her regretful gaze,
  And Love lives on, unaltered by the years.

The aged sit with their eyes turned Edenward,
Where youth's flowers in perennial beauty show;
But though they would return, the decades guard
With flaming sword the Gates of Long Ago;
While motherhood may sigh with quivering lips,
Recalling some sweet child-face known of yore,
"How dearer seem those on the outbound ships
Than those who tarry with us on the shore!"

At noontide to the ears are wafted in
Wind harmonies from out the minstrel trees,
Faint as we deem the distance-mellowed din
Made by the wheels of passing centuries.
The insect-drones, continuous and forlorn,
Out where the fallen leaves the moist earth press,
Hint of a fairy Samson grinding corn—
Blind dupe of some Delilah's faithlessness.
The garrulous crows go flapping out of sight
Where sumacs their ensanguined banners raise;
While on the fence a partridge stands upright
And slides its whistle-shuttle through the haze.

Deep are the dyes of purple, gold, and green,
And sweet all sound the sylvan ways along;
Yea, all the earth is but a singing scene,
And all the world is but a pictured song.
But distant are those joys my youth has known
As things that now tradition only holds—
The trysts on twilight roofs of Babylon,
And shepherd songs in Shinar's fields and wolds.
Old homestead! was it wisdom's part to choose
A larger world and worldly views, in truth?
For taste Ambition's apple, and we lose
The sweet faiths of the Paradise of Youth!

DOWN ON THE FARM—A MEDLEY

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Some gleams of sunshine in rhyme's thrall,
Some hints of old ways meshed in song—
These all I bring, my little all,
To catch the notice of the throng.

How trivial and how tame! And still—
Though all of grace and art I lack—
Some unforgetting heart may thrill
To have them even thus brought back.

At times 'tis all monotonous, you too are prone to say?
The same old hills in sun and shade, the same folks day by day?
And you are almost led to think the very whippoorwill
I heard when but a youngster calls from out the thicket still?
God made the country; man, the town—a worn-out song again!
But then I've tried them both, and would not modify the strain.

A stroll up the road, on the still spring days,
That winds with the creek through the pastoral ways!
The kingfisher, stretching its blue neck, flies
Through interlaced shadows with startled cries;
In the rail fence corners the wild rose gleams
Pink as old loves' lips come back in our dreams;
On the sloping hillsides cattle drowsily laze;
And we think of "still waters"
In the Land that is fadeless
On still spring days.

God is loving the world when He sends spring days
By the sun-catching streams—to the emerald ways!
The smell of the hay from the meadow comes in,
Mellowed to song blade and whetrock's din;

The miracle of fishes and loaves is outdone
In this feast for the senses of every one;
And I think, when my soul from its tenement strays,
'Twill long to pass hereward
On its outbound journey
On still spring days.

The hours in the deep summer ways
Go to sleep in a bed of blooms;
While Faith like a David looms
O'er the prostrate form of Doubt, and your spirit lifts up its praise.
Regret, as a sad dream flees
When the morning's eyes ope wide,
Floats out on a passing tide
Till faint as the hint of a sail far out on the twilight seas.
The scents from the forestside drift
Serenely to you, as a gift
In a chalice of tropical winds blown onward and on and on;
While you feel in the roses' smell
Lie mummies of dreams that tell
Of the hopes that were sweet and dear in the dear sweet years long gone.
Except for the dissonant cries
Of the jay on the sun-loved hill—
Rustling the silence as sighs
Of a nun vibrating her veil in her love for a lost love still—
There's peace in the runnel clear,
And rest with contented herds;
Yea, joy in the flutter of birds;
And you know in the reigning peace and the beauty the Lord is near!

I think when God looks downward on the autumn scenes unfurled
He feels fresh satisfaction in the beauty of His world!
True, flower scents are scarcer than in leafy days of June,
And bird-songs are more plaintive than some summer afternoon;

There's something in the quiet, though, as sweet as sweetest rhymes—
The Still Small Voice is nearer then than at all other times.
The crickets, like wee carriers that whistle where they go,
Bring tender little messages from those we used to know;
We journey through the gate unlatched by Fancy's servitor,
To where we had our sweetest dreams and where the old friends are,
And halfway wish that life had passed with all our boyish dreams,
When ripened nuts are falling with a spatter in the streams.

On winter nights we learn the truth, when by the fire alone,
That day thoughts are not such as those that come when day is flown.
The clock's tick on the mantelpiece may be the only voice
Now left to call to mind the tones that made us once rejoice,
And features so familiar then, and smiles that we recall,
Are passed away or live alone in pictures on the wall.

And over at the graveyard, where my little firstborn lies—
He'd be well grown and manly now—the mockbird's warblings rise.
'Tis strange none talk about him when the catbird pipes at dawn,
For still he's with me all the time, as in the decades gone.
I wish that I could look on him just like he used to be,
A chubby little fellow still and toddling after me;
I wish that I could hear him once yet shouting at his play
As ere the angels, coming down, decoyed my boy away.
At nights when he grew weary he would climb upon my knees,
And, nestling cheek against my cheek, plead: "Yist one stowey, p'ease!"
Although it seems but childish to recall such little things,
His prattle, innocent and dear, in recollection rings.
So many things go out of life that we had learned to prize,
And leave an ashen heap alone to mark Time's sacrifice;
But saddest is the passing of the baby words that die
With childhood and are heard no more save in the memory.

Friends' comfortings can warm no more than starfires in the night;
Philosophy's a feeble thing when Grief leaps up in might!
But clearer than the voice of youth, ere youth be overpast,
The song his mother used to sing of peace that comes at last:

"Far out through the mists of the Now, in the lily-loved region of Then,
Are the hills of One of these Days;
The lights and the shadows lie soft as sleep in the overworked eyes of men,
On the hills of One of these Days.
The noon is as deathless as truth and love; unheard is the sound of *no more*;
The music of lutes rings hopefully out, responding to Joy's encore,
Now full on the ears entranced, now faint on the tropical shore,
And the hills of One of these Days,
The hills of One of these Days.

"God fashioned them out of the loss of the pleasures of Paradise—
The hills of One of these Days—
To gladden the spirit that tires of the world with its tears and its tearful good-bys,
The hills of One of these Days—
O, fresh as the smile of a friend, when the patience of heart seems vain;
As bright as a steadfast splendor aglow in the midst of the rain;
And dear as the eyes we have loved, come back in a dream again,
Are the hills of One of these Days,
The hills of One of these Days!"

But hold—the ruralite, you know, is not obliged to sit
In solitude and never note men's wisdom and their wit.
I've marked lines in my Shakespeare, and I dote on Milton, too;
Preserve my Homer from the dust, keep Dante bright and new,

To be prepared should some guest speak about the poets old,
Who hid in many-worded quartz their grains of precious gold!
Let me confess—when fain to spend an hour from wordly smart,
Like Longfellow then I seek some one whose songs gushed from his heart.
O yes; I like my Shakespeare much, and Milton's lines, indeed;
I keep great poems but to praise, the minor ones to read!
But poetry is giving way to the Commercial Age,
And sentiment will be no more our cherished heritage?
Well, Mammon is a selfish king, oppressing where he may,
But God's curse follows him—the heart will yet dispute his sway!

Mammon's forces for a while may drive the patient sons of men,
Laugh to scorn the social prophet with a future-probing ken;
But the masses, turned to vassals by the Pharaohs on the throne,
Finding that their tasks are doubled should they murmur or make moan,
Will yet prove the past has really settled one eternal truth:
That the power that sows oppression in the end must garner ruth!
Anarchy? Let that be throttled! Liberty? Let that be hailed
As the friend of law and progress, unimpeached and unassailed!
But the Czar is not a despot that we have the most to fear;
Mammon hath the eyes that see not and the ears that will not hear;
And old sentiment, long-suffering, knows that it is not decreed
That those made in Deity's likeness must forever bow to greed!
When the masses rise like Samson, trying if their strength be shorn;
Feeling through their pulses quiver the fresh energy of morn;
Brooding on the wrongs of ages, trembling in their new-roused hate;
Fiercer for the wakened devil rushing through the patience gate—

What shall be the end, O dreamer? What disasters dire will swarm
When the thongs that bound fall broken and the masses lift their arm?

But pessimism is a plant whose blossom is distress;
Be mine to make hope more and more, and doubt forever less.
By looking we may see a rose: and, listening, hear a song;
So let us trust the good in man may linger with us long—
With thoughts that love best other days, and but a fossil now,
Few care, I think, when death may place his signet on my brow,
And yet I trust the time will be, when called on to depart,
While memories, as flowers in bloom, are fresh within my heart.

Out from the earthly harbor how soon will the going be?
Will the sunbeams' play on the waters enjewel the smiling sea?
Will the moments be woeful or pleasant, will the voyage be gloomy or gay,
On a course where the ship prows ever are headed the other way?
Shall we pass by the isles that are fragrant with flowers of a tropical clime,
Our bark with the blue waves moving as sweetly as rhyme with rhyme?

Out from the earthly harbor what time will the ship set sail?
Will the nights be formed of the shadows from the wings of an endless gale?
Shall we crouch in our berths in silence while away on the desolate waste
Lost shallops go floundering helmless in a gloom that shall not be effaced?
Shall we pass near the mystical star-lands where those of the other spheres
May shout in an unknown jargon their queries within our ears?
Out from the earthly harbor shall we drift in the by and by,
Unnoticed the clinging of loved ones, unheeded the kiss and the sigh?

But the compass of faith will avail us, and the prayers that we have prayed
Will twinkle as lights in the distance, illuming the heaviest shade;
And instead of the bell buoys sounding a warning of ambushed harm,
We will hear, "It is I," from the Saviour, as He called once before through the storm!

THE BOUNDARIES OF THE BLUE

In childhood—when the bases of our dreams
Seem builded upon granite—I have gazed
In wonder on the evening skies, and raised
Vast shapes of mystery. I saw white gleams
Of sails beneath the stars; the tremulous beams
From desert camps, where, bearded and swart-faced,
The Mussulmen told legends weird; and traced
Great shadowy temples by the Old World's streams.
Then trustful Thought climbed Fancy's Nebo, whence
Like Moses in rapt vision, I would view
The Land that is the pilgrim's recompense—
O for unhindered faith which then I knew,
To see again, in its magnificence,
What lies beyond the boundaries of the blue!

SOLOMON NOKES'S VIEWS

A man of a plain but sensible kind
Was Solomon Nokes;
And his reasoning good, you would generally find—
This Solomon Nokes.
"Hate the bad in your natur'," is the way he would warn,
"An' encourage the good, is the lesson to l'arn:
The weeds need no hoein', but you hatter to work corn,"
Said Solomon Nokes.

"I've sprouted no wings; I'm a common old man,"
Said Solomon Nokes,
"But I cultivate charity all that I can,"
Said Solomon Nokes.
"Don't blame people quickly until you have seen
All p'ints of a question, from startin' to een':
Ripe fruit's ever better than that pulled green,"
Held Solomon Nokes.

"Might as well think right, too, as study up wrong,"
Urged Solomon Nokes
As, fat and industrious, he plodded along—
Old Solomon Nokes;
"The thoughts you're ashamed fer the good folks to know
Ain't elevatin' guests—better hint 'em to go:
With ants at the roots, roses have a pore show,"
Claimed Solomon Nokes.

LAFAYETTE RUPERT HAMBERLIN

[1861—1902]

P. H. EAGER

LAFAYETTE RUPERT HAMBERLIN, of Virginia ancestry, was born in Clinton, Mississippi, February 25, 1861. His mother, Virginia L. Stone, of a prominent Mississippi family, died when he was but two years of age, and his father, a scholarly clergyman educated at Mississippi College and Rochester Theological Seminary, entered the Confederate Army as chaplain in Joseph E. Johnston's Mississippi Division. Young Hamberlin until his thirteenth year, attended school in Meridian. That year he spent on a neighboring farm and the next moved with the family to Ocean Springs on the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

At sixteen he entered Mississippi College, remaining there four years. Interrupting his education by one year's service as principal of a collegiate institute in Greensburg, Louisiana, he resumed it at Richmond College, Virginia, in 1882. During his two years' course here he repeated his triumphs won at Mississippi College in oratory, reading, and editorial connection with the college magazines. For both of these institutions he cherished the tenderest affection, which he manifested by dedicating his first two volumes to them respectively. His first poems collected for publication in 1880 under the title of 'Lyrics,' were written while he was a student in his teens in Mississippi College and were dedicated to this institution.

He received his Bachelor's degree from Richmond College in 1884. To Richmond College he dedicated his best collection of poems, 'Alumni Lilts,' containing "The College Bell," the undergraduate song, "Strike Warm Your Cordial Hands," an alumni reunion song, and many other loving tributes to the college of which he had by merit become the poet laureate.

After six years spent in teaching in secondary schools in Tennessee and Louisiana he returned to Richmond College as instructor in elocution. This position he surrendered for a similar one in the University of North Carolina, which he held until called in 1892 to the position of instructor in elocution and English in the University of Texas. In this position and as adjunct professor he remained in Texas for seven years until he found an opportunity to enter Harvard for special study. This was in 1899, two years after the "Bach-

elor Poet of Mississippi" had married in Richmond, Virginia, Miss Lily Wilson, the daughter of an able clergyman. In the fall of 1900 he resumed teaching as adjunct professor of elocution and oratory at Vanderbilt University. He held this position until his untimely death on April 24, 1902.

Mr. Hamberlin seems always to have had an impulsive instinct for dramatic action, and it may be that Dr. Waggener, chairman of the University of Texas, was right when, in March, 1895, after a charming evening with "The Old Favorites," by Mr. Hamberlin, he sought him out and said:

"Go on the stage! No matter what excellence you may have reached in your work here, you are hiding your light and depriving the world of an actor." But while he did not go on the stage as a professional actor, he did figure prominently both North and South as a dramatic reader, and in this rôle he was a master. He was born with the artist's instinct and temperament.

One of the editors of this 'Library of Southern Literature,' Dr. Morgan Callaway, head of the Department of English in the University of Texas, and who was his associate in that institution seven years, and knew him as few were privileged to know him, speaks of Mr. Hamberlin in the following words: "Born with the instinct of an artist, he had cultivated this gift by long and unremitting study, until he stood in the very front rank of the vocal interpreters of literature; and I shall never forget the exquisite pleasure received at Professor Hamberlin's readings and recitations, especially his masterly presentation of Richelieu. The strength of his rendition lay in the sane and sympathetic presentation of his selections; these he had so thoroughly mastered that in his reading every faculty of body, mind, and soul beat in unison with his theme. And this mastery came of his belief in the 'holiness of beauty,' to the service of which he dedicated his life. In his specialty—Expression—he is an artist of the first class. He has sound theories, and best of all he exemplifies them. His renditions of literary masterpieces are delightful; with one exception there is no one on the American stage to-day whom I should prefer to hear." He was a member of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Elocutionists, and honored many times by that distinguished body; he appeared on their annual programs in New York, in 1892; in Chicago, in 1893; in Philadelphia, in 1894.

Mr. Hamberlin's early piety was marked and beautiful. Many of his verses express the Christian's experience of trust and doubt, hope and fear, joy and sorrow. He was the soul of honor, politeness, and generosity. He fulfilled his life mission honestly and faithfully.

He lived and labored rapidly, and judging by what he accomplished, he lived longer than many who could count twice forty-one years. He was handsome in person, vivacious in spirit, brilliant in intellect, fertile in fancy, and strong in imagination. He loved reality and simplicity and had a distaste for ostentation and mere seeming. He loved Nature with all his poet's soul; his love of birds, flowers, and trees was apparent. He knew the call of every bird and the form of every leaf. The city "smothered" him. Vanderbilt campus, where he watched for the redbirds in the morning, was his delight.

In him was the consistent beauty of high ideas and ideals, which make life a sweeter and happier thing: love of beauty, love of purity, a spirit of tenderness and kindness, Christian integrity and loyalty, loving fidelity to friends, delicacy of thought and feeling, finish of expression, a fine sense of form, responsiveness to the touch of Nature, high ideals of thought and conduct, belief in infinite pains, a high conception of one's work as the expression of his character, and, therefore, a holy thing, sublime courage to battle with the ills of life, even to the end, and a soul aglow with Southern warmth.

As a poet Mr. Hamberlin's work was still tentative and fuller of promise than achievement, but he was beginning to feel his way safely. We class Mr. Hamberlin among those lighter spirits, those companionable souls, who utter the smaller and nearer things of Nature and life, but who do speak, and speak truly. His verses are mostly brief, occasional, and spontaneous, produced at a sitting and presenting but a single phase of life or of things; an author, not for deep counsel in the emergencies of life, but a pleasant friend for sweet confidential words on everyday themes with all; a delightful companion for our moments of relaxation, through whose genial and humorous temperament we may get a breath of Nature for spiritual stimulation and refreshment.

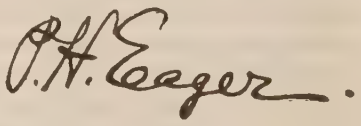
Among Mississippi writers Mr. Hamberlin takes high rank as one of her most gifted poets. He is deserving of consideration both because of the amount and the variety of his work, and for certain unmistakable points of merit, which a careful reading of his poems will verify. His writings may be classified as follows: 'Lyrics,' 1880; 'Seven Songs,' 1887; 'Alumni Lilts and Other Lines,' 1892; 'A Batch of Rhymes,' 1893; 'In Colorado,' 1895; 'Rhymes of the War,' 1899; a total of 492 pages of poems, besides numerous uncollected poems, published in various newspapers and magazines, and preserved only in scrapbooks. Among these are many of his best lyrics. He wrote short stories, "Dick Richard," and "Lil"; essays, "Matthew Arnold," "Robert Browning," and a pamphlet, "Elements of Versification." Mr. Hamberlin's poems were published originally

in the New Orleans *Picayune* and *Times-Democrat,* the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger,* the Meridian *Democrat-Star,* the Richmond *Dispatch* and *Times,* and the magazines of Mississippi and Richmond colleges and of Texas and Vanderbilt universities. Many of them were copied in local papers, in the New York *Sun,* the New York *World, Current Literature,* and other journals of similar national circulation and influence.

The following quotation is from a published review of the volume 'Alumni Lilts and Other Lines,' when it first appeared in 1892:

"Poet-like, Mr. Hamberlin draws his material from three main sources; legend, Nature, and the passions of the soul. Of those legendary in origin "The Marble Heart" is a conspicuous example; of those inspired by communion with Nature, "August 28, 1890," or "Niagara," and the "Natural Bridge," would stand as a striking representative; of those revealing the heart's deepest feelings, "A Song of the Seas" might be mentioned. The author shows skill in verse-making. His compliance with the laws of rhythm and rhyme is exact, but easy and natural; while in character and number of feet employed the reader meets with a most pleasing variety. In reading the book one could scarcely fail to be impressed deeply by the poem, "What is the Song?" Its happy combination of the poetic and the devout is well suited to call to mind some of Addison's religious odes." Mr. Hamberlin had only begun experiments in the critical essay, but the little he had done gave evidence of a high order of critical ability. His essay on Browning's poetry is genuine criticism of real merit.

He lies buried at Richmond, Virginia, in "Hollywood" cemetery, with the noble dead about him; around him the things he most loved—murmuring waters, towering trees, blowing flowers, and singing birds—fit place for the body of poet to rest till the eternal waking.



DICK RICHARD

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THAT? That is a picture of one of the rare things that have touched my life. Any story? Well, I never much thought of that brat's having any story. He seemed to have come from nowhere, stayed a little while, amused and worried us a bit, heard and was able to imitate almost every sound that was made about him, ran some errands, lied some, stole a little, had a scrap or two with the town boys, went off with some of them one night and tried to wreck a train and was started to the penitentiary—but never got there, and he isn't anywhere now I think; and that's his story. But he was odd, and I shall never forget him.

From where we never knew—just out of the woods it seemed—a negro girl in a forlorn condition strayed up to our back door one day and begged for food and shelter. She called herself Ann. She was taken care of. In a few weeks that boy was born. Dick his mother called him, and some of us children added Richard; and there he was—Dick Richard.

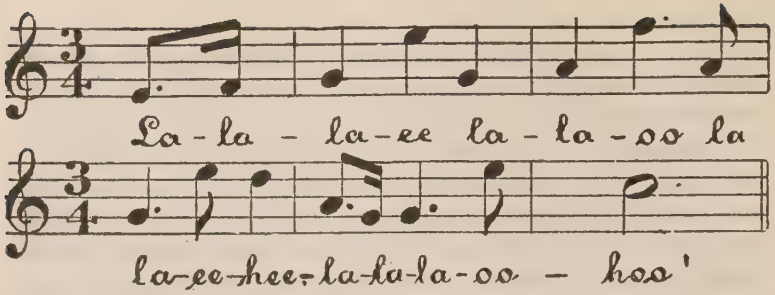
Dick Richard grew; more correctly, perhaps, time passed. Dick was a runt. He was soot-black and bow-legged. His head was like a little round cymling. His eyes reminded one of bullets, with lots of white. His lower lip hung and his ears were very large, from habits he had of holding two fingers in his mouth and of pulling his ears around to the front and stuffing them into the ear holes. He grew up with the younger children of the two or three families of the place, and perhaps thought himself one of them—only, he slept in a cabin, and they in "the house." He was nimble, and for the most part willing, and in a small way he was very convenient to all of us for quick errands and other light services. He could even work—while your eye was on him; but take it from him, and Dick Richard was off to the grape-vine, or the melon-patch, or the flower garden, or the water—anywhere but at his task. Even keep your eye upon him, and often you would find him standing motionless, two fingers in his mouth, the fingers of the other hand holding one ear

crammed in the hole, while his eyes seemed never to bat; he would be listening.

He heard everything. Dick had no soul; I am sure of that; many things made us all sure of that. But he had an ear—sometimes two, but mostly one at a time. Birds were plentiful, and our yard had all sorts of fowls; on one side of us was the Bay with its draw-bridge for trains and boats, and on the other was great Fort Bayou running far up into the coal-burners' camps in the pinelands; near us were the coal station and the switch yard for the coast trains; from more than one position on land and on water we could count several echoes to our childish shouts; the village was a mile above us, and Spanish Point half a mile below, and the "big road" was a good distance from our dwellings and was hidden by a wild rose hedge, and our neighbors and ourselves when approaching on the "big road" used always to shout a familiar yodel. Well, the birds sang, the fowls made their noises, the boats blew their horns, the trains hissed and tooted and rang and rattled, the yodels filled our little peninsula with many a sweet and merry sound, and echoes floated with their mockery, while the waters about us laughed or sighed as the winds were rough or gentle with them. Dick Richard heard all this; he could imitate all this—his little voice was simply a marvel in delicacy and color and truth in its imitation of everything. I sometimes thought while watching him stuffing one ear into the side of his head that he somehow had a theory that thus he could keep the sound that came in one ear from going out of the other. Sound was the soul of Dick Richard. And it used to be our delight to have him by the hour "take off" the sounds he had heard. He was at his best, however, when he was alone and in the mood—off in the garden, out among the flowers, on top of the scuppernong arbor, on the bluff or the sands of the Bay; by himself and "feeling like it," he seemed a veritably inspired little echo-box, and he knew we always listened. And, though we were aware of his powers, frequently we were startled by the guineas in the garden, the noon-day train at the wrong hour, the sailor's long call so close in shore, or, sweetest of all, the yodel one of us ourselves should

have sounded; then somebody would come to his senses and say "Dick!" and another would say, "The little rat!"—though how "rat" applied I never quite saw; and then we all listened, and Dick knew he was pleasing us.

I hinted just now that the yodel was his best performance; that was so perhaps because he had heard that the oftenest, perhaps because it was so musical and so human. Probably you have heard how of old the brave Biloxi Indians, rather than be taken by an overpowering foe, chose to march —men and women and children—down into the salt waters of our Bay for their grave; and how, ever since, the waters there have been strangely and sweetly vocal with what the legend makers tell us is the lingering music of that Indian death-song. I have heard those haunting strains; but sweeter far to me—the reality in the days of my youth, with the memory of it now in my later years—was the clear-voiced yodel of happy children, children wandering through the jasmine-yellow woods or along the shady road, lingering by the plenteous spring or gathering grapes from the wondrous old vines, wading barefoot over the shallow sea-sands or into the cooler depths of the small and flaggy bayous; boating here and there upon our loved waters; calling, ever calling, morning, noon and night, with glad fair voices of youth, and answering, ever answering, if only to hear the echoes that floated back from every quarter, echoes rejoicing themselves in the sweetness and simplicity of the life we led. No Indian song, of death or of life, could ever move my heart as did that simple yodel. And Dick Richard's ears had caught it in all its music, in all its variations; and his tongue could troll it sweeter than the coal barge horns could blow, sweeter than the mocking-birds could trill, sweeter than even our girls could sound that yodel. Like a little black snipe, as the sun went down, he waded along the shore below the bluff, spearing at crabs or fish, yodeling his heart away, calling to the friendly echoes—he knew them all, that flung the melody back at the strange little imp; till the fishermen answered his notes, and the sailors blew him a blast on their conchs, and the children for a mile up and down our beach learned to reply—



Why could not Dick have been content? When he got old enough he used to go to the village for the mail and small marketing. He met other companions, white and black. He took on town-boy ways. He got trifling, learned to lie and steal. He spent a month in the county jail, but he fared very well there; "Ole Miss's" own blankets went there to keep him warm, and many a cooky from her kitchen found its way to the county seat; while the jailer was good to him, he was "such an odd one." When his term was up he came home—a hero, and I do believe he would have enjoyed another term.

One night a train was partially wrecked just west of the Biloxi bridge. A crowd of boys, white and black, had obstructed the track in the cut over there, nearly causing a serious disaster. In the crowd was Dick—think of it!—little, foolish, yodeling Dick Richard! The boys were tried and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. Confinement, indeed, was the only thing that could have placed a surety on Dick's conduct; it seemed to me that he was in no wise responsible for what he did. He had been brought up amongst the sweetest lives on earth, yet at the first opportunity he took to crime as a duck to water. Young as he was, he had no compunction, no fear, no remorse over any wrong he committed. "Old Miss" might lecture; Ann might beat him, and she often did, unmercifully; it was all wasted on Dick Richard. This lack of moral sense made what I am about to tell you very remarkable to me.

On the way from Mississippi City the night train brought the prisoners toward the east, to pass on its route our town —Ocean Springs. Our home was on the eastern shore of the Bay between us and Biloxi, and we could hear and see every

train that crossed the long bridge. A thousand trains Dick Richard had seen every year; countless times with a crowd of our children had he stood on the railroad "dump" and waved his hands at the engineers and passengers, laughing and dancing in a sort of elfin glee whenever a hand waved back at him. He knew the meaning of the hollow rumble and the solid roll of the wheels—one was over the water and the other on the land; he could shut his eyes and tell where the train was. As the train that bore him sped eastward over our bridge, it was near midnight. Dick had no soul—I feel sure of that; but, as he heard beneath him the hollow rumble of the trucks above the sea, his heart must have pictured a crowd of children on that eastern shore watching in the summer night the long "Cannon Ball" go rushing by. Dick Richard had no soul—I feel sure of that; but something told him that home was there, just there on the shore, half a mile away—the children were there, "Old Miss" was there, and flowers were there, the woods and the grapes were there, the Bay and the Bayou were there, the echoes were there, the sunset was there, all he knew was there—HOME was there; and he could not pass it, perhaps forever. All of a sudden, as the hollow rumbling began to grow into a solid roll a window smashed, a seat was empty, the bell was rung, the train stopped;—and, outside, a broken-bodied little black negro with gyves upon his wrists lay quivering on the hard new cross-ties that had lately been unloaded just where the Bay's waters were carelessly lapping the sands of our beach. And we children, and "Ole Miss," too, I think, were glad that Dick did not go to the "pen."

How the members of those families—one family indeed—have scattered since that summer night—to Virginia, Michigan, California, Tennessee, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Mexico! But every once in a while, in singles or in crowds, we all wander back to the old Bay Home. "Ole Miss" is there still, and Ann; and for every one of us rovers there is always a place in their hearts, and for every one of us when we come a place in the dear old home. And, as we near the wild-rose hedge that surrounds the home, we yodel still to let them know we are coming; but we sing it softlier now than of old, for a spell of loneliness holds the place, and Dick will

not come again to open the big gate for us to drive through. Poor Dick! Ugly, bad little Dick! Dear, dead little yodeling Dick Richard!

AUGUST

Did you note in the half-dim heavens last night
Around the moon that halo of light,
While one red star alone could be seen
Within that circle of silver sheen?

Fair Dian it was, and the hero Mars
Enwound with the girth of love mid the stars;
So queenly she with her chiseled grace,
So earnest he with his glowing face.

Her head was turned from the stern-mailed god,
Nor sound she vouchsafed by even a nod;
But I'm sure she could not help but hear,
He wooed so warmly and close to her ear.

Next night she had fled and the halo was gone,
And he with the stars was drifting on—
Each going their ways, forgetting, forgot,
And the silver girth unloosed from its knot.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

Dainty little blooms of blue,
Dear to lovers' hearts are you,
For the very name you bear
Lisps of love, and breathes love's prayer.

May not friendship claim you, too,
Dainty blooms of sky-lent hue?
May not dear old comradeship
Speak your name with fervent lip?

Tiny stars of dainty blue,
May the months be swift and few
While my friend and I must say—
"Me remember while away."

Purple petals, never dew
More shall pearl its beads on you;
But, as gentle 'membrancer,
You, though dead, shall speak of her.

FAR, FAR TO THE SOUTH

Far, far to the South, to the dear Land of Dreams,
My heart slips away like a sloop on the stream;
I float as a barque to a haven of bloom,
And harbor me there midst the flowers of doom:
The flowers of doom—aye, the poppies are there.
The satin-weft poppies, soft-scenting the air.

They loll in the light like a cloud of perfume;
They gleam, as they swing, like the silk in the loom;
Oh, rare on their stems that uprise through the grass,
They sway, and they lean on the breezes that pass;
The breezes grow drunken and dazed with perfume,
And linger, caressing the blossoms of doom.

And there, midst the color and odor, is she—
And stateliest bloom, and the sweetest, to me;
And I, like the breezes, grow faint, and remain,
To look and to sigh, and to love, and feel pain,
O flower so perfect—the poppies die soon;
What fate will be yours in the glare of the noon?

FOUR-LEAFED CLOVERS

Shadows of early morning
Across the clover lie—
White and red clover blossoms,
All fresh from the night gone by.

Dews of the moon-soft hours
Gleam in the growing light;
Pliant and sweet are the leaflets
And petals dew-'dorned in the night.

Bees, with a low, busy droning,
Suck at the clover stems,
Bearing away, as their toil-meed,
The saffron honey-gems.

Breezes and light steal softly
Over the clover lawn;
Love for a token is seeking,
Here in the early dawn.

Low in the leaves of the clover,
Heedless of bloom white or red,
Four-leafed stems am I seeking—
The love-luck token, 'tis said.

—Here where the bee is winging
His hum of full content,
Here where the dew is brightest,
Here where the shadow is spent.

Here in the cool of the morning,
Love in his search is blest;
For here I find, presageful,
A four-leaf clover-nest—

Stems twain with the fateful petals,
Two four-leafed clovers, dear;
And morning is brighter and sweeter,
And hope has overcome fear.

* * * * *

Take the clovers, dearest;
May the charm they bear
Be like an amulet's witching,
Blessing the passion I dare.

SHE KISSED MY VIOLETS

I stood in waiting there before her,
My heart athrob, aglow;
I ne'er had told the love I bore her,
And yet—ah, did she know?

She held a moment in her fingers
Some violets I'd brought:
(Ah, sometimes Time all breathless lingers
To view the scene he's wrought:)

A moment paused she; then, a-seeming
Like one who half forgets,
Like one who sighs in gentle dreaming,
She kissed my violets.

My heart shall ne'er know joy completer,
However fortune pets,
Than when, with lips than roses sweeter,
She kissed my violets.

When hours are heavy grown with toiling,
And duty's routine frets,
I sing, care's teasing fingers foiling,
"She kissed my violets."

BLUE-BONNETS

Blue-bonnets—millions, aye, myriads—
Purple, and tender with dew,—
Odorous, they fill with their daintiness
Every glad morning anew.

Blue-bonnets—legioned, aye, numberless—
Daring the white of the day—
Cheerful, they cheer us, though winds harshed with
Dust-clouds o'erflaunt them away.

Blue-bonnets—star-thick—all purple and
Sweet, they grow soft-hued, as night,
Slipping down slow with its restfulness,
Hides them awhile from the light.

OUR STARS WERE CROSSED

Our stars were crossed.
From out the infinite of chaos, dashed
Their baby-gleams of destiny, and flashed
Along their separate ways, converging—born,
It seemed, to merge and melt in love's quick morn.
Our stars were crossed.

Our stars were crossed.
Oh, closer, trembling each, and thrilling down
Upon each other, bore each fatal crown
Of eager light; and then—a moment—oh,
A moment mingled in love's fiery glow.
Our stars were crossed.

Our stars were crossed.
O troubled, clinging mass—asunder torn:
From out that blending, twin-flames burst, fate borne
Along the lonely paths ordained before
The meeting—now diverging evermore.
Our stars were crossed.

* * * * * *

Our stars were crossed.
We shall not meet again; and yet, we ne'er
Shall separate: our hearts have touched; we bear
The subtle thrill—a pain that pierceth you
And me with self-same pang—God's ages through.
Our stars were crossed.

AWAKENING

Time, like a mummied Pharaoh,
But held me asleep in his hand;
Nothing I knew of Life's import,
Nor cared I to understand:

Then came the thrill of your presence,
Then came the dew of your breath—
Then I awoke unto Love, dear,
Released from a living death.

HER WAYS

I do recall a hundred ways of hers—
  When she was angry, glad or shy, or loving:
How she would pat her little foot perverse,
  Or throw her arms about my neck, thus proving
The flame that stirred within her fluttering breast;
  How her blue-lacèd lids would slowly rise,
And give me only glimpses of her eyes—
  Eyes where dear Love hid, but to me confest.

These, and a hundred other woman's ways
Come back to me, as I sit here and gaze
Into the dimming coals, whose gentle heat
Feels on my cheek like her warm life so sweet,
When near my own her face lay, and her breath
Seemed like a thing beyond the touch of death.

LET LOVE BE BY

(*Boat Song.*)

Far, far, far, far,
Far from the city's din and jar!
Far in the fresh of the wild-flow'r air,
Far from the jangling cares that mar
Far where the world has room to spare,
Far afloat in a birchen car!
  Let Love be by, and daylight die,
  While music I make with the oars I ply.

Dream, dream, dream, dream,
Still, oh, still on the tranquil stream,
Let the breath of heav'n a whisper seem,
The river croon with sweetness a-teem,
The moonlight fall with velvet beam,
The star-sheen drift with mystic gleam,
  And Love be by, with her melting eye,
  While still as a dream in my skiff I lie.

Row, row, row, row,
Over the frothing waters go!
Let the breezes lull or the breezes blow,
Let the river rest or the river flow,
Let the moon be high or the moon be low,
Let the stars be pale or the stars be a-glow!
So Love be by, what else care I?
While over the waves in my boat I fly!

NEVER A LINE FROM YOU

Letter by letter the days bring on—
Companionship's dearest lieu,
But, amongst the lines I gaze upon,
There's never a line from you.

Have you forgotten I love to hear
And know your lightest thought?
Is life so gay—dear heart, I fear—
My face is crowded out?

Comes there never a silent hour
When memory turns to me?
Is old time dead? has the present no power
To call back our days by the sea?

Letter by letter, day by day,
Longing I look them through;
But of them all, I only say,
There's never a line from you.

SOMETIME

Sometime,
When like a wisp of angel's hair,
The slender moon floats in the air;
Or when, with full and beaming breast,
She glideth toward the wooing West—
I know that thou wilt then recall
Some hours that then have long been dead;
And, midst the brightness of them all,
Mine eyes from thine shall not be fled.

Sometime,
When odorous flowers are in thy hand,
On some far day, maybe long years;
When perfumes from their petals fanned
Pierce memory like a thousand spears—
I know that thou wilt then recall
  Some hours that then have long been dead;
And, midst the sweetness of them all,
  My face from thine shall not be fled.

Sometime,
When music greets thy weary ear—
The air of some long-loved old strain
That I have loved as thou hast, dear,
But which we ne'er shall sing again—
I know that thou wilt then recall
Some hours that then have long been dead;
And, midst the music of them all,
  My voice from thine shall not be fled.

SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
  'Neath the cold, bright moon;
Sleep, the flowers weep,
  Morning cometh soon.
Sleep, dear baby, sleep,
  Rosy dreams be thine,
And of all the dreams you dream,
  May one dream be mine?

Closed the brown eyes are,
  Wide lie tresses brown,
Beams of yonder star
  Play through casement down.
Sleep, my baby, sleep,
  Gentle dreams of thine,
And of all the dreams you dream,
  May one dream be mine.

NEVER MIND THE RAIN

Often, in the queerest way,
  Though the frogs croaked loud and fast,
Have I seen the sunshine play
  Through the rainfall pelting fast;
And there rang all through my brain,
  As the storm was put to rout,
This: Never mind the rain
  While the sun shines out.

* * * * * *

And with all things that annoy,
  In the heaviest times we know,
Is a counterparting joy,
  Is a weal to baffle woe,
Mixed with loss there is a gain;
  So I plod along and shout
This: Never mind the rain
  While the sun shines out.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

With wax and wane of yonder fickle moon
  There comes and goes a vision known to few;
  Deft o'er the disc, with hand and chisel true,
Some god, whose love and fancy were in tune,
Hath carved the features of his mistress there.
  The lifted profile speaks a noble mind,
  Yet claims, withal, a woman's heart there shrined;
The full dark wealth of wondrous gathered hair
Proves woman's glory matching charms within;
  Below, the almost heaving bosom swells
    In shapely fairness 'neath the chisel-trace.
And ever as that orb doth fulness win,
  Its widening growth each day to me out-spells
    The bright medallion of that classic face.

WADE HAMPTON

[1818—1902]

M. C. BUTLER, SR

GENERAL HAMPTON was born on Hasel Street, in the City of Charleston, South Carolina, on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1818, and died in the City of Columbia on the eleventh day of April, 1902, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was the eldest grandson of General Wade Hampton, who served with distinction in the War of the Revolution, and eldest son of Colonel Wade Hampton, who was equally distinguished in the War of 1812. It will thus be seen he came by right of inheritance into the high estate to which he added so much luster by his own brilliant achievements. His early education was acquired at a school on Rice Creek, and later at the Columbia Academy, under the direction of Mr. Daniels, familiarly known as "Jimmy" Daniels, a strict and capable instructor of the old, perhaps better, school. Here he was prepared for the South Carolina College. He entered the class of 1836, in the eighteenth year of his age.

General Hampton was married to Margaret Frances Preston, the daughter of General Francis Preston, at Abingdon, Virginia, October, 1838. This gentle and accomplished lady was the sister of William C. and John S. Preston, two marvelous and entrancing orators, who charmed their hearers by their fervid eloquence and instructed them by their finished scholarship and learning.

The wife of General Hampton's second marriage was Mary Singleton McDuffie, the only child of George McDuffie, another of South Carolina's most illustrious and gifted statesmen.

The first military position held by General Hampton was as aide-de-camp to Governor Pierce M. Butler in 1836-38. This was then regarded, as it should be now, a post of honor and distinction, attended with responsible duties and obligations. Subsequently he became captain of the "Richland Light Dragoons," one of the crack companies of the State.

In 1852 Wade Hampton was elected third on the list of Representatives from Richland. In 1854 he was reëlected, and again in 1856 he returned at the head of the list. In 1858 he was elected State Senator, succeeding John S. Preston, whose canvass against James H. Adams had been a celebrated political event. It is said

that Hampton foretold the vote in that contest and came within two or three votes of the correct returns.

At the opening of the legislative session of 1861, the following letter was read in the Senate:

"Hon. W. D. Porter, President of the Senate:

"Sir: As my duties as an officer of the army render it impossible for me to discharge those of State Senator, I beg to tender my resignation as Senator from Richland.

"Wade Hampton."

General Hampton was opposed to secession. He was in Mississippi when the Governor called the Legislature together to consider calling a convention. He was not in the Senate when the vote was taken.

This is a brief outline of General Hampton's political services prior to the breaking out of the war for the establishment and independence of the Southern Confederacy. Call it "insurrection," "rebellion," "Civil War," "war between the States," or what not—a matter of small concern—it was *real* war, "a battle of the giants," and no soldier who took the field and did his duty for the establishment of that independence, need feel ashamed of his conduct. In the early fifties, the aggressive propaganda of the New England Abolitionists created intense excitement in the Southern slave-holding states, notably in this State. The State was divided into two active parties; one, under the leadership of R. B. Rhett, James H. Adams, Milledge L. Bonham, John H. Means, F. W. Pickens, and other distinguished, patriotic citizens, urged the immediate withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union, separate and alone, by resuming that part of her sovereignty she had delegated, for the forming of the Federal Union, and setting up for herself, independent of the action of her sister slave-holding states of the South.

The other party, under the leadership of A. P. Butler (at that time a United States Senator), Robert W. Barnwell, Preston S. Brooks, and other gentlemen equally patriotic and distinguished as the others, counseled moderation and non-action until the coöperation of the other slave-holding states could be secured. The latter counsels prevailed, and while I have no positive information as to General Hampton's affiliations in that controversy, which assumed an animated, rather bitter, character during its progress, I am quite sure, from his conservative, sedate temperament, he approved, if he did not actively advocate, the latter course. It is quite certain, as stated above, he was opposed to secession in 1860-61. It is equally certain

that when his fellow-citizens had acted, he threw his whole soul, body and fortune in the scale with them, as the sequel proved.

An accomplished, well-bred, well-educated gentleman, General Hampton belonged to that noble class of Southern land and slave owners, who by their high and incorruptible characters raised the standard of man and womanhood in the South, and gave well-earned prestige to their social distinction. Their relations to their slaves were more in the nature of a personal and sympathetic guardianship, than the harsh and oppressive taskmasters so often ascribed to them. Of course, there may have been exceptions, but the exceptions prove the rule.

General Hampton was a notable example of the kindly master, always solicitous for the welfare and well-being of his slaves, who manifested their appreciation by their affectionate regard for him. The negroes were happy and contented under his mild and temperate government—an ideal status for them in their then condition. While this class of Southern slave-owners, of which General Hampton was such a conspicuous and illustrious exponent, held the reins of public affairs, no scandal ever cast its baleful shadow over their official lives or poisoned the political atmosphere with its noxious vapors. Their rule of conduct, in discussing public questions, was to employ reason and argument and intelligence and never to descend to the tricks of the petty demagogue, by appealing to passion and prejudice, or soil their political ermine by personal traduction and vituperation.

It would be unprofitable, perhaps inappropriate, to speculate now what effect their absence from participation in State and National affairs might have had on the fate of our constitutional and popular institutions. It is sufficient to say, they hewed closely to the lines laid down by the fathers in the construction and administration of the best system of human government ever devised by man.

The preservation of the reserved rights of the States and of the people, and cordial, liberal support of the Federal Government, when acting within the sphere of its constitutional power and jurisdiction, were the guiding stars in their political firmament, from which their course never deviated.

Assembling in June, 1861, The Hampton Legion, of which he assumed command as colonel, Hampton led his dauntless soldiers to Virginia. He halted near Richmond, but was in time with his infantry to have a part in the memorable battle of Manassas. Wounded in this engagement severely and permanently, though not dangerously, he had with his noted Legion a significant part in the defence of Yorktown and in the many engagements around Williamsburg and Richmond. In 1862 the Legion as a separate organization

was broken up. The infantry retained the name of the Hampton Legion, but the four troops of the Legion battalion were added to six others and constituted the Second Carolina Cavalry. In the spring of this same year, Hampton was separated from his cavalry command by being made brigadier-general and assigned to the command of an infantry brigade, including his Hampton Legion. In the fall of the year he was restored to the branch of service he always preferred by being placed in command of the First Cavalry Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. A detailed history of this brigade would be necessary in order to picture adequately General Hampton's military prowess and glory. Suffice it here to say that it had prominent part in the invasion of Pennsylvania and found ample opportunity for daring expeditions under the personal leadership of Hampton, along the Rappahannock in '62 and '63.

On August 3, 1863, he became a major-general and when Stuart was killed in May, 1864, was the ranking major-general of cavalry. In the memorable and terrific campaign of 1864, he was pitted against Sheridan, one of the ablest, and most capable and daring cavalry officers in the Federal Army. Well-nigh equally matched in subordinate commanders but unequally matched in arms, equipment, mounts and numbers, they met in fierce conflict in the two days' fight near Trevilian's Station. Sheridan was compelled to retreat. Between the eleventh and twenty-ninth of June Hampton defeated Sheridan, Gregg, and Wilson, the first and last having a force larger and superior to his own. His command in that time must have marched and counter-marched more than a hundred miles, with the scantiest supply of food for men and animals, and killed, wounded and captured as many men as he had under his command. It is doubtful whether a parallel for this can be found anywhere in the annals of military history.

His later service was in North Carolina, where he saved Weldon, and in South Carolina, where he won his final promotion, as lieutenant-general, on February 14, 1865, three days before Sherman's army sacked and burned Columbia. The march through South and North Carolina, the battle of Aerysboro, the early morning surprise and attack on Kilpatrick's camp, where that daring officer escaped from his camp in deshabille—the battle of Bentonville and the end came. General Hampton had determined to cross the trans-Mississippi Department and join the Confederate forces there. He accordingly left General Johnston's army at Greensboro, before the final terms of capitulation were arranged. He, however, changed his mind at Charlotte, North Carolina, and returned to his desolate home in Columbia, like so many thousands of his comrades, pauperized, but not dismayed, sustained by the consciousness of his duty well per-

formed, and proud of the great service he had rendered his country.

Thus ended his military career. It was honorable, brilliant, successful. General Robert E. Lee trusted and confided in him implicitly. He inspired his soldiers with a confidence in his leadership and respect for his person. They were ready to follow him blindly and unflinchingly. No higher test can be found of a commanding officer's ability. His bearing in camp was quiet, dignified, sedate. On the battlefield superb, faultless. He began life anew by devoting himself to the pacification and rehabilitation of his stricken State, was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention that nominated Seymour and Blair; also a member of the State Convention that met in Columbia to ratify the nomination of the National ticket.

General Hampton was a member of a strong delegation sent by a taxpayers' convention to protest with the authorities in Washington against their sustaining the enemies of law and order and decency in South Carolina. The remonstrance was strongly but respectfully presented, but the appeal was made to deaf and unsympathetic ears. No relief was vouchsafed.

In 1876, when every resource to secure peace and order was exhausted, the white people of the State met in convention at Columbia and nominated Hampton for Governor.

It is unnecessary for me to discuss at length the events of that political revolution, under Hampton's matchless leadership. It may safely be affirmed that every white man, woman and child, except the few time-servers and co-conspirators with the invading camp-followers, lined up behind Hampton and drove the criminals from the temples they had desecrated. It is due to the contingent of colored men who took their lives in their hands and contributed to the triumph of intelligence, law and order, to give them full credit for their aid.

I cannot linger to relate in detail the events following that election—the organization of the two Houses of the Legislature, the intensity of public feeling, the strain on the people, the anxiety, the excitement, the uncertainty, the interference by Federal troops, the final triumph of the Wallace House, Hampton's inauguration, and assumption of the reins of government.

Throughout the trying ordeal he was calm, sedate, firm, counseling patience and moderation, the central figure of a great momentous political upheaval, skilfully guiding the movements of the excited multitude through the storm of political and social redemption—he made a place in the hearts of his countrymen more enduring than any monument his grateful and admiring countrymen and countrywomen can ever erect to his memory.

He so administered the great office of Governor as to bring order

out of chaos and inspire confidence among all the people, by honestly managing the State's finances, justly executing the laws and fearlessly maintaining his constitutional prerogatives.

He was elected to the United States Senate during his second term as Governor, and took his seat on the fourth of March, 1879. There, as elsewhere, his lofty, exalted character soon impressed itself on his colleagues of that august body. His influence was always exerted for the good and welfare of his constituents, and dignity and honor of his State and the whole country.

He served two terms in the Senate, and one term as Commissioner of the Trans-continental Railroads, successor to General Joseph E. Johnston.

After his term as United States Railroad Commissioner ended, he returned to private life and passed his remaining days with a dignity and self-respect which nothing could affect. He has gone to join that brilliant galaxy of Confederate comrades who will beckon him into their ranks, in the spirit land, as a worthy companion of the highest and best and most chivalric of them.

General Hampton was well-nigh a perfect specimen of physical manhood. A little less than six feet in height, well proportioned, with a muscular development like a trained athlete. While punctiliously observant of the conventionalities and duties of polite life, he cared little for the glamour and frivolities of social pastime. His leisure hours were more congenially employed by the exciting chase of outdoor sports, and his unaffected nature more attracted by the movements and habits of the evasive trout.

In his relations with strangers he was rather reserved, without being forbidding, but with intimate friends was the soul of geniality and good cheer—always considerate, kindly and respectful.

He was endowed with a dignity that never suggested superiority, and yet free from condescension or haughtiness—always self-poised, self-respecting—a gentleman.

It would be flagrant flattery to say General Hampton had no faults. If he could speak, he would have a poor opinion of a man or woman who would set up such a claim. He was cordially human, with many of the weaknesses with which all human nature is affected, but his high and noble qualities of head and heart were so commanding and controlling as to overshadow his weaknesses and reduce them to the category of foibles.

Hampton's ambition was that of temperance, discretion; he did not contend in splendor with the rich or in faction with the seditious, but with the brave in fortitude, with the modest in simplicity, with the temperate in abstinence; he was more desirous to be than to

appear virtuous; and thus the less he courted popularity the more it pursued him.

General Hampton was a great cavalry soldier, one of the greatest of modern times, if not of any period of the world's history; he was an exemplary citizen of the loftiest and highest ideals of duty, devoted to the principles of constitutional government, a statesman of sound judgment and wisdom, an incorruptible gentleman. What more can or need be said of him?

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Gentlemen of the Senate
and House of Representatives:

It is with feelings of the profoundest solicitude that I assume the arduous duties and grave responsibilities of the high position to which the people of South Carolina have called me. It is amid events unprecedented in this Republic, that I take the chair as Chief Magistrate of this State. After years of misrule, corruption, and anarchy, brought upon us by venal and unprincipled political adventurers, the honest people of the State, without regard to party or race, with one voice demanded reform, and with one purpose devoted themselves earnestly and solemnly to the attainment of this end. With a lofty patriotism never surpassed, with a patience never equaled, with a courage never excelled, and with a sublime sense of duty which finds scarce a parallel in the history of the world, they subordinated every personal feeling to the public weal, and consecrated themselves to the sacred work of redeeming their prostrate State. To the accomplishment of this task, they dedicated themselves with unfaltering confidence and with unshaken faith, trusting alone to the justice of their cause, and commending that cause reverently to the protection of the Almighty. When the corrupt party which for eight years has held sway in this State, bringing its civilization into disgrace and making its government a public scandal, saw that the demand for reform found a responsive echo in the popular heart, and that the verdict of the

people would be pronounced against those who have degraded the State, they appealed to Federal intervention, and by a libel on our whole people as false as it was base, called in the soldiery of the United States Army to act as supervisors of our election. In a time of profound peace, when no legal officer had been resisted in the proper discharge of his functions, we have witnessed a spectacle abhorrent to every patriotic heart and fatal to republican institutions—Federal troops used to promote the success of a political party. Undismayed, though shocked by this gross violation of the Constitution of the country, our people, with a determination that no force could subdue, no fraud could defeat, kept steadily and peacefully in the path of duty, resolved to assert their rights as American freeman at the ballot box—that great court of final resort before which must be tried the grave questions of the supremacy of the Constitution and the stability of our institutions. What the verdict of the people of South Carolina has been, you need not be told. It has reverberated throughout the State, and its echoes come back to us from every land where liberty is venerated, declaring in tones that cannot be mistaken, that, standing on the Constitution of our country, we propose to obey its laws, to preserve, as far as in us lies, its peace and honor, and to carry out in good faith every pledge made by us for reform and honest government. We intend to prove to the world the sincerity of our declaration, that the sole motive which inspired the grand contest we have so successfully made, was not the paltry ambition for party supremacy, but the sacred hope of redeeming our State. It was this hope that led our people to a victory which was grander in its proportions, greater in its success, nobler in its achievement, and brighter in its promise of prosperity, than any other ever waged on this continent. But it was sought to wrest the fruits of this magnificent victory from the hands that won it, by a gigantic fraud and a base conspiracy. When the members elect of the General Assembly repaired to the Capitol to take the seats to which the people of South Carolina had assigned them, armed soldiers of the Federal Government confronted them, and their certificates of election were examined and passed upon by a corporal of the guard. A spectacle so hu-

miliating to a free people, and so fatal to republican institutions, has never been presented in America. It could not have been witnessed even here, where civil liberty has for years been but a mockery, had not the ruthless hand of military power struck down the most sacred guarantees of the Constitution; for the tread of the armed soldier, as he made his rounds through the halls of legislation, was over the prostrate form of liberty herself. It was amid these ominous, these appalling scenes, that the members of the General Assembly were called on to assume their duties as the representatives of a free state, and that State one of the original thirteen which won our independence and framed our Constitution. That the natural patriotic indignation of our people did not find expression in violence, is creditable in the highest degree to them; and this was due in a large measure to the statesmanlike and dignified conduct of those members of the General Assembly who had been made the victims of this gross outrage on their persons and this daring conspiracy against their constitutional rights. Debarred the free exercise of their rights by the presence of an armed force, a legal quorum of the lower House, after placing on record a noble protest, quietly withdrew from the Capitol and proceeded to organize that branch of the General Assembly. Not one form of law nor one requirement of the Constitution was wanting to give force and legality to this organization; and that its authority has not been fully recognized is due solely to the same armed usurpation which has subordinated the civil to the military power throughout this whole contest. Of the disgraceful, dangerous, and revolutionary proceedings resorted to by the defeated party after the organization of the lower House, it is needless for me to speak. You have been the witnesses and the victims of these, and the civilized world has looked on with amazement, disgust, and horror; you have seen a minority of that House usurp the powers of the whole body; you have seen the majority expelled from their hall by threats of force; you have seen persons having no shadow of a claim as members, admitted to seats as representatives by the votes of men who themselves were acting in direct violation of the Constitution; and you have seen the last crowning act of infamy by which a

candidate for the office of Governor, defeated by the popular vote, had himself declared elected by his co-conspirators. I make no comment on these flagrant outrages and wrongs; it pertains to the General Assembly to take such action in regard to them as that honorable body may deem proper. But it is due to my position as the Chief Magistrate of this commonwealth to place on record my solemn and indignant protest against acts which I consider as subversive of civil liberty and destructive of our form of government. These are questions which concern not us alone but the people of the United States; for if facts so unauthorized and so unconstitutional are allowed to pass without rebuke, popular government, as established by the Constitution, will give place to military despotism. Our duty, the duty of every patriot, is to demand a strict construction of the Constitution and a rigid adherence to its provisions. We can only thus preserve our liberties and our Government. A great task is before the Conservative party of this State. They entered on this contest with a platform so broad, so strong, so liberal, that every honest citizen could stand upon it. They recognized and accepted the amendments of the Constitution in good faith; they pledged themselves to work reform and to establish good government; they promised to keep up an efficient system of public education; and they declared solemnly that all citizens of South Carolina, of both races and of both parties, should be regarded as equals in the eye of the law—all to be fully protected in the enjoyment of every political right now possessed by them.

To the faithful observance of these pledges we stand committed; and I, as the representative of the Conservative party, hold myself bound by every dictate of honor and of good faith, to use every effort to have these pledges redeemed fully and honestly. It is due, not only to ourselves, but to the colored people of the State, that wise, just, and liberal measures should prevail in our legislation. We owe much of our late success to those colored voters who were brave enough to rise above the prejudice of race, and honest enough to throw off the shackles of party in their determination to save the State. To those who, misled by their fears, their ignorance, or by evil counselling turned a deaf ear to our appeals,

we should be not vindictive, but magnanimous. Let us show to all of them that the true interests of both races can best be secured by cultivating peace and promoting prosperity among all classes of our fellow-citizens. I rely confidently on the support of the members of the General Assembly in my efforts to attain these laudable ends; and I trust that all branches of the government will unite cordially in this patriotic work. If so united and working with resolute will and earnest determination, we may hope soon to see the dawn of a brighter day for our State. God, in His infinite mercy, grant that it may come speedily; and may He shower the richest blessings of peace and happiness on our whole people.

WILL N. HARBEN

[1858—1919]

ANNIE BOOTH McKINNEY

BORN July 5, 1858, in Dalton, Georgia, Will N. Harben is descended from the Harbens of Somersetshire, England, through a younger son that came to Virginia in 1625, and among his ancestors he numbers a brother of Daniel Boone. His mother was of the Bowman family, well known in the early history of Virginia and Kentucky. His childhood and youth were spent in Dalton. Will Harben, as a schoolboy, was not studious. The close confinement and application necessary for a thorough education were wholly irksome to his care-free, outdoor temperament. He rebelled against restraint, and early broke through the bars of school life. His usual position in class, as he admits to-day without shame, was at the bottom of the line. Upon one occasion, when required, unexpectedly, to present an original "composition," he sauntered down the aisle and gave the first two chapters of his initial novel, 'The Silent Hunter of the Great West.' It was lurid, but thrilled and enraptured his auditors, who awaited hungrily the fulfilment of his promise—"to be continued in our next."

Will Harben's literary experience is unique, and should be an encouragement to aspiring authors. He did not attempt serious creative work until twenty-eight, after testing his fitness for mercantile life in Georgia and Tennessee. In this commercial experiment he was totally unsuccessful, for he chafed against his narrow environment and the sordid outlook on life. Will Harben was essentially a dreamer and, despite the indubitable fact that to-day he is on the road that leads to permanent fame, and is justly noted for his virile grasp and presentment of important questions through the medium of fiction, he is still a dreamer. It is claimed that to succeed in literature one must first fail; this may be true, but if it be so, it is a rule proved by interesting exceptions. At any rate Will N. Harben's way toward recognition was by no means smooth. There were many boulders over which he stumbled. In fact he was well-nigh ditched by that most serious stumbling-block, his first book, 'White Marie,' though he declares his motives to have been as creditable as any actuating his later work. Like many another blunder, it served to advertise and call attention to the young author,

who tells how he awoke to find himself famous, or as some critics then claimed, infamous.

It was fourteen years after this unlucky production that Mr. Harben chose the clearer road that has led him to undoubted success. Carlyle says: "Thou mayst not know thyself, but find thy work—and do it." Assuredly none can deny that Will Harben has found his work—work thoroughly adapted to him—which he is now doing energetically and well. It can be justly claimed that this author was among the pioneer Southern writers to realize the immense value of specialization. So soon as he began to localize his stories, confining them to Northern Georgia; and to present well-defined types that he knew thoroughly, because he had moved and lived his life among them, just so soon did the veriest stranger to his country and his people feel the fidelity of his portraiture and proffer him a flattering appreciation.

In 1900 he entered upon the charmed path leading to fame in his own country and abroad, with a volume of short stories reprinted from various leading periodicals called 'North Georgia Sketches,' which at once lifted their author into prominence. A significant incident in this connection is that almost immediately after the publication of this volume Mr. Harben received a letter from the dean of American letters, W. D. Howells, who in behalf of the Harpers asked that he submit to that firm a novel treating of the same locality. He forwarded 'Westerfeldt,' previously rejected by all the leading publishers, even Harper and Brothers themselves, who now accepted and promptly published it in 1901. Close upon the heels of 'Westerfeldt' followed 'Abner Daniel,' 1902, which was particularly timely, since the country was still diverted over 'David Harum.' One periodical declared it to be a "pity to hamper such a good story by calling it the 'David Harum of the South.'" Certain it is that 'Abner Daniel' made a wide appeal, North as well as South, and really laid the foundation stone of Mr. Harben's reputation as a delineator of character. Crude, whimsical, sarcastic, yet good-natured, droll, witty, human, Abner Daniel stands quite apart, and it is unlikely that his creator will ever surpass this creation. This author's succeeding books may be listed as follows: 'The Substitute,' 1903; 'The Georgians,' 1904, in which Abner enters once more; 'Pole Baker,' 1905; 'Ann Boyd,' 1906; 'Mam Linda,' 1907. No one can read carefully any of these stories and fail to be impressed by their underlying sincerity, or fail to rejoice in the crisp humor that seems to be as much a part of old Abner and Pole Baker as the blue is of the sky. But his latest stories unquestionably show an advance, less in the delightful humor than in a surer handling of the dramatic elements.

In 'Ann Boyd,' one of the most forceful productions in the realm of fiction in recent years, the portrait of the heroine is done in primary colors, limned indelibly on the memory with the bold stroke of a master. Few American writers have done anything more sincere than this character sketch. In his last book, 'Mam Linda,' Mr. Harben touches at once strongly and humanely a question that has come to be a part of the social and ethical life of to-day throughout the entire nation. The writer has presented the race problem sanely and convincingly, yet without bitterness or bias, and at the same time interwoven with it is the prettiest love-idyl he has attempted.

To quote his own words: "I don't know which of my books fairly represent me; in fact, not one of them would, I am afraid. I wish I could write you fully of myself, but I simply can't. I have lived so very, very much and felt so much, and suffered, and enjoyed and gloated and despaired—but I can't put it on paper; not yet, anyway."

To analyze Will N. Harben's characteristics: he is, first, American in breadth of outlook and understanding; next, he is typically Southern in his impulses and enthusiasms, his warm humaneness and generosities. He is practical and dreamy—an idealist and a realist —a confessed contradiction; owning not only a fair allotment in the domain of talent, but able to glimpse that dangerous, enchanted kingdom of genius.

To sum up his work: it is marked by simplicity and directness; terse yet never bald; as if the man is so dominated by his story, the faithful presentment of his men and women, that he cannot afford the introduction of one extraneous syllable. Notwithstanding this clear simplicity of his style, it is full of individuality. As all the reading-world knows, Will Harben excels in characterization; yet is his stage well set, his *mise en scène* always colorful. His books have atmosphere, and thus he enlists our sympathy and interest in the scenes as well as the people he portrays. He never hurries, never slurs; perhaps because he lives with his books, makes their people his daily intimates, living their lives and thinking their thoughts. So, when he takes up his pen, his stories lie before him like a well-tilled field ripe for the reaping.

Among present-day Southern writers Mr. Harben occupies an enviable place, and the later host of literary aspirants should need no better example of steadfastness of purpose resulting in achievement of a high order.

ABNER'S CONSOLATION

From 'Abner Daniel.' Copyright by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the author and the publishers.

THAT evening after supper, the family remained, till bedtime, in the big, bare-looking dining-room, the clean, polished floors of which gleamed in the light of a little fire in the big chimney. Bishop's chair was tilted back against the wall in a dark corner, and Mrs. Bishop sat knitting mechanically. Abner was reading—or trying to read—a weekly paper at the end of the dining-table, aided by a dimly burning glass-lamp. Aunt Maria had removed the dishes, and, with no little splash and clatter, was washing them in the adjoining kitchen.

Suddenly Abner laid down his paper and began to try to console them for their loss. Mrs. Bishop listened patiently, but Bishop sat in the very coma of despair, unconscious of what was going on around him.

"Alf," Abner called out, sharply, "don't you remember what a close-fisted scamp I used to be about the time you an' Betsy fust hitched together?"

"No, I don't," said the man addressed, almost with a growl at being roused from what could not have been pleasant reflections.

"I remember folks said you was the stingiest one in our family," struck in Mrs. Bishop, plaintively. "Law me! I hain't thought of it from that day to this. It seems powerful funny now to think of you havin' sech a reputation, but I railly believe you had it once."

"An' I deserved it." Abner folded his paper, and rapped with it on the table. "You know, Betsy, our old daddy was as close as they make 'em; he had a rope tied to every copper he had, an' I growed up thinkin' it was the only safe course in life. I was too stingy to buy ginger-cake an' cider at camp-meetin' when I was dyin' fer it. I've walked round an' round a old nigger woman's stand twenty times with a dry throat an' my fingers on a slick dime, an' finally made tracks fer the nighest spring. I had my eyes opened to stinginess bein' ungodly by noticin' its effect on pa. He was a natural human bein' till a body tetched his pocket, an' then he was a rantin'

devil. I got to thinkin' I'd be like 'im by inheritance ef I didn't call a halt, an' I begun tryin' in various ways to reform. I remember I lent money a little freer than I had, which wasn't sayin' much, fer thar was a time when I wouldn't 'a' sold a man a postage-stamp on a credit ef he'd 'a' left it stuck to the back o' my neck fer security.

"But I'll tell you how I made my fust great big slide towards reformation. It tuck my breath away, an' lots o' my money; but I did it with my eyes open. I was jest a-thinkin' a minute ago that maybe ef I told you-uns about how little it hurt me to give it up you mought sleep better to-night over yore own shortage. Alf, are you listenin'?"

"Yes, I heard what you said," mumbled Bishop.

Abner cleared his throat, struck at a moth with his paper, and continued: "Betsy, you remember our cousin, Jimmy Bartow? You never knowed 'im well, beca'se you an' Alf was livin' on Holly Creek about that time, an' he was down in our neighborhood. He never was wuth shucks, but he twisted his mustache an' greased his hair an' got 'im a wife as easy as fallin' off a log. He got to clerkin' fer old Joe Mason in his store at the cross-roads, and the sight o' so much change passin' through his fingers sort o' turned his brain. He tuck to drinkin', an' tryin' to dress his wife fine, an' one thing or other, that made folks talk. He was our double fust cousin, you know, an' we tuck a big interest in 'im on that account. After a while old Joe begun to miss little dribs o' cash now an' then, an' begun to keep tab on Jimmy, an' 'fore the young scamp knowed it, he was ketched up with as plain as day.

"Old Joe made a calculation that Jimmy had done 'im, fust and last, to the tune of about five hundred dollars, an' told Jimmy to set down by the stove an' wait fer the sheriff.

"Jimmy knowed he could depend on the family pride, an' he sent fer all the kin fer miles around. It raised a awful rumpus, fer not one o' our stock an' generation had ever been jailed, an' the last one of us didn't want it to happen. I reckon we was afeerd ef it once broke out amongst us it mought become a epidemic. They galloped in on the'r hosses an' mules, an' huddled around Mason. They closed his doors, back an' front, an' patted 'im on the back, an' talked about

the'r trade an' influence, an' begged 'im not to prefer charges, but old Joe stood as solid as a rock. He said a thief was a thief, ef you spelt it back'ards or for'ards, or ef he was akin to a King or a corn-fiel' nigger. He said it was, generally, the bigger the station the bigger the thief. Old Joe jest set at his stove an' chawed tobacco an' spit. Now and then he'd stick his hands down in his pockets an' rip out a oath. Then Jimmy's young wife come with her little teensy baby, an' set down by Jimmy, skeerd mighty nigh out of 'er life. Looked like the baby was skeerd too, fer it never cried ur moved. Then the sheriff driv' up in his buggy an' come in clinkin' a pair o' handcuffs. He seed what they was all up to an' stood back to see who would win, Jimmy's kin or old Joe. All at once I tuck notice o' something that made me madder 'n a wet hen. They all knowed I had money laid up, an' they begun to ax old Mason ef I'd put up the five hundred dollars would he call it off. I was actu'ly so mad I couldn't speak. Old Joe said he reckoned, seein' that they was all so turribly set back, that he'd do it ef I was willin'. The old Nick got in me then as big as a side of a house, an' I give the layout about the toughest talk they ever had. It didn't faze 'em much, fer all they wanted was to get Jimmy free, an' so they tuck another tack. Ef they'd git up half amongst 'em all, would I throw in t'other half? That, ef anything, made me madder. I axed 'em what they tuck me fer—did I look like a durn fool? An' did they think beca'se they was sech fools I was one?

"Old Tommy Todd, Jimmy's own uncle, was thar, but he never had a word to say. He jest set and smoked his pipe an' looked about, but he wouldn't open his mouth when they'd ax him a question. He was knowed to be sech a skinflint that nobody seemed to count on his help at all, an' he looked like he was duly thankful fer his reputation to hide behind in sech a pressure.

"Then they lit into me, an' showed me up in a light I'd never appeared in before. They said I was the only man thar without a family to support, an' the only one thar with ready cash in the bank, an' that ef I'd let my own double fust cousin be jailed, I was a disgrace to 'em all. They'd not nod to me in the big road, an' ud use the'r influence agin my stayin' in

the church an' eventually gittin' into the Kingdom o' Heaven. I turned from man to devil right thar. I got up on the head of a tater-barrel behind the counter, an' made the blamest speech that ever rolled from a mouth inspired by iniquity. I picked 'em out one by one an' tore off their shirts, an' chawed the buttons. The only one I let escape was ole Tommy; he never give me a chance to hit him. Then I finally come down to the prisoner at the bar an' I larruped him. Ever' time I'd give a yell, Jimmy ud duck his head, an' his wife ud huddle closer over the baby like she was afeerd splinters ud git in its eyes. I made fun of 'em till I jest had to quit. Then they turned the'r backs on me an' begun to figure on doin' without my aid. It was mortgage this, an' borrow this, an' sell this hoss or wagon or mule or cow, an' a turrible wrangle. I seed they was gittin' down to business an' I left 'em.

"I noticed old Tommy make his escape, an' go out an' unhitch his hoss, but he didn't mount. Looked like he 'lowed he was at least entitled to carryin' the news home, whether he he'ped or not. I went to the spring at the foot o' the rise an' set down. I didn't feel right. In fact, I felt meaner than I ever had in all my life, an' couldn't 'a' told why. Somehow I felt all at once ef they did git Jimmy out o' hock an' presented 'im to his wife an' baby without me a-chippin' in, I'd never be able to look at 'em without remorse, an' I did think a lots o' Jimmy's wife an' baby. I set thar watchin' the store about as sorry as a proud sperit kin feel after a big rage. Fust I'd hope they'd git up the required amount, an' then I'd almost hope they wouldn't. Once I actually riz to go offer my share, but the fear that it ud be refused stopped me. On the whole, I think I was in the mud about as deep as Jimmy was in the mire, an' I hadn't tuck nobody's money nuther. All at once I begun to try to see some way out o' my predicament. They wouldn't let me chip in, but I wondered ef they'd let me pay it all. I believed they would, an' I was about to hurry in the store when I was balked by the thought that folks would say I was a born idiot to be payin' my lazy, triflin' kinfolks out o' the consequences o' the'r devilment; so I set down agin, an' had another wrastle. I seed old Tommy standin' by his hoss chawin' his ridin'-switch an' watchin' the door. All at once he looked mighty contemptible, an' it struck me that I

wasn't actin' one bit better, so I riz an' plunged fer the door. Old Tommy ketched my arm as I was about to pass 'im an' said, 'What you goin' to do, Ab?' An' I said, 'Uncle Tommy, I'm a-goin' to pay that boy out ef they'll let me.'

" 'You don't say,' the old fellow grunted, lookin' mighty funny, an' he slid in the store after me. Somehow I wasn't afeerd o' nothin' with or without shape. I felt like I was walkin' on air in the brightest, safest sunshine I ever felt. They was all huddled over Mason's desk still a-figurin' an' a-complainin' at the uneven division. Jimmy set thar with his head ducked an' his young wife was tryin' to fix some'n' about the baby. She looked like she'd been cryin'. I got up on my tater-barrel an' knocked on the wall with a axe-handle to attract the'r attention. Then I begun. I don't know what I said, or how it sounded, but I seed Jimmy raise his head an' look, an' his wife push back her poke-bonnet an' stare like I'd been raised from the grave. Along with my request to be allowed to foot the whole bill, I said I wanted to do it beca'se I believed I could show Jimmy an' his wife that I was doin' it out o' genuine regard fer 'em both, an' that I wanted 'em to take a hopeful new start an' not be depressed. Well, sir, it was like an avalanche. I never in all my life seed sech a knocked-out gang. Nobody wanted to talk. The sheriff looked like he was afeerd his handcuffs ud jingle, an' Jimmy bu'st out cryin'. His wife sobbed till you could 'a' heerd her to the spring. She sprang up an' fetched me her baby an' begged me to kiss it. With her big glad eyes, an' the tears in 'em, she looked nigher an angel than any human bein' I ever looked at. Jimmy went out the back way wipin' his eyes, an' I went to Mason's desk to write him a check fer the money. He come to my elbow an' looked troubled.

" 'I said it was five hundred dollars,' said he, 'but I was sorter averagin' the loss. I ain't a-goin' to run no risks in a matter like this. I'd feel better to call it four hundred. You see, Jimmy's been a sort of standby with me, an' has fetched me lots o' trade. Make it four hundred and I'll keep 'im. I don't believe he'll ever git wrong agin.'

"And Jimmy never did. He stayed thar for five yeer on a stretch, an' was the best clerk in the county! I was paid a thousandfold. I never met them two in my life that they

didn't look jest like they thought I was all right, an' that made me feel like I was to some extent. Old Tommy, though, was the funniest thing about it. He bored me mighty nigh to death. He'd come to my cabin whar I was livin' at the time an' set by my fire an' smoke an' never say hardly a word. It looked like som'n' was on his mind, an' he couldn't git it off. One night when he'd stayed longer'n usual, I pinned 'im down an' axed 'im what was the matter. He got up quick an' said nothin' ailed 'im, but he stopped at the fence an' called me out. He was as white as a sheet an' quiverin' all over. Said he: 'I've got to have this over with, Ab. I may as well tell you an' be done with it. It's been botherin' the life out o' me, an' I'll never git rid of it till it's done. I want to pay you half o' that money you spent on Jimmy. I had the cash that day, an' it ain't done me one bit o' good sence then. I'll never sleep well till I go you halvers.'

" 'I cayn't sell that to you, Uncle Tommy,' I said, laughin'. 'No, siree, you couldn't chip into that investment ef you doubled your offer. I've found out what it is wuth. But,' said I, 'ef you've got two hundred that's burnin' a hole in yore pocket, ur conscience, an' want to yank it out, go give it to Jimmy's wife to he'p her to educate that baby.'

"It struck 'im betwixt the eyes, but he didn't say yes or no. He slid away in the moonlight, all bent over an' quiet. I never seed 'im agin fer a month, an' then I called 'im out of a crowd o' fellers at the court-house an' axed 'im what he'd done. He looked bothered a little, but he gave me a straight look like he wasn't ready to sneak out o' anything.

" 'I thought it over,' said he, 'but I railly don't see no reason why I ort to help Jimmy's child anymore'n a whole passle o' others that have as much claim on me by blood; but somehow I do feel like goin' cahoot with you in what's already been done, an' I'm still ready to jine you, ef you are willin'.'

"I didn't take his money, but it set me to thinking. When old Tommy died ten years after that, they found he had six wool socks filled with gold an' silver coin under his house an' nobody ever heerd o' his doin' any charity work. I wish now that I'd 'a' lifted that cash an' 'a' put it whar it would do good. If I had he'd 'a' had a taste o' some'n that never glorified his pallet."

When Abner concluded, Mrs. Bishop went to the fire and pushed the chunks together into a heap in the fireplace. Bishop moved in his chair, but he said nothing.

"I remember heerin' about that, brother Ab," Mrs. Bishop said, a reminiscent intonation in her voice. "Some folks wondered powerful over it. I don't believe money does a body much good jest to hold an' keep. As the Lord is my judge, I jest wanted that bank deposit fer Alan and Adele. I wanted it, an' I wanted it bad, but I cayn't believe it was a sin."

Something like a groan escaped Bishop's lips as he lowered the front posts of his chair to the floor.

"What's the use o' talkin' about it?" he said impatiently. "What's the use o' anything?"

He rose and moved towards the door leading to his room.

"Alfred," Mrs. Bishop called to him, "are you goin' to bed without holdin' prayer?"

"I'm goin' to omit it to-night," he said. "I don't feel well, one bit. Besides, I reckon each pusson kin pray in private according to the way they feel."

Abner stood up, and removing the lamp-chimney he lighted a candle by the flame.

"I tried to put a moral lesson in what I said just now," he smiled mechanically, "but I missed fire. Alf's sufferin' is jest unselfishness puore an' undefiled; he wants to set his children up in the world. This green globe is a sight better'n some folks think it is. You kin find a little speck o' goody in mighty nigh ever' chestnut."

"That's so, brother Ab," said his sister; "but we are ruined now—ruined, ruined!"

"Ef you will look at it in that way," admitted Abner, reaching for his candle; "but thar's a place ahead whar thar never was a bank, or a dollar, or a railroad, an' it ain't fur ahead, nuther. Some folks say it begins heer in this life."

THE SALE OF THE MAMMOTH WESTERN

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As George Mandel entered the store, and made his way between the long counters to the sitting-room in the rear where the storekeeper and his wife and pretty daughter sat before the wood fire in the wide chimney, the storekeeper stared over his shoulder at him, and then, with an angry exclamation, rose and left the room. He was an enormously fat man, and the planks of the flooring creaked and groaned under his sturdy tread as he strode past dusty barrels and boxes to the front. For a moment he allowed his massive form to fill the doorway as he glared back at the group at the fire, and then, with another snort of fury, he stepped down on the sidewalk and walked on to the village post-office.

"George," was the older woman's greeting to the newcomer, "what have you done to Mr. Sedgewith? Anybody can see he's mad at you."

The young man flushed under the combined upward stare of mother and daughter, and twisted his hands awkwardly one in the other as he leaned over the back of the chair the storekeeper had just vacated.

"I'm afraid I got the old gentleman good and mad at me up at the Court-House Square a while ago," he made slow answer. "That's what I came in to see him about. I thought I'd make some sort of an effort to show him I meant no harm."

"Why, George, what did you do?" Helen Sedgewith asked, as she leaned forward anxiously, and studied his face with her deep, brown eyes.

"It was just this way," Mandel went on to them both. "You remember the little one-horse circus which got in debt and was forced to disband here a month ago. Well, the sheriff had a debt against the concern for license and one thing and another, and he levied on it, bag and baggage, and the whole thing is to be sold at public outcry this afternoon. The different items are on exhibition at the square. There are six horses, as poor as Job's turkey; three big wagons; the pony and cart the clown rode in; the lion's den (the lion had died

before they reached here); the big tent; and a pile of planks which were used for seats. It seemed like the entire town was looking on, and, as Mr. Sedgewith was examining everything carefully, and has the reputation of buying all sorts of odds and ends that no one else would have, the crowd began to poke fun at him. I'm going to make a clean breast of it, Mrs. Sedgewith. I was standing talking to Thad Pelham, and Thad asked me if I really thought the old gentleman would be big enough fool to invest any money in that rubbish; and I had just told him that if anybody bid on the stuff, it would be Mr. Sedgewith, for he was known to be the biggest crank in that way that the town afforded. Well, Mr. Sedgewith simply heard it. He was right at my elbow at the time."

"Good gracious!" Helen cried. "That was awful. What on earth did he say?"

"Say?"—the young man made a grimace and shrugged his broad shoulders—"If you' been in my shoes, you wouldn't ask that. He stood facing me as red as a beet in the face for a minute. 'Crank, am I?' he snorted. 'Well, let me tell you there is worse than that wearing trousers in this town. Some idiot has started the report that my daughter is going to marry, and, crank or not, I intend to make it my business to correct the impression.' "

Helen Sedgewith covered her pretty face with her firm, white hands.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "he'll never forgive that—never in the world!"

"Well, he might get over it in time, and he might not," said Mrs. Sedgewith, plaintively, "but angry as he is over being criticized, it would be just like him to bid in that whole show. There is nothing in the world he is as proud of as his ability to buy and sell to advantage." She waved her thin hand at rows of shelving in the store. "Just go in there and look around. The old second-hand stuff has almost taken the place of the new goods; and yet, to do him full justice, he is always turning them over at a profit. Helen and I scolded him awfully last week when he brought in a cash-register that he had bought at the bankrupt sale of Johnson's store. We told him he'd never get his money out of it; but two days hadn't passed before he went around town and got

up a raffle among the business men, and twenty of them paid two dollars apiece and gathered in here one night and threw dice for it. Mr. Sedgewith had already doubled his money; but had reserved two chances for himself, and came within an inch of winning the thing back."

George Mandel laughed impulsively as he looked down into Helen's eyes. "Well, I'm going to attend that sale," he said, "and if the old gentleman buys the show, we can help him run it. You'd make a good Queen of Beauty, Helen, and I could soon get on to bareback-riding."

That afternoon about five o'clock, George came to the store panting and flushed from rapid walking. "I hurried on ahead of him," he said grimly. "It's all up."

"What do you mean?" Helen and her mother asked in the same breath.

Why, Mr. Sedgewith has bought The Mammoth Western, lock, stock and barrel; he owns every hair, thread, and splinter of it. Hardly anybody else bid. The whole town was making big sport of it, and guying Mr. Sedgewith for all he was worth; but he didn't care. His blood was up, and he stood there with pencil and paper in hand, his face set, and his eyes gleaming. They teased me, too, while it was going on."

"You? About what?" Helen asked.

"Why, they had all heard about his calling me down this morning, and that was enough to set them going. When the first old bony horse was knocked down to Mr. Sedgewith for fifteen dollars, Ike Rembert yelled out, 'That will make a good present for a hard-working bridegroom to start life on,' and the crowd laughed. Mr. Sedgewith got red in the face, and he glared at me, but he only told the sheriff to go on with the sale. Then one by one the old codger bid in the other horses for little enough. Then came the wagons. They interested some of the farmers, but the wagons were rather too heavy for their use, and they let all three of them go to Mr. Sedgewith at a very low figure. I heard a blacksmith say the iron in them alone was worth what was paid for them."

"What did they sell next?" asked Mrs. Sedgewith, with a sigh.

"The next item was the lion's cage," said Mandel, "and that produced such a roar of laughter that I thought surely

Mr. Sedgewith would let it pass; but it had a good strong wagon under it, and Mr. Sedgewith got it for about fifteen dollars. The top part of it has a door, and is as big as a house. Ike Rembert said he reckoned Mr. Sedgewith intended to turn gypsy and move his family over the country, swapping horses."

"*Then* what did he buy?" Helen asked gravely.

"Why, he raked in the clown's pony and little cart for ten dollars even money. The crowd cheered, and Ike Rembert called out that if Mr. Sedgewith would get in the cart and drive around the square, he'd take up a collection. But Mr. Sedgewith wasn't listening. He had his eyes on the big tent, which was stretched out in the sun, with all its ropes and poles and a pile of planks that had been used as seats to be sold in a lump. I was watching the old gentleman, and I could see that he was really excited, as if he was afraid some one would outbid him. There was a photographer there from Springtown, and I heard him say he might be able to use the tent for his business during the warm weather, and he started it at ten dollars. Mr. Sedgewith got down and examined the canvas, and sniffed and said something about it being rotten. He stuck his hands in his pockets, and gave an order to a negro to take the horses out to his farm; but his eyes were still gleaming, and he went the photographer one dollar better. Then the two began to fight for it a dollar at a time till it finally fell to Mr. Sedgewith at sixteen dollars."

"Sixteen dollars!" Mrs. Sedgewith cried. "And for an old rotten tent!"

"It didn't look to me like it was rotten," said George. "It seemed to me to be as solid as leather; besides, the sale included a whopping big pile of planks that were as good as new—never had had a nail driven in them. As I came away, Mr. Sedgewith was having a couple of negroes stack them up evenly, and was measuring them with his walking-stick. There he comes now. I'd better lie low. You wouldn't think from his looks that he was proprietor, bill-poster, and ring-master of The Mammoth Western Circus and Hippodrome; but he is, and looks satisfied plumb down to the ground."

"Poor papa!" Helen sighed. "I wish he'd be like other folks. We'll never hear the end of this."

"Well, I don't intend to say a word," said Mrs. Sedgewith, in an undertone, as her husband came in at the door. "I intend to remember that cash-register from now on. He may not be as big a fool as he looks."

"Well, I don't like it one bit," Helen said hotly, and as her father was now in the room, she asked, "Are you going to keep your show in winter quarters, father?"

"Winter quarters?" he said indifferently. "Oh, yes; I 've sent the horses to the farm to have meat put on them."

"A circus!" Mrs. Sedgewith found herself obliged to put in—"a *circus,* and me a Baptist preacher's daughter! Did you know the whole town is laughing at you, Hiram?"

"Huh! maybe they 'll laugh on the other side of their jaws later," the fat man said, refusing to look in the direction of his would-be son-in-law. "They were the fools, not me—standing there with their eyes open, letting goods like them slide for a mere song. You folks keep quiet and let me handle this deal. There comes a chap right now that is itching for part of it."

A man entered the door and strolled carelessly back to the group. "I was up at the sale just now," he said. "I did have an idea of bidding on that pile of planks till I found they were included under one head with that tent, and so I was out of it."

"Yes, I had my eyes on the planks *chiefly,*" Sedgewith said, as he filled his pipe from a bowl on the mantelpiece. "They are good, smooth, heart pine boards, an inch and a quarter thick, twelve wide, and fourteen feet long They had to have the best that was going for folks to set on. I don't know when I've seen such solid timber. Looks to me like a long-leaf pine, cut right from the middle of the tree."

"Well, I only wanted to build me a cow-house," said the man, "and I think there's just about enough for roof and all. What are you holding the pile at, just as it stands?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," answered the storekeeper. "I never was much of a hand to jump at a trade. It really does my eyes good to look at timber as good as that is; but if you are in a hurry, how will eighteen dollars strike you?"

"Eighteen? Why, you only paid sixteen for it and the tent all together."

"I know," Sedgewith puffed at his pipe; "but I was only taking the tent in order to secure the boards."

"Oh, I see," emerged from the credulity of the customer. "Well, I guess I'd have to pay more than that at the mill."

"And get timber that wasn't half as sound," said Sedgewith, indifferently; "and this is already seasoned, and won't warp or shrink."

"Well, I'll take it," said the man, and he put his hand into his pocket. Sedgewith accompanied him to his cash-drawer near the front door.

"Do you think I'd better stay and apologize now?" Mandel asked anxiously.

"No," Helen replied wisely. "You'd better get out at the back door and let him alone now. If you brought it up, he'd make some angry reply. Let him alone for a while. He certainly is very mad at you."

When Mandel had gone, Sedgewith thumped firmly back to the fire, his fat hands in his capacious pockets, his round face aglow.

"Not such a very bad beginning," he grunted. He paused and looked toward the door, attracted by the sound of somebody entering. "It's that blamed photographer," he said to his wife and daughter. "He wants to banter me for a trade. I'm already two dollars to the good on that item, but he'll have to pay for my tent if he gets it."

"You'd better not miss a trade," his timorous wife put in cautiously; but her husband had eyes only for the approaching man.

"I was up at the sale just now," the photographer began, "and I noticed that you'd bid that old tent in. I reckon you won't be able to do anything with it. I don't want it all, but I thought you might let me have about half of it for a little something, being as the lumber included with it was the best part of the item."

"Lumber nothing!" Hiram Sedgewith grunted. "Why, man, I didn't want them old planks. It was that big canvas tent I was after. I wouldn't cut it for you nor nobody else."

"You say you wouldn't. Well, how would, say, fifteen dollars strike you for the tent, poles and ropes?"

"If it struck me at all, it would hit my funny-bone," said

Hiram, dryly. "It 'u'd make me laugh—fifteen dollars for a bale of cotton turned into the thickest canvas this town ever saw—stuff as thick, by hunky! as the sail-cloth used on the big ocean ships, the seams double handstitched over quarter-inch, hard-twisted rope."

"Well, how about twenty?"

"This ain't no auction," said Sedgewith. "I reckon you could go on climbing up till bed-time, dollar by dollar, and we'd never trade. The truth is, you never would pay what the tent is worth, and there is no use talking about it.

"Well, if you want more than twenty dollars, we couldn't deal," said the man, and he left the store.

When the photographer had gone, Mrs. Sedgewith leaned forward, her eyes large with excitement and reproof. "Good gracious!" she said. "If you had taken his offer, you'd have made a splendid profit, and be rid of that much of it, anyway."

"Huh! that 's always the way with folks that don't know how to trade," Hiram said proudly. "They never buy a thing without jumping clean out of their skin to sell at the first chance. Huh! I'd make you and Helen rip it up and sell it by the yard before I'd let it go for less than the bare cost to make it."

The purchase of The Mammoth Western was the joke of the village for many a day afterward. Hardly a man passed Sedgewith's store during the next month without looking in and making some jovial remark about the deal. Ike Rembert, the local wag, had a fresh thrust for every day. He was always inquiring when the old man intended to "take the road," and offering this and that suggestion about taking along this or that village "freak," to say nothing of making a side-show of Sedgewith himself, as the fattest man in the profession.

With George Mandel the matter had become very serious. Helen, whom he managed to see now and then, gloomily reported that her parent was more angry than ever, and had, indeed, expressed himself as being opposed to her associating with a young man who could be so disrespectful toward his elders. "There is really only one thing in the world that will ever soften him," Helen declared one evening, as Mandel was

taking her home from prayer meeting, "and that is his selling the whole circus at a handsome profit."

"Well, we'll hope for that," George answered. "In fact, we might help bring it about if we saw a chance."

But the storekeeper was wisely keeping his own counsel, although the broadest of all targets for every arrow of fun that the village hurled. His underlying wisdom began to show itself one day when there was a sale of horses in the village. It had been widely advertised, and farmers came for miles around to buy horses for use in the spring crop-making. The would-be purchasers saw nothing remarkable in the fact, but the villagers stood open-mouthed when Sedgewith's negro farm hands led six sleek, well-groomed horses into the square. The village brass band was out that day, and to the music Sedgewith's horses kept gay and sprightly step, as if glad to be once more in their accustomed element. The prices the fat man had put on them were by no means low, and yet, at the end of the day, the proprietor of The Mammoth Western waddled contentedly back to his store without a horse to his name and a prodigious roll of bank bills in his fat hands.

The tide of village opinion had turned. From open ridicule, it had swept to eager-eyed expectancy, touched with pride in Hiram as a native product. From that day on, the fat man seldom made a sale that was not closely scrutinized. There was much general discussion as to what was really the "hardest stock" in the circus outfit, and the consensus of opinion had decided that it was perhaps the three wagons, as they were too heavy and cumbersome for any ordinary use; but one day a man who was opening a new saw-mill dropped into Sedgewith's and made him an outright offer. They were almost too heavy, the man said diplomatically, but he might be able to make them answer his purpose. He had offered twice as much as they had cost Hiram but the fat man's laugh of open derision could have been heard across the street to the bank on the corner.

"I see you don't want my wagons," he laughed, as he patted the man on the shoulder. "I'll wait till they get to work on this end of the new railroad. They will have to have them."

The customer was under Hiram's spell, though he was not aware of it. "How much do you hold them at?" he asked.

Hiram named a price that was fully three times what they had brought by auction, and he did it in a tone of supreme contempt for the smallness of the figures. He added that he would not let them go, but he had no place to keep them.

"Well, I'll take them," said the saw-mill man. "I reckon neither of us will lose by it."

"Oh, I guess not," Hiram said. "I buy a heap of things that I don't make on; I'm a great hand to keep money turning. Quick sales and small profits has always been my motto."

As the man was leaving, he said: "I really needed another wagon. I guess I'll have to order it from market."

"Hold on; let me study a minute," said Hiram. "You see that lion's cage standing on Jim Carden's vacant lot across the street? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. The wagon the cage is on is exactly the same as them you've bought. I can't leave the store now, but if you'll step in Jim's shoe-shop around the corner, and if he will consent to let the cage rest on his land for a while, I'll have a carpenter take the cage off and let you have the wagon part at the same price as the others."

The man's eyes twinkled as he consented. He returned afterward with the report that the shoemaker was perfectly willing for Hiram to use the lot in any way he liked, as he never expected to be able to build on it.

All right, then, the wagon part is yours," said Sedgewith in the same uneventful tone that always preceded the reception of money on his part. "I'll let the cage set there on the edge of the sidewalk. Maybe I can get the town council to use it as a calaboose. It's better than the one they got."

The report of this four-wheeled transfer went over the village before nightfall, and the next morning for the first time Ike Rembert looked in on Sedgewith without a smile or a joke. He eyed the storekeeper behind the showcase, in all his magnificent proportions, with a new and wondering respect. Ike was beginning to see largely manifested in the big man the very qualities which were woefully missing from his own shiftless make-up. He counted on his mental fingers the remaining items of The Mammoth Western—the tent, the pony and cart, and the lion's den standing open-doored across the street. And while Rembert stood there, telepathically apologetic for his past bantering, little Sammy Malthorn, the

twelve-year-old son of the village banker came in, as he had been doing every day for a week past, and looked eagerly across the showcase at the storekeeper.

"Well," he said, "papa says I can have them. He'll pay you the first time you stop in the bank. It was twenty dollars, you said."

"Yes, twenty to you, Sammy boy," Hiram answered. "You go to the stable and hitch him up. You'd better let me sell you a ten-cent box of axle-grease for them wheels. If you haven't got the dime, I can add it on to the main bill."

"All right," said the proud owner of the pony and cart; "I'll take it."

"Good Lord!" Ike Rembert said in his throat, and he went at once to Jim Carden's shoe-shop, where there was always a group of loafers, eager to tell the news. I begin to think," he mused, "that Sedgewith is going to make the only money The Mammoth Western ever made. Think of that—think of a big circus and hippodrome touring the whole United States without a cent of profit, and a fat duck behind a counter in this measly town reaping all the profits without turning his hand over! Now, what will he do with the tent and lion's cage? I'll bet he's got something in view."

And that very evening Hiram demonstrated the truth of this assertion, for about eight o'clock he put on his long broadcloth coat and fuzzy silk hat, and left the store. Trudging up the street, he came to the dark stairway of a little public hall over a feed store. He laboriously ascended the steps, and entered the hall. It was furnished with crude, unpainted benches, and lighted with tallow dips and kerosene lamps. At one end stood a table holding a pitcher of water, a goblet, and a Bible, and behind sat an earnest-eyed, middle-aged evangelistic preacher, who bowed and smiled in agreeable surprise to the newcomer. The room held fifty or sixty men and women, all silently awaiting the beginning of the services. Hiram seated himself on the front bench nearest the preacher, and put his hat on the floor, dropping his red handkerchief into it.

The meeting was opened with the singing by the congregation of familiar hymns, in which Hiram joined harmoniously with a fair bass. It was known of him that he never declined an invitation to lead in prayer, and, on being asked this even-

ing, he readily complied. His voice was deep and round and mellow, and the burden of his utterances was suitable to the occasion, being a sort of sing-song tribute to the glory of humility and submission to the divine will. This prayer was followed by a rousing sermon from the preacher, and in closing he called attention, as Hiram evidently had gathered from some source that he would do, to the future plans of the organization. The spring and summer were coming on, and the preacher was to "take the road" with one or two good singers and a cornet-player, and give people in isolated mountain places a chance to attend service.

He had just seated himself when Hiram rose, hemming and hawing, and clearing his throat. "I want to say," he began, "that I thoroughly approve of this new idea of taking the great and living Truth out into the highways and byways. In fact, I heard that you had already written to a tent factory in Atlanta to get the price of a tabernacle tent, and I must say that it's not a bad notion, because many a good open-air meeting has been broken up by bad weather and a lack of a suitable place to hold service. I want to contribute five dollars toward the fund myself; but I'm here to confess to you frankly that I wouldn't like to see the money thrown away. A great part of those meeting tents on the market are simply made to sell, and not for use. They look all right in the shop, but they are full of starch and glue and what not, and give way at the first shower or high wind."

"That's a fact, brother Sedgewith," said the preacher. "We've been looking around, and have found it pretty hard to run across a really durable article at a price which we could afford; but there was a drummer here from Nashville the other day, and he—"

"I'd advise you to let drummers alone," said Hiram. "They are the most ungodly class of men alive. Most of 'em play cards and drink, and never observe the Sabbath. The fact is, that I happened myself to buy a tent from a stranded show here awhile back. I didn't know but what it would come handy in some such way as this, so I bid it in. I had to pay for a lot of old planks, and one thing or other, to get the real bargain; but I could let a good, earnest organization like this have it for a sight less than a new tent would cost, and, more-

over, it would last a lifetime. It's big enough to hold a multitude. It was made for rough wear, and must have cost a pile of money. I don't know but what we might trade—that is, if I had any idea how much you all feel disposed to—to invest in a tent."

"We have fifty dollars in the treasury," spoke up the preacher, eagerly. "Of course, it may not be enough to—"

He paused, and Hiram stroked his face thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, "as I remarked just now, I had intended to contribute to the fund from my own pocket, and seeing that the tent is exactly what you need, why, I'll take the fifty and call it square."

There was a murmur and shuffle of enthusiastic and grateful approval over the room. The preacher leaned forward and shook Hiram warmly by the hand. "There is no use putting it to a vote," he said. "I'll take the responsibility, and accept your magnificent offer right now. Brothers and sisters, we are simply in luck. Some special Providence must have been at work through this whole thing. We have turned over the tables of the money-changers in putting this tent, which was once used for such a vile purpose, to work for our great cause."

As Sedgewith waddled homeward along the dark street, he said to himself: "I could have made that sixty just as well. They would have raked up the difference."

The next day Helen met her lover near the post-office, and they took a short walk together. "He's simply in a splendid humor," she said. "He's constantly laughing at the whole town. Mother caught him in a good mood this morning, and told him she thought he was too severe on you. He didn't snap her up as I expected. He only said: 'According to him I'm the biggest crank in the county; I reckon he sees it pays to be a crank now and then. The whole town said I'd bankrupt myself with that show, and I've put a big pile of bills to my credit in the bank, and haven't got a thing left of the lot except the lion's den, and you watch; some fool will come along and offer me something for it.'"

"They may," George replied reflectively. "Who knows? I myself had an idea, as I passed it this morning—"

"So have I," Helen laughed. "Oh, George, if you had

the money to spare, I really wish you'd buy it from him. It would do more to bring him around than anything."

Mandel reflected a moment, and then, with his fine face beaming, he said: "Wouldn't it be splendid if I could not only buy it, but actually dispose of it at a profit?"

"If it were only possible," Helen said, with a laugh.

"Well, you wait and watch me," George said mysteriously.

An hour later George Mandel entered the store and approached Sedgewith as he sat at his little desk, writing. "I think I can find a use for that lion's cage, Mr. Sedgewith. How much do you want for it?" he asked.

The old man flushed all over his big, fat face. "What's this now?" he asked. "You can't catch me napping, young man."

"Well, you've got a sale sign on it, and I'm only asking you a fair question, Mr. Sedgewith."

"So you want to know what I'll take for it?" the old man grunted suspiciously.

"That's what I came in to ask," George replied, in a tone of business. "How much do you want for it?"

"What do you intend to do with it?" Sedgewith asked.

"I can't say till I know whether I can meet your price or not," Mandel returned, and Hiram smiled impulsively.

"Oh, that's it! Well, if you get it from me, you'll plank up twenty hard dollars. It's got a lot of good wrought iron in it, and a door that shuts as tight as a cork in a bottle. It's a bargain at twenty."

"I call that pretty steep, Mr. Sedgewith," said Mandel; "but I'll take it off your hands. Here's your money."

The storekeeper let the bills lie untouched on his desk for a moment as he stared in surprise, his brow furrowed. Then he asked: "Look here, George, what do you intend to do with that old box?"

To his further astonishment, if not open admiration, Mandel avoided his eyes, glancing through the doorway into the street.

"Do you think that's quite a fair question between business men, Mr. Sedgewith? When you bought it, you were not asked what disposal you intended to make of it."

"That's so," the storekeeper admitted, suddenly dropping

his eyes. "I only asked because I—you see, I'm a sorter ex pert hand at such things, and I'd about made up my mind to chop it up into stove-wood. The truth is, I don't exactly want this money."

"Oh, you'll have to take the money, Mr. Sedgewith," Mandel said rather anxiously. "You see, I want full right and title to the cage."

That afternoon as Hiram stood in his front doorway smoking his pipe and looking at the lion's cage across the street, he saw a negro take Jim Carden's things over and put them into the cage. Then, to his further astonishment, the shoemaker himself crossed over with his arms full of boots and shoes and lasts, and put them on the floor of the cage. Hiram pondered a few minutes, and went across the street just as Carden and the negro were arriving with another load.

"Why, what's this?" he questioned, glancing in at the door.

Jim looked up from his bench, on which he had already seated himself, a cheerful smile breaking through the grime on his face.

"Why, the truth is, Mr. Sedgewith, that I'm my own boss now. I've been paying Trotter forty dollars a year rent for that little hole in the wall, away back from the main street, because I couldn't find another place for my shop. About an hour ago George Mandel came in and told me he'd bought this cage from you, and asked me if I had any objections to letting it set here on my lot awhile. As I always liked the boy, I told him it might set here till it rotted for all I cared, as I'd about give' up the idea of ever gitting enough money ahead to build a shop of my own. Well, sir, that's the way it started; for George all at once looked around my hole in the wall and wanted to know how much rent I paid for it. I told him forty a year, and he set down on a box and whistled keen-like. I asked him what he meant by that, and he whistled that way again. 'Forty dollars!' he said. 'Great goodness! and you've got a vacant lot of your own right in the center of trade.' I explained to him that I wasn't able to build, and did n't know when I 'd ever get enough ahead; and then what you reckon, he said, Mr. Sedge-

with? Why, George said, said he: 'Jim, do you know that lion's cage, just as it stands, the door facing the street, would make the dandiest shoe-shop in seven states? You'd get twice as much custom there as here, and they couldn't make you pay taxes like they would on a house.' Well, sir, Mr. Sedgewith, he hadn't no more 'n got the words out of his mouth than I saw he was right; but of course I didn't let on. For a new hand at trading, he takes the rag off the bush. He went on to say that in the summer time I could prop up both of the wooden shutters of the cage, making an awning on each side of the shop, or take them off, and let the wind blow clean through. He laughed, and said it would be putting me behind bars a little sooner than the law might, but the very novelty of the thing would attract trade. He said if I didn't like the iron bars running up and down before my eyes, I could take them out and sell them to somebody to make a fence around a grave. I stopped him. If I hadn't, he'd have run the value of the thing up to a thousand dollars. I asked him, as indifferent as I could, what he'd take for it, and he studied awhile. 'Well,' said he, 'I don't want to be hard on you, Jim, and as you say you pay forty a year rent, why, if you'll give me that amount in cash, I'll call it even. You see, Jim,' said he, 'you'd just be paying rent to yourself the first year, and then the shop would be yours.' I thought it was steep, Mr. Sedgewith, but George begun to talk about a man that wanted to open a barber shop, and another that was thinking about setting up a nigger restaurant, and I bought. I planked down the boodle, and I don't regret it. It 's exactly what I was looking for."

Sedgewith said nothing. His massive brows were drawn together as he turned and trudged back to his store. "Now, why didn't *I* think of that?" he thought. "I must be getting in my dotage. It 's the first time I've been beat in a trade since I can remember, but—well, it was done by the fellow that's going to marry my daughter. I reckon he 'll make his way in the world. He certainly has made a fair start."

GEORGE WASHINGTON HARRIS

[1814—1869]

J. THOMPSON BROWN, JR.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HARRIS was born on March 20, 1814, in a little town of Pennsylvania, now grown to be Allegheny City. When a child of four he removed with his parents to Knoxville, Tennessee, and became from that time thoroughly identified with his adopted State, though later he spent a portion of his life at Trenton, Georgia, and at Decatur, Alabama. He died at Knoxville, December 11, 1869.

In his boyhood the first river steamers were launched on the Tennessee River. He immediately became interested in the study of boats, and constructed a very complete model. At that time a large pond covered the space now occupied by the Southern Passenger Depot at Knoxville, and on this small body of water Harris would launch his little craft. Steamers were then new to the townspeople, so large crowds would assemble to see the little toy make its way from shore to shore. The report of these experiments gave no little fame to the young inventor, and won him the consideration of Messrs. Luttrell and Company, the leading jewelers in the city. They offered the boy a position, and he learned with them the silversmith's trade.

For some time he followed this profession, but later a capitalist named Swain set afloat a river steamer and engaged Harris as captain of the boat. This employment was more to his taste, and the reputation he has left for the efficient discharge of his dtuies proves that he was a man of considerable ability; for the successful solution of the problem of navigation in the small and sometimes shallow waterway of the Tennessee often demanded nerve and ready invention.

Colonel John B. Brownlow of Knoxville relates an amusing story of Harris's adventure with General Winfield Scott. In 1836 General Scott came as the representative of the United States to treat with John Ross, the chief of the Cherokee Nation. On the trip they took Captain Harris's boat—literally took it, for Scott countermanded some of the Captain's orders. General Scott was six feet four, martial and stern; Harris was five feet six, firmly set and determined. Without a word he sought Scott and quietly asked, "Did you counter-

mand my orders, sir?" "Yes," replied Scott. "General," said Harris, squaring himself and throwing back his head to look Scott fairly in the eye, "I am the captain of this boat, my orders are going to be obeyed, and if you in any way attempt to interfere, my next order will be to put you ashore." It is not recorded how the general received this rebuff, but there were no further orders countermanded on the trip.

A few years before the Civil War Harris was appointed, under a Democratic administration, postmaster of Knoxville. He gave the duties of the position his close attention, and as long as he held the office was a most efficient servant of the people. Other interests which demanded his talents while a resident of Knoxville, were a glass factory and a foundry. He was, in short, an active, popular, and public-spirited citizen. Ever ready to defend his cause, he had, however, a smile and a joke always at hand; so he kept alike the respect and affection of those who knew him, and numbered a host of friends among all classes of the town.

His writings fall into two main divisions—political articles and "Sut Lovingood's Yarns." During the Harrison campaign he contributed able political sketches to the journals of the South. In 1843 he began a series of humorous stories in the New York *Spirit of the Times* under the name of "S—l." In 1858-61 he wrote "Sut Lovingood's Yarns" for the Nashville journals, which were collected and published in 1867 in book form. These stories at the time had a large clientage of appreciative readers, but now, even to our none too fastidious critics, they seem a bit unsavory.

Humor takes its source in the ludicrous or the absurdly incongruous, and grows both from the subject-matter and from the method of handling. It must be guilt-free of sting, it must laugh *with* and not *at;* past bounds of friendly give-and-take it breaks into horse-play or takes on the acerbity of wit. True humor must bear the stamp of humanity; the flash of wit strikes quick and scorching; the genial glow of humor warms from the heart out. But who shall judge as to what composes the ludicrous? That, perhaps, shall have to remain unanswered. Each nation has its own school, each class its own tenets, each man his own sense, and each mood its own demands.

In estimating the value of Sut Lovingood's humor, we must employ American standards, and bear in mind that our American school has alike the virtues and the sins of unchastised youth. It is bubbling and irrepressible, and not infrequently lacking in dignity. Worse, perhaps, than aught else, three hundred years has not been a sufficient revolutionary cycle to induce an American to place courteous sympathy before his fun. In brief, American humor is

boyish, crude, and boisterous, striking heedlessly, regardless of feelings, propriety, and often even of decency. Our country is large and free, our humor broad and unrestrained; there are none so high as to be immune from its slings. Within bounds these characteristics might be tolerated, but how easy it is for the truant school-boy to transgress the limits of noisy though innocent fun-making and become an untiring nuisance.

Not a few of our authors have invoked dialect, perverted spelling, and *patois;* but if they have succeeded, often it has been the triumph of art over artifice. Sut Lovingood has his own dialect, and along with it his homespun attire and unquenchable thirst for "moonshine," likewise his pride in uncivility. Good John Knox two hundred years ago invented the term, "a sinful carcuse." Sut would have thanked him for that word and laid it by for himself had be once got it. And still Sut is not without glory, nor has his day yet fully gone. The original was Harris's assistant, a long, lank, drawling East Tennessee mountaineer, a type worthy of preservation. His picture, though distorted and exaggerated, is none the less the record of a class, so he holds his place in the make-up of our composite nationality. Miss Murfree is far and away the better artist among these folk, but Sut has touches that in realism exceed the ordinary, so let him stand; but pity it is he is not fraught with a single virtue. Miss Murfree has clothed her characters in something of the nobility inherent in a race close to the rock-ribbed mountains, but Sut is *unclothed,* in perfect *unloveliness.* Unique, unrivaled, without a peer he stands alone, though unabashed, in the field of letters.

No recipe for American humor can omit the ingredient of exaggeration, but Sut too often makes exaggeration the lump, leaven, and all. The dough rises, and rightly it should, but it over-pushes all bounds and becomes unfit for either humorous or intellectual diet. Sicily Burns gives him two love powders dissolved in separate glasses of water. That the love prescription was made up of the white and the blue of a seidlitz powder would have been delightful and even refined humor had Sut and the swallowed potions been left to the suggestion of the reader. In truth Sut's silence here would have placed him among the immortals. The details following the internal explosion are, however, over-much in the telling, and our hero loses the wreath within his easy grasp. But after all he may not have wanted it.

Again, to show where he just missed success. He "an' a few uther durn'd fools" were one day lounging around "ole man Rogers's" spring. Hen Bailey rushes madly on the scene. In haste to get a good stolen pull at the ever-abundant, free-flowing corn-whiskey he had snatched up the turpentine bottle and gulped down a large

dose. Though horrible agony should the next minute take off the victim, what American is there with sympathies so over civilized as not to appreciate the delicate and delightful fitness of things and record in rib-bursting hilarity the writhings of his exquisitely tickled senses? The long-handled gourd, the frantic dip into the spring, the feverish haste with which Hen throws back his head and opens wide his mouth, the awakening of the lizard who was resting in the handle, the scurry for safety to the nearest haven of retreat, and that retreat Hen Bailey's throat—these are details no true artist could possibly have survived and recorded; but Sut—yes, he lived to spoil the story with the most minute and disgusting details of the recovery of his friend and of the *lizard.*

But sometimes the author forgets himself and gives a really good bit of description. This same Sicily Burns who played Sut such a sorry trick is painted with vigorous and artistic touches, though with probably too much realism. Sut thus defines her impression upon him: "I'se hearn in the mountains a fust rate fourth proof smash ov thunder cum onexpected, an' shake the yeath, bringin' along a string of litenin es long es a quarter track, an' es bright es a weldin' heat, a-racin' down a big pine tree, taring hit intu broom splits, an' toof pickers, an' raisin' a cloud ov dus', an' brak, an' a army ov lim's wif a smell sorter like the devil wer about, an' the long darnin' needil leaves fallin' roun' wif a tiftif-quiet sorter soun', an' then a-quiverin' on the yeath es littil snakes die; an' I felt quar in my in'ards, sorter ha'f cumfurt, wif a littil glad an' rite smart ov sorry mix'd wif hit.

"I'se seed the rattil-snake squar hissef tu cum at me, a-saying z-e-e-e- wif that hisey tail of his'n, an' I felt quar agin—mons'rous quar. I've seed the Oconee River jumpin' mad frum rock to rock wif hit's clear, cool warter, white foam, an' music—the rushin' warter dus make music; so dus the wind, an' the fire in the mountin, an' hit gin me an oneasy queerness agin; but every time I looked at that gal, Sicily Burns, I hed all the feelin's mixed up, ov the litenin, the river, an' the snake, wif a totch ov the quicksilver sensashun a-huntin' thru all my veins."

The book now has little circulation. Three of its readers have expressed to me their opinion, and in justice to Sut the preponderating testimony must be given. From a master mechanic in Knoxville, and from a professor in the University of Chicago come, "It is the best thing ever done in American humor," and "Next to the Bible it's the best book ever written."

J. Thompson Brown, Jr.

BART DAVIS'S DANCE

"Du yu know that bow-laiged boy on the fence thar?" said Sut.

"No; who is he?"

"That's Bart Davis's yungest son, name Obed. Jis' obsarve how his snout's skin'd an' his year slit an' so forth."

"Yes, I see; how did it happen?"

"Happen? hit didn't happen et all, hit wer dun a-pupos, premeditated a-pupos. Ther wer a dance et his dad's, las Sat'day nite wer two weeks ago, what hed like tu bred a berryin ur two; the corpses wer mos' redy, an' nuffin but acksidint kep em frum bein finished. I wer thar mysef, an' kin say an' swar that the chances run mity even, a-tween mirth an' mournin. Fur a spell hit wer the exhitenest time I ever seed on sich a ocashun, not tu hev no more whisky nur we hed. Thar warn't but 'bout half a barril when we begun, an' when we quit, we burnt the hoops an' staves tu dance the las' reel by.

"Everybody knows Bart is a durn'd no-count, jug-kerryin, slow-thinkin, flea-hurtin, herrin-eatin, Noth Calinian, plays a three-string fiddil wif a grasshopper jirk, while his wife totes the wood. He hes but two gifs wuf a durn: wun is, he'll vide his whisky wif yu down tu the las' half pint; thar he stops, fur that's jis' a horn yu know; an' tuther is, he ain't feard ove anything a-livin, sept ole Peg. I don't wunder et that, fur hit mus' take a man wif a onnatrally big melt, not tu be fear'd ove his wife, onless she's blind ur hes a sweetheart. Peg (she's his ole quilt, yu know), is a regular steel-trap ove an' oman; she goes wif wun side ove her frock tucked up at the hips, her har down her back, an' a roasted hickory onder her arm tu scold the brats wif, an' tu skeer Bart. They's bof great on dancin ove Sat'day nites et home, an' sumwhar else on tuther nites. Ef thar's a frolic enywhar in five mile, Bart is sure to be thar, an' Peg too, ef she's in travilin fix, which ain't more nur five months in the year. She goes fur two reasons: wun is, tu eat an' dance, an' tuther tu watch Bart. He has two reasons also: wun is tu suck in all the whisky floatin roun' an' tu du a heap ove things what needs watchin. They giner'llv hes a

dermestic discussun arter they gets home, in which teeth, claws, an' beggin am the argymints, an' 'I won't du so no more,' the aind ove hit. They am a lively an' even yok'd par. Nobody else on the green yeath orter be tied tu either ove em.

"Well they mounted that par ove hames yu see on the fence thar, the boy name Obed ontu a muel, an' sent him tu the still-hous, tu narrate hit that thar wud be a dance et home the nex nite, an' fur every feller what warn't married tu fetch a gal, an' them what wer married tu fetch two. Now this rangement show'd Bart's good sence, fur he know'd that hit takes more gals tu du married fellers then single wuns. Caze people what hes but one kind ove wittils et home, hit allers takes more tu du em abroad.

"When the nite cum they wer all thar, a hous' plum full, an' amung em a lot ove counter-hoppers wif strip'd sugar candy in ther pockets, an' young lawyers wif cinamint ile ontu ther har; all on em frum town, an' jis' ole enuf tu begin tu strut an' gobble. Thunder an' litnin, an' sun-flower pattrin calliker, mixed wif check an' stripe, homespun swept all about thar, wif one, jis' one black silk. They laid off two reels, wun call'd the leather shoe reel, an' tuther, the barfoot reel. I danced in the wun I nam'd las."

"Why did they divide that way, Sut?"

"Why, durn hit, don't you know that the dancin wud turn intu fitin afore the fust set got ofen the flure, ef they mix'd em? The shoes wud scronch the bar toes in dancin, and rite then an' thar they'd mix fur a fite. A hard-shell preacher wif his mouf mortised intu his face in shape like a muel's shoe, heels down, fotch hissef thar soon arter dark, an' made moshuns like he ment tu stay all nite. He got intu a corner, an' commenced a-tuchin up his sighin an groanin aperatus, a-shakin ove his head, an' lookin like he hed the belly-ake. He cudn't hev look'd more solemcoly, ef his mam hed died that mornin a-owin him two dollars an' a 'alf. All these winin an' luvely souns an moshuns wer made on count ove the dancin, an' p'raps the cussin an' kissin. The whisky part ove that inturtainment he'd nuffin against. I *know'd* that, fur every time he roll'd his eyes to'ards the barril, he'd lick his lips sorter sloppy like, jis'

es ef he'd been dippin his bill intu a crock ove chicken gravy, an' wer tryin tu save the stray draps, what hung outside his face. Oh! he wer jis' a-honin arter that ball-face whisky; he'd a jis' kiss'd hit es sweet, an' es long, es ef hit hed been a willin gal. I sorter aidged up a-side him, an' sez I—

" ' Mister, will yu hev a few draps ove camfire, ur laudamy? Yu seems tu be pow'ful ailin in yer innards. Yu hesent swallered a live rat, ur a mole, hes yu?'

"He shook his head, an' fotch a sigh, what ainded in a groan. Sez I—

" 'Rats ur moles am onhelthy things tu swaller afore they'se departed this life.'

"He blow'd out a orful sigh, part outen his nose, but mos' ove hit whar the toe ove the muel-shoe wer, an' sez he—

" 'This am a wicked an' a parvarse generashun ove vipurs, yung man.'

" ' An' gin up tu hardness ove hart, an' deviltry, an' belevin thunderin lies,' said I; an' I puff'd out a big sigh, wif a little groan fur a tail. Sez he—

" 'Thar am no-o-o-o dancin in hell,' an sot intu shakin ove his head, till I thot he'd keep on fur everlastin, an' ever more. Sez I—

" 'Haint yu *slitely* mistaken'd in that las' re-mark ove yourn? Ef thar's es much hot truck, an' brimstone, an' cinders, an' hickory smoke, an' big hurtin, in hell es yu folks sez thar am, thar mus' be *sum* dancin, purtickerlery jigs an' quick-steps; they don't lack fur music, I reckon, fur I'se allers hearn hell wer full ove fiddlers, an' thar's Yankees enuf thar tu invent fire-proof fiddils fur em, so they don't want fur tchunes. All on yeath that bothers me is the rosim!'

" 'Ah, yung onregenerit man,' sez he, 'thar's more rosim in hell than thar's in all Noth Caliny.'

" 'But hit ain't quite hard enuf tu rub ontu fiddil bows, is hit?' sez I.

" 'He groan'd an' shook his head, an' sent wun ove his eyes to'ards the whisky corner. I went an' fotch 'im a big slug intu a gourd. That shovel-shaped onder lip ove his'n jis' fell out'ards like ontu the fallin door ove a stone coal stove, an' he upsot the gourd inside ove his teef. I seed

the mark ove the truck gwine down his froat jis' like a snake travelin thru a wet sassidge gut. He smelt intu the gourd a good long smell, turned up his eyes, an' sed 'Barlm ove life.'

"Thinks I, ole Sock, I know what fotch yu tu this frolic besides yu'er hoss an' our whisky. Bart now cum up, an' Hardshell tole him he'd cum to stay all nite, ef he suited all roun.

" 'Sartinly, oh yas, an' welcum,' sed Bart.

"The ole Sock, never alterin the shape ove the hole tore in his face, sed, mity sneerin like, 'Yu is hosspitabil.' I seed Bart sorter start, an' look at him, an' go off a-winkin at me tu foller him. We went outside the hous, intu a chimbly corner, an' thar wer two fellers, wun ove em a she, a-whisperin. We went tu tuther corner, an' thar wer two more; then we went tu the stabil, an' hearn whisperin thar; hit mout been rats a-runnin in straw. So Bart cud hold in no longer. Sez he—

" 'Never mine, I don't keer a durn who hears me. I b'leve I'se been 'sulted in my own hous'; didn't that durn'd preachin mersheen call me a hoss?'

" 'That's jis' what he sed. He call'd you a hoss-pitabil,' sez I.

" 'Pitabil, pitabil,' sez Bart, 'dam ef I don't b'leve that's wus nur the hoss.'

" 'Sartinly,' sez I, 'pitabil is a sorter Latin tail stuck tu hit so yu moutn't onderstand; hit means pitiful hoss in Inglish, an' ef I wer yu, I'd see that his stumack wer spiled fur Peg's fried chicken an' biskit. I'd go rite in an' show him how a hoss ken kick an' sich like.' He jis' gritted his teef, like he wer a-chompin aigshells, ur paragorick phials, an' put fur the hous, a-rollin up his shut-sleeves es he went, plum up to his arm-pit.

"The durn'd hiperkritikil, groanin ole Hardshell raskil hed dun got the dancin stop't; he'd tuck the fiddil away frum the nigger, an' wer a-holdin hit be the naik in wun han, an' a-makin gesters wif the bow in tuther. He wer mounted ontu a cheer, clost by the meal barril an' wer exortin em orfully 'bout thar sins ove omishun an' cummishun, purtickerly the cummishun wuns, wif the dancin sins at the

head, warin sun-flower caliker wuns nex'; an' then cum thar smaller sins, sich es ridin a-hine fellers on the same hoss, whisperin outen doors, an' a-winkin a-hine fans, tuckey-tails an' hankechers, an' sed that black silk wer plenty in hell, that hit wer used for mournin thar, an' not tu dance in. The *he* sins, ove the small sort, wer cumin frum town ove nites, a-warin store clothes, smellin ove cinamint ile, an' a-totin striped sugar candy in thar pockets, tu turn the minds ove the weak gals, instead ove a flask ove that good holesum ole truck, what they'se got in towns, name 'coniack.'

"The wimmin folks wer backed up in bunches, in the corners, an' agin the beds, wif thar fingers in thar moufs, an' wun ur two ove the saftest ove em wer gettin up a quiet sort ove dry cryin.

"The he fellers all looked like they'd mos' es leave fite es not, ef they know how tu start the thing, when in bounced Bart; he looked like a catamount; wun jump an' he stood a-top ove the meal barril, squar in frunt ove Hardshell, his har a-swayin about wif pure mad, like a patch ove ripe rye in a wind, an' his eyes wer es roun an' es red as a bull's when he's a-jinin in battil wif anuther bull frum Bashan. He struck wun fistes away out a-hine, an' wif tuther reachin at arm's length, he cummenc'd borin, like he hed a gimblit in his shot fis,' rite onder the snout ove the thunderin Hardshell, like he wer tryin tu bore his mouf inter better shape, an' a-narratin thru his teef these facs, in words what sounded like grittin hard co'n.

"'*Yu* durn'd infunel, incumpassabil warter-dorg! *yu* cuss'd hiperkritikal, ongrateful ole mus-rat! *yu* h--ll fir'd, divin, splatterin, pond-makin, iron-jacket'd ole son ove a mud-turtil, yu hes 'sulted me in my own hous' *an' in Latin et that*, an' then yu've tuck the imperdent liberty tu skare these yere children outen thar innersent mucement (still borin away frum left tu right, wif that horny fis' ove his'n, an' the Hardshell's head gwine furder back every twist). Call'd me a hoss—Git ofen that cheer!'

"Es he sed 'git,' he loaned the passun a mos' tremenjus contushun, rite in the bull curl. I seed his shoe-soles a-gwine up each side ove Bart's fis' afore he hed time tu muve hit, arter he struck. Hit wer a lick, George, that hed hit been

a kick, a four year old muel wud hev been pow'ful proud ove. I seed ni ontu a gallon ove sparks ove fire fly outen the passun's eyes mysef (he mus hev seed a bushel) when hit reached his curl. He let the fiddil go when he wer in the highes part ove his backward summerset, an' the nigger what hed been watchin up at hit all this time, wis-ful like, es a dorg watches a meat-skin when you holds hit too high fur him tu grab, cotch his fiddil in bof hans afore hit toch the yeath.

" 'Dar by golly, you no git tu smash dis fiddil, wid yu durn fool fitin an' preachin.'

" 'An' holdin it wavinly abuv his head, he dodged outen the surkil ove imejut danger. The old Shell lit ontu his all fours, hit bein that much more nur a full summerset, an' *the* black silk lit a-stradil ove him. I know'd hit wer the black silk, bekase I seed the white stockin an' grey garters. Hev I mention'd that thar wer one hundred an' twenty-five pouns ove live, black-eyed gal in under that black silk?"

"No, Sut."

"Well, thar wer, an' that she wer bof live an' willin, ole Dipper wer soon redy tu swar. 'Black silk in hell, is thar,' scream'd she, a-hissin like ontu a cat, an' cummenced a-pullin up by the roots his long har, like hit wer flax, wif bof hans, an' a-shakin the bunches ofen her fingers, an' then gwine fur more, the hissin gittin a littil louder every pull. George, that wer the fust spessamin ove a smokin mad gal I've seed in a hen's age; she kerried out my idear ove a fust-rate flax-puller, pullin agin two, fur a bet. I think she gin the ole Shell the idear that sum strong man body wer a-holdin his head ni ontu the saws ove a activ cotton gin.

"Now the boy name Obed, with the hame laigs, hevin a sorter jestis' ove the peace turn ove mine, run in tu pull her off, an' cudn't du hit afore she made a rake fur his har, an' got hit. She jis' mixed the hanful wif the pile on the flure, an' gin hersef back tu the job ove preparin the passun fur a wig. A hawk-billed, weazel-eyed, rat-mouthed feller, what hed been a-struttin roun Black Silk all nite, a-trailin wun wing, an' a-lickin his lips, seed the fool boy name Obed, a-tryin tu git her tu lite ofen the ole Sock, so he jis' growl'd low, an' barked once, an' kiver'd him,

an' afore his mam Peg, an' me, an' five uther gals, cud git him loose, he hed made her cub the speckterkil yu sees roostin on that ar fence, an' he's hed ni ontu three weeks tu mend his looks in, by Jew David's plarster, sweet ile, an' the keer ove his mam.

"The fitin now got tu be gineral on mos' parts ove the field, an' es the cuppils cum in frum outen doors, lookin sorter sneakin, an' pale (frum the nise ove the rumpus, I spec,) wun at leas,' outen every par, got jump't on by sumbody. P'raps a gal wud kiver a cumin in gal, anuther gal wud go fur the har an' skin ove a cumin in he feller; then, again, the fis' ove a he wud meet anuther cumin in he, right atween the eyes, an' so on till the thing got tu be durn'dably mix'd up an' lively. Peg boun up the boy name Obed's wouns, bruises, an' petrifyin sores, an' then went on wif supper cookin, like all wer quiet on the Pertomack.

"Es soon es ole Shell begun tu cum to, frum Bart's dubbil distill'd thunder-bolt, the hurtin all over his head begun to attrack his tenshun, an' soaked thru his skull, an' in thar tuck the shape ove an idear; the idear shaped hitself intu spoken wurds, an' they wer, 'Gird up yer loins an' *git*.' I seed the wurkin ove his mind, so I jis' shouted es loud es I cud beller, 'The Pherlistshuns be upon yu Sampsin.' He hearn hit, an' wer struck wif the force ove the remark, an' started fur the back door, still on his all fours, in a single foot rack. Es soon es Black Silk felt him movin, she cummenced spurrin him wif her heels; while she hilt tu his har wif wun han, she tuck a pin outen her collar wif tuther, an' made a cushin fur hit in the hill, ontu the north side ove the pint ove his backbone; he kicked up an' snorted, an' changed the single foot rack intu a tarin pace, loped outen the door intu outer darkness, an' his heel-tops wer the last I seed ove him. He stumbled an' fell down the log-steps, an' flung Black Silk ontu a full balloon over his head (I seed a heap ove white shinin es she went). He felt his way in the dark, thru the woods, fur more pleasant places, an' she cum in larfin, 'Black silk in hell, hey?' wer every word she sed."

"Go on, Sut."

"That's all. I ain't like ole Glabbergab; when I'se spoke off what I knows, I stops talkin."

"Well, what became of Hardshell?"

"Oh, es tu that, he made his 'pearance las' Sunday, in the pulpit, es bald es a jug, wif a black spot aidged wif green an' yaller, 'bout the size ove a prickly par, on his forehead, an' preach't 'bout the orful konsekenses ove Absalom's hevin long har, human depravity, an' the Salt Lake; sed he wer gwine thar right off, an' *he'll du hit.*"

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

[1848—1908]

HENRY STILES BRADLEY

IF we count the children, there is not a more widely known or a better loved man in our country to-day than the subject of this sketch.* As "Uncle Remus" he is as familiar in any part of the United States as Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow or Holmes.

He is living to-day in West End, a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia, in a quaint cottage, known to all passers-by by the "Sign of the Wren's Nest." Well-informed visitors to Atlanta, especially those who love literature, always ask to be shown the home of this children's friend. Few ever see more than the little house and large old-fashioned garden, for "Uncle Remus" is as shy as any of the four-footed friends to whom he introduces us in his stories.

He was born in Putnam County, Georgia, when the last century was swinging into sight of the half-way post. Of course, he was born on a farm; who of any consequence was not? Indeed, I need not mention his rural genesis, because one can smell the clover and the cows, see the birds and wild blossoms and hear the sough of the pines and the shiver of the screech owl, as he reads 'Uncle Remus.' When the glorious sun of "Old Putnam" was freckling the face and bleaching the red hair of the coming Uncle Remus, it was also imaging upon the brain the charm of the meadows and wildwoods. The grateful breezes that tempered the heat of the long summers bore upon their wings the songs of the bird, and the lazy stridulations of the grasshopper, and these pictures and memories have never faded, but for thirty years have been generously shared with his appreciative readers.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of Uncle Remus is that there is nothing remarkable about it. He was an ordinary boy, born in ordinary times, in an ordinary county, of an ordinary state. His praise to-day is that he has glorified the commonplace, and made the ordinary resplendent. There seems to be nothing worth telling about his childhood and youth, till he had reached twelve years of age, except that he had had the advantage of a few terms in the Academy at Eatonton, and had improved his opportunities. But at the age of twelve he saw an advertisement in

*Died July, 1908, after this sketch was prepared.

a newspaper, called *The Countryman*, for a bright boy who wished to learn the printer's trade. He answered the advertisement in person.

The Countryman was published on a farm a few miles from Eatonton, by a cultured but eccentric man, by the name of Turner, who prided himself that his was the only newspaper in the world published on a plantation. Harris was accepted, and being found bright, capable and appreciative, he was allowed the liberties of Colonel Turner's library, a remarkably fine collection of books. Within a few years he had made himself acquainted with the world's best authors, and, having sprung his own imagination, began to write under a *nom de plume* for *The Countryman*. Here we find the first thing that differentiates Harris from the ordinary boy, who does not succeed. He found an opportunity in the printing office and library of Mr. Turner to make something more than a tolerable living. He was unwilling merely to get along. Instead of being content to set the required ems of type and take the balance of the time for idling, he aspired to contribute to the literary make-up of the paper. His daily question was not "how shall I escape this disagreeable task," but "how shall I perfume this place till it shall smell of the myrrh and frankincense of hearty service and cheerful sacrifice?" This stamped him at once as a failure as a loafer. No man can loaf successfully with a spirit like that.

The taste for newspaper work acquired while in the office of *The Countryman* has lasted Mr. Harris till to-day, his work in Macon, New Orleans, Forsyth, Savannah, and Atlanta, especially that on the Savannah *Morning News*, and the Atlanta *Constitution*, being widely known. While in Savannah, Harris was married to Miss La Rose of Canada, but soon after their marriage they moved to Atlanta to escape the scourge of yellow fever which threatened to decimate the former city. In Atlanta he obtained work on the editorial staff of *The Constitution*, where his literary career may properly be said to have begun. His opportunity came in the retirement of Sam W. Small, who had been writing the "Old Si" negro dialect articles, and in the demand for something to take their place. Harris decided to try a few dialect sketches, writing over the name of Uncle Remus, and the articles attracted immediate attention. Within a few months he was being quoted over all the English-speaking world. His *nom de plume* has stuck to him, and to-day he is better known by it than by what he would call "his own fer-given name."

It was with a sigh of genuine regret that the newspaper reading public learned, a few years ago, that he would retire from office work permanently, and that they would never again have the pleasure

of reading those appetizing editorials on water-ground meal, pone bread, blue-stemmed collards, and turnip greens; but it was with an equal degree of pleasure that the book reading world learned that the step was taken in order to command greater time for work upon books and short stories.

However, there seems to be a fascination about newspaper work. One whose nostrils have grown accustomed to the smell of printer's ink is never wholly weaned. Mr. Harris has found the attraction of the old life too strong, and, after several years of quiet work in his library at home, has yielded again to the old habit and is now editing the *Uncle Remus's Magazine* in Atlanta, Georgia.

He has written right voluminously already; 'On the Plantation,' 'Uncle Remus, His Song and Sayings,' 'Nights with Uncle Remus,' 'Mingo and Other Stories,' 'Free Joe and the Rest of the World,' 'Balaam and His Master,' 'Little Mr. Thimble Finger,' 'Mr. Rabbit at Home,' 'Story of Aaron,' 'Plantation Pageants,' 'Aaron in the Wildwood,' 'Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances,' 'Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann,' 'Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War,' 'On the Wing of Occasions,' 'Stories of Georgia,' 'The Making of a Statesman,' and 'Gabriel Tolliver,' all bear the unmistakable mark of genius, that other name for hard work, and it would be a pleasure to review them all critically, but in the brief space allotted to this article I shall confine myself chiefly to his negro dialect stories, the work by which he is best known, and upon which, in the future, his fame will rest most securely. Indeed, if he had done nothing more than to create Uncle Remus and The Little Boy, his place in classic literature would be as secure as if he had written the 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Essay on Man.' With the possible exception of Thomas Nelson Page, Harris must be ranked as the best dialect writer in America. I prefer to rank them together; the one having given to posterity the perfect linguistic flavor of the *ante-bellum* Virginia negro and the other that of his brother in Georgia.

Harris had, and still has, one paramount quality of success and of greatness, namely, that he has undertaken the task for which he was best qualified, to tell that about which he knew most. He might have made a living if he had written about the Greek Drama or had edited Chaucer's Early Poems; he would have eked out a living as a lawyer or a school teacher, but the living would have been all, if he had made that. As it is he has made fortune, fame, and a countless multitude of friends.

There were several thousand boys born in Georgia in the fifth decade of the last century, when he was born. They had the same associations with the negroes and with Nature. They all looked for-

ward in life to an honorable name, a goodly portion of this world's dross, and something of a reputation, as he did, but most of those thousands turned their attention to matters for which they were poorly fitted, wasted their energies in misdirected channels, made small impress upon the world for good, and to-day are unknown.

Harris found at his hand a commonplace, unconventional task to perform, that of writing honestly, fairly, and delicately of the negro, and he has glorified the commonplace and made a new tradition. The advantage of performing the task that lies next to us and for which our talent fits us is that we do not have to strain; there is no need of tiptoeing. We do not have to feel artificial. Saul's armor not fitting us, we do not have to wear it. We do not have to force a smile, for life's work becomes an easy and joyous thing.

It would be difficult to estimate the general good done by a man like Harris, who brings a sense of relaxation and a thrill of pleasure to countless readers round the world. Such a man becomes a public benefactor. To-day men are better citizens, life's tasks are easier, the loads are lighter, and heaven is nearer to earth because of the cheerful, hopeful, mirthful stories of Uncle Remus.

Specifically, Joel Chandler Harris is a benefactor to humanity, in that he has given to multitudes of children their first taste of Nature study. His charmed pen has prized open the door through which boys and girls have looked for the first time upon God's under-children, and having once looked they have come to love. Ernest Thompson Seton and Joel Chandler Harris have invested animals with such a human interest that we can never look with indifference again upon Brer Rabbit with his cotton tail, Brer Fox with his black feet, or Brer Possum with his professional smile. Instantly we remember how Brer Rabbit was deceived by Brer Fox and sat all night with his tail in the cold water of the "Baptizin Creek," expecting in the morning to draw up a load of fishes upon his long bushy tail, as Brer Fox had assured him, but instead had his tail frozen off; and how Brer Fox, who went to sleep upon the hole in which the sun spent the night, had his legs scorched the next morning as the sun rose out of the hole; and how Brer Possum would have bitten the dog that attacked him and Brer Coon if the dog had not touched him in the ribs, where he was "so monstrous ticklish."

Careful readers of Uncle Remus cannot fail to appreciate the homely philosophy, the science and the theology with which his dialect stories abound. More than once I have known a prominent preacher in Georgia to be helped out of a dull place in a discourse by snatches of a story improperly attributed to Uncle Remus. His

hearers were urged to do the difficult or the seemingly impossible, and were encouraged by the assurance that the rabbit "clomb de tree cause he wuz bleedg to clime it."

Of all the branches of science, Uncle Remus is fondest of astronomy, but he does pay sufficient attention to biology to settle some very vexed questions. He is a Ptolemaic astronomer, holding firmly to the geocentric theory of the heavens. To him, as to the ancient Hebrews and to all the Popes down to the Nineteenth Century, the earth is a flat disc washed round by the ocean, over which the firmament stretches like an enlarged cupola or old-fashioned buggy umbrella, while the sun and stars are on the inside of this vault and only a few miles away. The sun is about the size of a dish-pan of a healthy family, and hides in a hole at night, while he snoozes and rests from his hard day's run. Amongst biologists the "inheritance of acquired character" has long been a matter of dispute. Men like Lemark, Darwin, and Spencer have delivered themselves upon it, but is was reserved for Uncle Remus to settle the matter. He decides that acquired characters are transmitted to offspring. Brer Rabbit having lost his tail, all his progeny become tailless. Uncle Remus is quite in line with the most advanced psychologists in his theory of dreams. He says that they are such stuff as our waking thoughts are made of. In describing the quiet slumbers of the hen-roost he says that the fowls "sot dar on de roos, dey did, des like two bluebirds on a fence post, en if dey wuz any fuss made, hit waz when de Ole Domminecker Hen drempt about Little Billy Black Mink en hollered out."

How shrewdly he has observed the relations between injuries and apologies. Sometimes apology is the best thing possible, but in spite of all, the smart remains. One day the little boy, in the story of "Why Bruther Bull Growls," was chastized by the woman who afterwards discovered that she had done him wrong. "Well," says Uncle Remus, "de 'oman make 'umble 'pology ter de boy, but howsomever he can't keep from rubbin' hisse'f in de naberhood er de coat tails, whar she spank 'im. I bin livin 'round here a mighty long time, but I ain't never see no polergy what wuz poultice er plaster nuff to swage er swellin' or kore a bruise. Now you jes keep dat in min' en git sorry fo' you hurt anybody."

In the story of "The Bear and the Honey Orchard," Uncle Remus has an anticipative series of causes and effects equal to Mr. Huxley's "Cats and Clover Seed." He was arguing the question that it was better for him to have cake than for Miss Sally's baby to have it. "Maybe de cake mought er flung de baby in a spasm, en den I'd a had ter got a hoss en gallop after de doctor, en de hoss mought er stumbled en broke my neck, en den deeze yer

triflin good-fer-nuthin' niggers roun de house would 'a' had a big jollification." So, he ate the cake.

The secret of success is revealed in the same story. Times were very hard, and it was with great difficulty that the animals were able to make a living. "Rake an' scrape as dey would, some uv um ud hafter go to bed hongry. Yit dey took notice er one thing, dat whiles all un um wuz gittin po' and po'er ole Brer Ba'r wuz gittin' fatter and fatter. While de t'er creeter's ribs wuz standin' out like bar'l hoops, Brer Ba'r wuz slick en roun' ez a butter ball. He des wallered in fat; he wuz too fat ter keep de flies off'n hisse'f. Dey all study en study how Brer Ba'r kin keep so fat when times is so hard. Brer Rabbit made up his min' dat he gwine ter git de bottom er de matter, en so he keep his eye on Brer Ba'r. He watch him, he did, en twa'nt long 'fo he seed dat Brer Ba'r was doin' mighty quare. Stidder setting up late en talking politics, he'd go ter bed wid de chickens, en by good daylight he'd be up en gone." Here he agrees fully with the adage, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

His estimate of political conventions is found in the story of the Deluge. Matters were not going to suit the "animals and beastes." "So dey 'lected dat dey had to hole er 'sembly fer ter sorter straighten out matters en yer complaints, en wen de day come dey wuz on han'. De Lion he wuz dere. De Rhynossyhoss, he wuz dere, en de Elephant, he wuz dere, en de Cammils en de cows en plum down to de Crawfishes, dey wuz dere. Dey wuz all dere."

"What did they do, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"I kin scarcely call ter mine zackly w'at dey did do, but dey spoke speeches, en hollered, en cussed, en flung der langwidge roun' des like w'en yo daddy wuz gwineter run fer de legislater, en got lef'."

Every small boy who presumes upon his tender years or under size to annoy his elders, a fault not unknown to Smart Alecks, should get the story of Brer Rabbit and Brer Tiger by heart, and learn that the immunity secured by insignificance is at best a contemptible thing.

"How come dat you ain't skeer'd er me?" said Brer Tiger to Brer Rabbit, "I's bigger en what you is, all de yuther creeters run when dey hear me comin'."

Brer Rabbit say, "How come de fleas on you ain't skeer'd er you? Dey er lots littler en what I is."

Uncle Remus's contempt for the Smart Alecks is betrayed again in the story, "Mr. Fox gets into Serious Business." The little boy was asking some questions that the old man could not answer, when

Uncle Remus turned upon him saying, "Ef you bleedged to know mo' dan what I duz, den you'll hatter hunt up some er deze niggers wat's sprung up since I commence fer to shed my ha'r. Dey knows." Callowness and conceit go hand in hand.

The same idea of supercilious disdain of the information of the young is found in another story told by Harris. A patriarchal negro was teaching a Sunday-school class of negro boys, most of whom attended the day schools regularly. The lesson was the story of the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and the destruction of the Egyptians. The old negro had thought over the matter carefully and had arrived at, to him, a satisfactory explanation of the difficulties. He said, "Now you axes me how it can be dat de Iserlites cross't over dry shod, and the Gypshuns wuz drownded. Well, hit wuz disser way. De Iserlites cross't over early in de mornin' and dey wuz ice on de sea en by walkin on de ice dey went over dry shod. But de Gypshuns cummed erlong en persuance er de Iserlites, about dinner time, wen de sun wuz riz and wuz hot, and de ice wuz melted, en dey got in de deep water en wuz drownded." One of the youngsters spoke up however, saying that he had been studying geography at school and that this geography taught that the Red Sea was close to the Equator and that ice never formed so near the equator as that.

"Uh-huh, now des lissen at dat," said the old teacher. "I wuz expectin' dat from some er you young free issher spellin' book niggers, but de time I'm er talkin erbout wuzzent any Joggerfies, ner equators neither."

Uncle Remus was quite a fogy in his idea of negro education. One day a number of negro children on their way home from school were impudent to the old man, and he was giving them an untempered piece of his mind, when a gentleman apologized for them by saying, "Oh, well, they are school children. You know how they are." "Dat's what make I say what I duz," said Uncle Remus. "Dey better be at home pickin' up chips. What a nigger gwineter learn outen books? I kin take a bar'l stave and fling mo' sense inter er nigger in one minnit dan all de school houses betwixt dis en de New Nited States en Midgigin. Don't talk, honey! wid one bar'l stave I kin fairly lif de vail er ignunce."

Uncle Remus was a shrewd observer of the domestic felicities. More than once he remarked that "'oman's tongue ain't got no Sunday." His observation of the typical outcome of family disputes is found in the story "Brother Fox Smells Smoke."

Uncle Remus's description of fright is accurate enough to go into a text book as an illustrative definition of the sensation. Everyone must have felt like Brer Rabbit who decided to take a nap in

the well bucket but found to his surprise that his weight made the bucket descend into the well.

"Was he scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Honey, dey aint bin no wusser skeer'd beas' sence the worrill begin dan dis here same Rabbit. He fairly had a ager. He know whar he come frum, but he dunno whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he keep mighty still, kaze he dunno what minnit gwineter be de next. He des sot dar en shuck en shiver."

My space is too brief to permit a review or a critical estimate of Harris's longer stories, but I must say that 'Mingo,' 'At Teague Poteet's,' 'Trouble on Lost Mountain,' 'Azalea' and 'Free Joe,' have as tender touches of pathos as any stories that grace the English language. 'Free Joe' takes rank with McLaren's 'Doctor of the Old School,' and Thomas Nelson Page's 'Mars Chan.' The man that can read either of these stories aloud without a clutch upon his throat and a tear upon his cheek needs emotional regeneration.

H. S. Bradley.

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MR. TARRYPIN SHOWS HIS STRENGTH

From 'Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.' Copyright by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

"Brer Tarrypin wuz de out'nes' man," said Uncle Remus, rubbing his hands together contemplatively, and chuckling to himself in a very significant manner: "he wuz de out'nes' man er de whole gang. He wuz dat."

The little boy sat perfectly quiet, betraying no impatience when Uncle Remus paused to hunt, first in one pocket and then in another, for enough crumbs of tobacco to replenish his pipe. Presently the old man proceeded:

"One night Miss Meadows en de gals dey gun a candy-pullin', en so many er de nabers come in 'sponse ter de invite dat dey hatter put de 'lasses in de wash pot en b'il' de fier in de yard. Brer B'ar, he hope Miss Meadows bring de wood, Brer Fox, he men' de fier, Brer Wolf, he kep' de dogs off, Brer Rabbit, he grease de botton er de plates fer ter keep de candy fum stickin', en Brer Tarrypin, he klum up in a cheer, en say he'd watch en see dat de 'lasses didn't bile over. Dey wuz all dere, en dey wern't cuttin' up no didos, nudder, kaze Miss Meadows, she done put her foot down, she did, en say dat w'en dey come ter her place dey hatter hang up a flag er truce at de front gate en 'bide by it.

"Well, den, w'iles dey wuz all a settin' dar en de 'lasses wuz a bilin' en a blubberin', dey got ter runnin' on talkin' mighty biggity. Brer Rabbit, he say he de swiffes'; but Brer Tarrypin, he rock 'long in de cheer en watch de 'lasses. Brer Fox, he say he de sharpes', but Brer Tarrypin he rock 'long. Brer Wolf, he say he de mos' suvvigus, but Brer Tarrypin, he rock en he rock 'long. Brer B'ar, he says he de mos' stronges', but Brer Tarrypin he rock, en he keep on rockin'. Bimeby he sorter shet one eye, en say, sezee:

"'Hit look 'periently dat de ole hardshell ain't nowhars 'longside er dis crowd, yit yer I is, en I'm de same man w'at show Brer Rabbit dat he ain't de swiffes'; en I'm de same man what kin show Brer B'ar dat he ain't de stronges',' sezee.

"Den day all laff an holler, kaze it look like Brer B'ar mo' stronger dan a steer. Bimeby, Miss Meadows, she up'n ax, she did, how he gwine do it.

"'Gimme a good strong rope,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee, 'en lemme git in er puddle er water, en den let Brer B'ar see if he kin pull me out,' sezee.

"Den dey all laff g'in, en Brer B'ar, he ups en sez, sezee: 'We ain't got no rope.' sezee.

"'No,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee, 'en needer is you got de strenk,' sezee, en den Brer Tarrypin, he rock en rock 'long en watch de 'lasses a bilin' en a blubberin'.

"Atter w'ile Miss Meadows, she up en say, she did, dat she'd take'n loan de young men her bed-cord, en w'iles de candy wuz a coolin' in de plates, dey could all go ter de branch en see Brer Tarrypin kyar out his projick. Brer Tarrypin," continued Uncle Remus, in a tone at once confidential and argumentative, "wern't much bigger'n de pa'm er my han', en it look mighty funny ter yer 'im braggin' 'bout how he kin outpull Brer B'ar. But dey got de bed-cord atter w'ile en den dey all put out ter de branch. W'en Brer Tarrypin fine de place he wanter, he tuck one een' de bed-cord, en gun de yuther een' to Brer B'ar.

"'Now den, ladies en gents,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee, 'you all go wid Brer B'ar up dar in de woods en I'll stay yer, en w'en you year me holler, den's de time fer Brer B'ar fer ter see ef he kin haul in de slack er de rope. You all take keer er dat ar een', sezee, 'en I 'll take keer er dish yer een', sezee.

"Den dey all put out en lef' Brer Tarrypin at de branch, en w'en dey got good en gone, he dove down inter de water, he did, en tie de bed-cord hard en fas' ter wunner deze yer big clay-roots, en den he riz up en gin a whoop.

"Brer B'ar he wrop de bed-cord roun' his han,' en wink at de gals, en wid dat he gin a big juk, but Brer Tarrypin ain't budge. Den he take bofe han's en gin a big pull, but all de same, Brer Tarrypin ain't budge. Den he tu'n 'roun', he did, en put de rope cross his shoulders en try ter walk off wid Brer Tarrypin, but Brer Tarrypin look like he don't feel like walkin'. Den Brer Wolf he put in en hope Brer B'ar pull, but des like he did n't, en den dey all hope 'im, en, bless grashus! w'iles dey wuz all a pullin', Brer Tarrypin, he holler, en ax um w'y dey don't take up de slack. Den w'en Brer Tarrypin feel um quit pullin', he dove down, he did,

en ontie de rope, en by de time dey got ter de branch, Brer Tarrypin, he wuz settin' in de aidge er de water des ez natchul ez de nex' un, en he up'n say, sezee:

"'Dat las' pull er yone wuz a mighty stiff un, en a leetle mo'n er had me,' sezee. 'Youer monstus stout, Brer B'ar, sezee, 'en you pulls like a yoke er steers, but I sorter had de purchis on you,' sezee.

"Den Brer B'ar, bein's his mouf 'gun ter water atter de sweetnin', he up'n say he speck de candy's ripe, en off dey put atter it!"

"It 's a wonder," said the little boy, after a while, "that the rope did n't break."

"Break who?" exclaimed Uncle Remus, with a touch of indignation in his tone—"break who? In dem days, Miss Meadows's bed-cord would a hilt a mule."

This put an end to whatever doubts the child might have entertained.

HOW MR. RABBIT WAS TOO SHARP FOR MR. FOX

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"Uncle Remus," said the little boy one evening, when he had found the old man with little or nothing to do, "did the fox kill and eat the rabbit when he caught him with the Tar-Baby"?

"Law, honey, ain't I tell you 'bout dat?" replied the old darkey, chuckling slyly. "I 'clar ter grashus I ought er tole you dat, but old man Nod wuz ridin' on my eyelids 'twel a leetle mo'n I'd a dis'member'd my own name, en den on to dat here come yo' mammy hollerin' atter you.

"W'at I tell you w'en I fus' begin? I tole you Brer Rabbit was a monstus soon creetur; leas' ways dat's w'at I laid out fer ter tell you. Well, den, honey, don't you go en make no udder calkalashuns, kaze in dem days Brer Rabbit en his fambly wuz at de head er de gang w'en enny racket wuz on han', en dar dey stayed. 'Fo' you begins fer ter wipe yo' eyes 'bout Brer Rabbit, you wait en see whar 'bouts Brer Rabbit gwine ter fetch up at. But dat's needer yer ner dar.'

"W'en Brer Fox fine Brer Rabbit mixt up wid de Tar-Baby, he feel mighty good, en he roll on de groun' en laff. Bimeby he up'n say, sezee:

" 'Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit,' sezee; 'maybe I ain't, but I speck I is. You been runnin roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speck you done come ter de en' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' roun' in dis neighborhood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some'rs whar you got no bizness,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a 'quaintance wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dat Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dar you is, en dar you 'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I 'm gwin ter bobbycue you dis day, sho',' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty 'umble.

" 'I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Roas' me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dat I speck I'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

" 'Hang me des es high as you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'I ain't got no string,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter drown you,' sezee.

" 'Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'Dey ain't no water nigh,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I 'll hatter skin you,' sezee.

" 'Skin me, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs,' sezee, 'but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"Co'se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behime legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar

Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwin ter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log koamin' de pitch outen his har wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he bin swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit wuz bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass, en he holler out:

"'Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!' en wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers."

HOW MR. RABBIT LOST HIS FINE BUSHY TAIL

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"ONE time," said Uncle Remus, sighing heavily and settling himself back in his seat with an air of melancholy resignation—"one time Brer Rabbit wuz gwine 'long down de road shakin' his big, bushy tail, en feelin' des ez scrumpshus ez a bee-martin wid a fresh bug." Here the old man paused and glanced at the little boy, but it was evident that the youngster had become so accustomed to the marvelous developments of Uncle Remus' stories, that the extraordinary statement made no unusual impression upon him. Therefore the old man began again, and this time in a louder and more insinuating tone:

"One time old man Rabbit, he wuz gwine 'long down de road shakin' his long, bushy tail, en feelin' mighty biggity."

This was effective.

"Great goodness, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the little boy in opened-eyed wonder. "Everybody knows that rabbits haven't got long, bushy tails."

The old man shifted his position in his chair and allowed his venerable head to drop forward until his whole appearance was suggestive of the deepest dejection; and this was intensified by a groan that seemed to be the result of great mental agony. Finally he spoke, but not as addressing himself to the little boy.

"I notices dat dem fokes wa't makes a great 'miration

'bout w'at dey knows is des de fokes w'ich you can't put no 'pennunce in w'en de 'cashun come up. Yer one un um now, en he done come en excuse me er 'lowin' dat rabbits is got long, bushy tails, w'ch goodness knows ef I 'd a dremp' it, I 'd a whirl in en ondremp it."

"Well, but Uncle Remus, you said rabbits had long, bushy tails," replied the little boy. "Now you know you did."

"Ef I ain't fergit it off'n my mine, I say dat ole Brer Rabbit wuz gwine down de big road shakin' his long, bushy tail. Dat w'at I say, en dat I stan's by."

The little boy looked puzzled, but he didn't say anything. After a while the old man continued:

"Now, den, ef dat's 'greed ter, I 'm gwine on, en ef tain't 'greed ter, den I 'm gwine ter pick up my cane en look atter my own intrust. I got wuk lyin' roun' yer dat's des natally gittin' moldy."

The little boy still remained quiet, and Uncle Remus proceeded:

"One day Brer Rabbit wuz gwine down de road shakin' his long, bushy tail, w'en who should he strike up wid but ole Brer Fox gwine amblin' long wid a big string er fish! W'en dey pass de time er day wid wunner nudder, Brer Rabbit, he open up de confab, he did, en he ax Brer Fox whar he git dat nice string er fish, en Brer Fox, he up'n 'spon' dat he kotch um, en Brer Rabbit, he say whar'bouts, en Brer Fox, he say down at the babtizin' creek, en Brer Rabbit he ax how, kaze in dem days dey wuz monstus fon' er minners, en Brer Fox, he sot down on a log he did, en he up'n tell Brer Rabbit dat all he gotter do fer ter git er big mess er minners is ter go ter de creek atter sundown, en drap his tail in de water en set dar twel day-light, en den draw up a whole armful er fishes, en dem w'at he don't want, he kin fling back. Right dar's whar Brer Rabbit drap his watermillion, kaze he tuck'n sot out dat night en went a fishin.'

"De wedder wuz sorter cole, en Brer Rabbit, he got 'im a bottle er dram en put out fer de creek, en w'en he git dar he pick out a good place, en he sorter squot down, he did, en let his tail hang in de water. He sot dar, en he sot dar, en he drunk his dram, en he think he gwineter freeze, but bimeby day come, en dar he wuz. He make a pull, en he

feel like he comin' in two, en he fetch nudder jerk, en lo en beholes, whar wuz his tail?"

There was a long pause.

"Did it come off, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, presently.

"She did dat!" replied the old man with unction.

"She did dat, and dat w'at make all deze yer bob-tail rabbits w'at you see hoppin' en skedaddlin' thoo de woods."

"Are they all that way just because the old Rabbit lost his tail in the creek?" asked the little boy.

"Dat's it, honey," replied the old man. "Dat's w'at dey tells me. Look like dey er bleedzd ter take atter der pa."

REVIVAL HYMN

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Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer,
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier—
Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a-stan'in all aroun',
Who's a-gwineter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?
Who's a-gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol'.
En answer to der name at de callin er de roll?
You better come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satan is loose en a-bummin'—
De wheels er distruckshun is a-hummin'—
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Paradise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit's soft en hit's wide,
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!

Oh, you nee'nter be a-stoppin en a-lookin';
Ef you fool wid ole Satan you'll git took in;
You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a-stoppin' en a-lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer—
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

OLD MR. RABBIT, HE'S A GOOD FISHERMAN

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"Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox wuz like some chilluns w'at I knows un," said Uncle Remus, regarding the little boy, who had come to hear another story, with an affectation of great solemnity. "Bofe un um wuz allers atter wunner nudder, a-prankin' en a-pester'n 'roun', but Brer Rabbit did had some peace, kaze Brer Fox done got skittish 'bout puttin' de clamps on Brer Rabbit. One day, w'en Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon, en Brer B'ar, en a whole lot un um wuz clearin' up a new groun' fer ter plant a roas'n' year patch, de sun 'gun ter git sorter hot, en Brer Rabbit he got tired; but he did n't let on, kaze he 'fear'd de balance un um'd call 'im lazy, en he keep on totin' off trash en pilin' up bresh, twel bimeby he holler out dat he gotter brier in his han', en den he tak'n slip off, en hunt fer cool place fer ter res'. Atter wi'le he come 'crosst a well wid a bucket hangin' in it.

" 'Dat look cool,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en cool I speck she is. I 'll des 'bout git in dar en take a nap,' en wid dat in he jump, he did, en he ain't no sooner fix hisse'f dan de bucket 'gun ter go down."

"Was n't the rabbit scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Honey, dey ain't been no wusser skeer'd beas' sence de worril begin dan dish yer same Brer Rabbit. He fa'rly had a ager. He know whar he come fum, but he dunner whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he keep mighty still, kaze he dunner wa't minnit gwineter be de nex'. He des lay dar en shuck en shiver.

"Brer Fox allers got one eye on Brer Rabbit, en w'en he slip off fum de new groun', Brer Fox he sneak atter 'im. He know Brer Rabbit wuz atter some projick er nudder, en he tuck'n crope off, he did, en watch 'im. Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit come to de well en stop, en den he see 'im jump in de bucket, en den, lo en beholes, he see 'im go down outer sight. Brer Fox wuz de mos' 'stonished fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sot off dar in de bushes en study en study, but he don't make no heads ner tails ter dis kinder bizness. Den he say ter hisse'f, sezee:

" 'Well, ef dis don't bang my times,' sezee, 'den Joe's dead en Sal's a widder. Right down dar in dat well Brer Rabbit keep his money hid, en ef 'tain't dat den he done gone en 'skiver'd a gole-mine, en ef 'tain't dat, den I'm a gwineter see w'at's in dar,' sezee.

Brer Fox crope up little nigher, he did, en lissen, but he don't year no fuss, en he keep on gittin' nigher, en yit he don't year nuthin'. Bimeby he git up close en peep down, but he don't see nuthin' en he don't year nuthin'. All dis time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh skeer'd outen his skin, en he fear'd fer ter move kase de bucket might keel over en spill him out in de water. W'ile he sayin' his pra'rs over like a train er kyars runnin', ole Brer Fox holler out:

" 'Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you wizzitin' down dar?' sezee.

" 'Who? Me? Oh, I'm des a-fishin', Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I des say ter myse'f dat I'd sorter sprize you all wid a mess er fishes fer dinner, en so here I is, en dar's de fishes. I'm a-fishin' fer suckers, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'Is dey many un um down dar, Brer Rabbit?' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" 'Lots un um, Brer Fox; scoze en scoze un um. De

water is natally live wid um. Come down en he'p me haul um in, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'How I gwineter git down, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'Jump inter de bucket, Brer Fox. Hit'll fetch you down all safe en soun'.'

"Brer Rabbit talk so happy en talk so sweet dat Brer Fox he jump in de bucket, he did, en, ez he went down, co'se his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. We'n dey pass one nudder on de half-way groun', Brer Rabbit he sing out:

> Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
> Fer dis is de way de worril goes;
> Some goes up en some goes down,
> You'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun'.

"W'en Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off en tole de fokes w'at de well b'long ter dat Brer Fox wuz down in dar muddyin' up de drinkin' water, en den he gallop back ter de well, en holler down ter Brer Fox:

> Yer come a man wid a great big gun—
> W'en he haul you up, you jump en run."

"What then, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

"In des 'bout half n'our, honey, bofe un um wuz back in de new groun' wukkin' des like dey never heer'd er no well, ceppin' dat eve'y now'n den Brer Rabbit'd bust out in er laff, en ole Brer Fox, he'd git a spell er de dry grins."

UNCLE REMUS ADDRESSES BROTHER WIND

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Brer Wind, please stop yo' prankin',
Ez you go ridin' by!
You keer no mo' fer Chris'mus
Dan a mule in a patch er rye!
You make folks drop der bundles
Dat deyer totin' by;
Ef I could change my howdye,
I'd make it a short good-bye!
But 'fo' you go, please tell us
Whar you hid at last July?
De 9 er last July?

De country roun' we panted—
You could hear de babies cry—
De Breeze you sont wuz feeble,
He couldn't do mo' dan sigh,
An' when we wanter cool off,
You never did come nigh!
Now, whiles youer here, please tell me
Whar you stayed at last July—
De 9 er last July.

You stayed 'way all de summer,
A-lettin' us sweat an' fry;
So please des stop yo' capers,
An' tell me de reason why;
Now, here you come at Chris'mus
A-ridin' yo' hosses high!
I never did like sech doin's,
An' dis is de reason why:
I'd heap ruther tol' you howdye
Some time in last July—
De 9 er last July!

It's gittin' close to Chris'mus,
Wid de chillun feelin' spry,
An' here you come wid yo' rippit,
A-blowin' san' in der eye,
An' tryin' ter drive ol' Santy
'Way off ter de Bye-an'-Bye,
An' leave de empty stockin's
A-hangin' high an' dry!
Des stop an' tell me, please, suh—
Whar wuz you last July?
De 9 er last July?

Youer roarin' up de chimbleys,
An' a-rampin' throo de sky;
Youer whistlin' roun' de cornder,
An' folks kin hear you cry!
De chillun got de shivers,
Dey dunner how er why;
You make um think of ghostes
Dat come a-ramblin' nigh!
Now, stop an' le' me ax you,
Whar wuz you last July?
De 9 er last July?

Ez fur ez de birds an' furder,
You spread yo' wings an' fly;
An' you take along de snow-storm
Dat you've picked up on de sly!
Col' breff, col' feet an' fingers!
No wonder you cough an' cry;
It makes me sick fer ter hear you,
Whiles youer sailin' by!
But I wish you'd stop an' tell me
Whar you slep' at last July—
De 9 er last July!

Ef you'd 'a' been lyin' off some'rs
When de heat wuz a-risin' high,
I bet you'd 'a' heern us pantin'—
I bet you'd a' heern us fry!

Kaze all de green wuz a-wiltin',
An' de gyarden groun' wuz dry;
King Sun, he say, "I'll sizzle um,
Er I'll know de reason why!"
I wish you'd 'a' cum an' fanned us
Some time in last July—
De 9 er last July!

Brer Wind, please stop an' lissen,
An' heed my Chris'mus cry—
Quit cuttin' up yo' capers
Under de wide blue sky!
You hear dem chillun singin'?
Well, you better min' yo eye!
Des save yo' strenk fer summer,
An' don't fergit fer ter try
An' wake us up an' cool us
Sometime in hot July—
De 9 er next July!

MR. BILLY SANDERS, OF SHADY DALE

HE VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE

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"I LAID off to git here while the great North American Squeeze was screwed up to the tightest notch," remarked Mr. Billy Sanders, as he dusted the bottom of a chair with his coat-tails, "but as luck would have it, I had to go to Washin'ton for to see ef I couldn't git a foreign office for one of Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousins. This cousin aint in a happy frame of mind when he has a couple of drams too much, an' he's wuss off when he lacks a couple, an' Jeff an' his folks is keen for to git him out'n the country. They don't want to have him in the house when prohibition begins to lay its cold an' clammy hands on private bottles. So Jeff paid my way as best he could, though I'll not deny that we had all sorts of a time in pullin' the money loose from the great North American Squeeze. We changed cle'rin'-house

checks for cle'rin'-house silver, an' it was as much as two niggers could do to take my carpet-bag to the station, an' arter I got there, it was as much as I could do to git the dad-blamed train for to take up its line of march to the capital of our common country—an' you never will know how common it is until you go over it a time or two.

" 'What you wanter do,' says Jeff, in a fog-horn whisper, 'is to find out ef some of them foreign offices aint next-door to a brewery; ef so, that's the place I want my mother-in-law's cousin to have, bekaze I don't want the jimmies to git holt of him all of a sudden.'

"All I could do was to hold my breath an' promise as hard as I could, an' so I mounted the pantin' train, an' keyed myself up for to be whirled through space at the rate of fifty mile an hour. I went to bed in a hot berth, an' atter sleepin' as I thought, forty-eight hours, I waked up on time, wiped the dust from my rosy face, an' looked out. You mayn't believe it, but, standin' by the window, wi' the same grin on his face, was the nigger I thought I had left in Atlanta the night before. He ketched a glimpse of me, an' opened his mouth so wide that you could 'a' rolled a wheel-barrer into his interior department. He was a Shady Dale nigger, an' he know'd me. He holler'd out, 'Howdy, Mr. Sanders! Fum de way you got on dat train yistiddy, I 'lowed you was gwine some'rs!' I called the porter an' found out that the train hadn't moved a inch from whar I took it in sech a hurry. Now, up here in Atlanta, you may call this travelin', but down our way, we call it somethin' else, an' tack on a few words that never do look well in print; they sound like they've been drove in wi' a wedge.

"Things bein' what they was I laid back an' begun for to ruminate on the great North American Squeeze. Ef you aint a mighty good guesser, you never will know the ginny-wine occasion of it. Fust an' fo'most, Teddy Roosevelt had to be biffed; he had been botherin' the trusts an' corporations, owned by the Wall Street magnets an' nugnets, an' it was about time for 'em to hit back. Then, ag'in, the South's been a-gittin' so dad-blamed prosperous that the fellers that control the country through the banks was kinder gittin' skeer'd; they jest couldn't stand it. When our editors an' big men

begin for to git the swell-head, the magnets an' mugnets tip the wink to the banks an' all the concerns that roost in the same barn, an' then all on 'em begin for to call in the'r loans, an' draw the thick fog of usury around ever'thing an' ever'body. The fog spreads an' gits thicker, an' when it's at its thickest, the banks are takin' what they call the'r legitimate profits. Currency goes to a premium, an' the buzzards sun the'r wings in the top of the tallest trees. In this whirl they got a good many things they wanted, including the Tennessee Coal, Iron an' Railway Company. But this is one of the times when the magnets an' mugnets went a leetle wide of the mark; they flung at Teddy, an' hit the whole country in the neighborhood of the gizzard; they flung too fur an' free. The'r whole scheme slipped between the'r legs an' took to the woods, an' they've had a mighty time tryin' for to gether up the loose eends. They skeered ever'body an' hurt nobody, an' Teddy is more populous wi' sensible folks than he has ever been. I take notice that some of the big newspapers that depend on Wall Street for their payroll are tryin' for to lay the blame of the whole thing on the President, an' as I lay in my palatial but stuffy berth, I was reminded of the trouble that Jim Blaisdell got into wi' the weather man. Didn't you never hear about it? Why, down our way, it's what you liter'y fellers call a classic. One time, six or seven years ago, the weather man got word that a cyclone was headin' for Jim's neighborhood, an' he sent out all sorts of warnin's to the infected deestrick, tellin' them to take to the'r cyclone pits an' keep the'r heads kivver'd ontell the wust had come to the wust.

"Now, Jim Blaisdell is a smart Aleck; he's got the idee that he kin manage anything that's got motion; an' so he sot down an' writ the weather man a note, tellin' him for to fetch on his cyclone. The man never got the note, bekaze, by the time Jim had finished it, his wife holler'd an' tol' him to run out in the yard an' look at the funny shaped cloud that was b'ilin' up in the southwest. Jim run an' looked, an' said it wa'n't nothin' but the weather man's cyclone. Then he tuck out his hankcher for to wipe his manly brow, an' that's all he remembered for a consider'ble spell. The cyclone ketched him up by his galluses an' flung him

clean through his barn, an' then blow'd the barn an' a couple of steers into kindlin' wood. It picked up the house, turned it right around, an' sot it down ag'in. The funny thing about it all was that Jim's wife thought at first that Jim was playin' some kind of a prank on her. She was standin' not more than twenty steps away, an' she vows an' declar's to this day that she never felt a breath of wind.

"She know'd, in reason, that they had been a right smart of a blow, bekaze the barn was gone an' Jim wi' it, an' thar was the house turned around, an' her coach-an'-china chickens struttin' about wi' all the feathers stripped off'n 'em; but she hadn't felt it an' she couldn't git it through her head that big trouble could come an' go so quick. She went to hunt for Jim, an' met him comin' back to the house. He was limpin' a little, an' cussin' a heap more; he had been hurt jest enough to make him mad, bein' one of them kinder people that have to be killed before they begin fer to git thankful. He rubbed his bruises an' poulticed 'em a day or two, an' then he got his gun an' went to town to hunt the weather man. The next thing I know'd about Jim, he was in jail, an' beggin' me for to bail him out.

"Now, you'd think Jim Blaisdell was the biggest fool on top of the green globe, but he aint a marker to some of the folks in our beloved country, not only in Wall Street, but out'n it. Take Wall Street—some of the men thar know'd that trouble was on hand; they know'd the very day an' hour it was a-gwine for to break out. Thornley Oak had his tip, an' mighty nigh all the balance on 'em. An' what did the magnets an' mugnets do? They vowed that thar was a half-dozen dead dogs in the well—that some of the bankers in that delectable crowd had got ripe enough to pull; they named the'r names an' made 'em git out. An' now they say the President is responsible for the whole thing! Wouldn't it make your store teeth rattle? The whole country is full of Jim Blaisdells, an' they want to shoot the man that warned them of the cyclone. Wall Street begun it by tryin' for to skeer Teddy, an' they sorter lost the'r grip on it when they found that he couldn't be skeered; in fact, some of the mugnets had to go to the capital of our mighty common country an' set up wi' Teddy, an' you kin put up all your bettin' money on

the fact that Teddy was ready for to set up wi' 'em. He's the fust President that ever shuck his fist in the face of the greed an' corruption of Wall Street, an' made the mugnets and magnets tumble some of the crew overboard.

"Now, b'ar in mind that all these thinks was a-chasin' one another through my helpless mind whilst I was snug in my palatial berth, headin', as I thought, to'rds the Capital. When I woke up it was a-rainin' in Seneca, South Carolina, an' the same nigger that I seed thar twenty year ago was standin' on the platform grinnin' an' tryin' for to sell ever'body twenty cents' wuth of fried chit'lin's. I dunno ef the chitlin's was the same or no, but the nigger was the same, an' his grin put me in mind of home an' the kind friends that had seed me on the train, tryin' to the last to borry all the money I had. Atter much backin' an' switchin' an' coughin', we got whar we was a gwine, an' it made me feel better for to be in the same town wi' Teddy. I felt like me an' Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousin had one firm friend at the head of civilization an' common honesty. It's a great feelin', too, an' ef you've never had it you want to ketch a bad case of it jest as soon ever you kin.

"Thar's one thing about the White House that'll astonish you ef you ever git thar while Teddy is on hand. It's a home; it'll come over you like a sweet dream the minnit you git in the door, an' you'll wonder how they sweep out all the politics an' keep the place clean an' wholesome. It put me in mind of the time when I went to kidnap Mr. Lincoln, an' I reckon that was the reason I didn't take him off when I had him whar I wanted him. The way I've got it made out in my mind, is that home is the biggest an' purtiest place the Almighty ever made, more especially when thar's childern in it; an' ef any of you veterans of the war ever want to know why William H. Sanders didn't fetch Aberham Lincoln back when he went atter him an' got him, why jest look at a little boy wi' eyes that kin see, tetch him wi' han's that kin feel, an' then you'll know ever' bit an' grain as much about it as I do.

"Well, as I told you, thar was the quintessence of home that reached from the front gate to—I dunner whar in that big house—an' to make it all more natchal, a little boy was in the peazzer waitin' to see me, an' what more could you ax

than that a little boy should be waitin' for to see you before he was tucked in bed. It filled me full of the feelin' that a man likes to have when he's gittin kinder lonesome. No sooner had I shuck the President's hand than the dinner bell rung—we call it the supper bell at my house—an' then a lovely lady come to'rds me, wi' the sweetest-lookin' young gal that you ever laid eyes on; an' right then an' thar I know'd whar the home-feelin' come from, the feelin' that makes you think that you've been thar before, an' seen it all jest as it is, an' liked it all mighty well, so much so that you fergit how old you are, an' whar you live at.

"It's a kind of a feelin' that you kin have in your own house, ef you've lived right, but it's the rarest thing in the world that you kin find it in anybody else's house; an' ef anybody had 'a' told me that I'd find it in full flower in the White House, a house that ten million politicians an' a good part of the public have tromped through, I never would have believed 'em. But thar it is, an' the beauty about it is that you can't miss it; it'll hit you smack in the face, an' stay wi' you. It holp me up might'ly; it made me have a mighty good time jest when I thought a chill was due. I come nigh forgittin' all about Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousin, mostly bekaze the talk was fur away from politics. It was more like a family reunion than anything I've seed sence the war, an' we had mighty little to say about the disaffected popylation an' the frazzled financiers.

"Ef the President had 'a' said anything about the financial sitywation, I could 'a' told him the state of mine wi'out countin' what I had in my pocketbook. We mostly talked of little childern an' all the pranks they're up to from mornin' tell night, an' how they draw old folks into all sorts of traps, an' make 'em play tricks on themselves.

"That's the kinder talk I like, an' I could set up long past my bedtime an' listen at it. I tried hard for to git in a good word for Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousin, but, allers, an' just at the right time, the President would chip in wi' some of his adventures wi' the childern. One time it was a red express wagon owned by one of the youngsters, an' then a red cheer, an' then a tunnel in the hay in the barn, an' a hole in the top whar the childern fell in on him, much to

his surprise; an' to cap it all off, one on 'em brung a kangaroo rat to the table for to show it to a visitor. So you see thar wa'n't much chance for to fetch in a speech in favor of Jeff Doolittle's dissipated cousin. I've found out sense that no house occupied by a member of the foreign service is next door to a brewery or a distillery; not even an American embassadry can back up his domicile ag'in' 'em; an' now I'm convinced that the Georgia brand of prohibition—a barrel in the cellar, a bottle in the pocket an' music by Gideon's band—is making great headway among the foreign barbarians.

"Well, I come away from the White House might'ly holp up, feelin' that Teddy is the President of the whole country, an' not of a party, an' that he oughter make up his mind for to run ag'in. He aint been elected but once, an' ever' President is entitled for to go before the people twice. That's my idee, an' wi' it in my head, I went back to the hotel an' snored as loud as ef I'd 'a' been on my own shuck mattress. I felt jest like I had been on a visit to some friend that I hadn't seed in years, an' I went to bed an' dreamed that the men in Wall Street had promised to be reasonably honest atter the fust of Jinawary.

"You wanter shake hanks wi' the President ef you ever git half a chance. It'll do your whole system good: you won't need any medicine for a considerbul spell. He's clean from head to foot an' right through his gizzard; he's healthy an' sane, an' sound an' honest, an what more could you ax a human bein' to be? Talk wi' him, an' then talk wi' other people, an' you'll find that the other people will leave a taste in your mouth like green persimmons. It's jest like I tell you.

"I hear that Teddy has axed Tom Watson up to see him, an' I'm mighty sorry we wa'n't all thar together; ef we had 'a' been you could 'a' retched out your hands an' tetched the only three ginnywine Democrats in North America, all warranted to be free from saddle-sores an' things like that. I hope I aint took up too much of your vallyble time, but I reckon your So-long will be as hearty as mine."

UNCLE REMUS AT THE TELEPHONE

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One night recently, as Uncle Remus's Miss Sally was sitting by the fire sewing and singing softly to herself, she heard the old man come into the back yard and enter the dining-room, where a bright fire was still burning in the grate. Everything had been cleared away. The cook had gone and the house girl had disappeared, and the little boy was asleep. Uncle Remus had many privileges in the house of the daughter of his old mistress and master, and one of these was to warm himself by the dining-room fire whenever he felt lonely, especially at night. To the lady there was a whimsical suggestion of pathos in everything the old negro said and did; and yet her attitude toward Uncle Remus was one of bustling criticism and depreciation. By leaning back in her chair a little, she could see him as he sat before the fire, enjoying the warmth.

"I should think it was time for you to be in bed," she exclaimed.

"No'm, 'taint," responded Uncle Remus. "I year tell dat w'en old folks git ter bed soon, dey feelin's been hurted; en goodness knows dey ain't nobody hurted my feelin's dis day."

"Well, there isn't anything in there that you can pick up. I've had everything put under lock and key."

"Yessum, dey is sump'n n'er in yer, too, kaze yer Mars John supper settin' right down yer 'fo' de fier, en little mo' hit 'ud a bin dry spang up, if I hadn't a' drapt in des w'en I did. I year Mars John tell dat ar nigger 'oman w'at you call yo' cook fer ter have 'im some fried aigs fur supper, en ef deze ain't fried an dried I ain't never see none w'at is. W'en Mars John come, you kin set plum' in dar en year 'im crack up his mouf, same lak cow chawin' fodder. Las' Sat'd'y night Mars John fotch some fried isters home, en ef dish yer nigger 'oman stay on dish hill many mo' days, he ull git all his vittles cooked down town en fetch it home in a baskit. Whar Mars John now?"

Just then there was a call at the telephone. The little gong rattled away like a house on fire. As the lady went to

answer it, Uncle Remus rose from his chair and crept on his tiptoes to the door that opened into the sitting-room. He heard his Miss Sally talking.

"Well, what's wanted? . . . . Oh—is that you? Well, I couldn't imagine..... No... Fast asleep too long ago to talk about. . . . Why of course! No! Why should I be frightened! . . . . I declare! you ought to be ashamed. . . . Remus is here. . . Two hours! I think you are horrid mean! . . . . By-by!"

Uncle Remus stood looking suspiciously at the telephone after his Miss Sally had turned away.

"Miss Sally," he said presently, "wuz you talkin' ter Mars John?"

"Certainly. Who did you suppose it was?"

"Wharbouts wuz Mars John?"

"At his office."

"Way down yan on Yallerbamer Street?"

"Yes."

At this piece of information Uncle Remus emitted a groan that was full of doubt and pity, and went into the dining-room. His Miss Sally laughed, and then an idea seemed to strike her. She called him back, and went again to the telephone.

"Is that you, Central! . . . Please connect eleven-forty with fourteen-sixty." There was a fluttering, and then the lady said: "Yes, it's me! . . . . Here's Remus. . . Yes, but he wants to talk to you."

"Here, Remus, take this and put it to your ear. Here, simpleton! It won't hurt you."

Uncle Remus took the ear-piece and handled it as though it had been a loaded pistol. He tried to look in at both ends, and then he placed it to his ear, and grinned sheepishly. He heard a thin, sepulchral, but familiar voice calling out, "Hello, Remus!" and his sheepish grin gave place to an expression of uneasy astonishment.

"Hello, Remus! Hello-ello-ello-ello-oo!"

"Is dat you, Mars John?"

"Of course it is, you bandy-legged old villain. I have no time to be standing here. What do you want?"

"How in de name er God you git in dar, Mars John?"

"In where?"

"In dish yer—in dish yer appleratus."

"Oh, you be fiddle-sticks! What do you want?"

"Mars John, kin you see me—er is she all dark in dar?"

"Are you crazy? Where is your Miss Sally?"

"She in yer, hollun en laughin'. Mars John, how you gwine git out'n dar?"

"Dry up! Good night!"

"Yer 'tis, Miss Sally," said Uncle Remus, after listening a moment. "Dey's a mighty zooin' gwine on in dar, en I dunner whe'er Mars John tryin' ter scramble out, er whe'er he des tryin' fer ter make hisself comfertuble in dar."

"What did he say, Remus?"

"He up en low'd dat one un us wuz a vilyun, but dey was such a buzzin' gwine on in dar dat I couldn't 'zactly ketch rights un it."

Uncle Remus went back to his place by the dining-room fire, and after a while began to mutter and talk to himself.

"What's the matter now?" his Miss Sally asked.

"I 'uz des a-sayin' dat I know Mars John mus' be suffun some'rs."

"Why?"

"Oh, I des knows it; kaze' ef he ain't, w'at make he talk so weak? He bleedz ter be in trouble. I'm a-tellin' you de Lord's trufe—dat w'ite man talk like he ain't bigger den one er deze yer little teenchy chany dolls. I boun' you," he continued, "ef I 'uz a w'ite 'oman en Mars John wuz my ole man, I'd snatch up my bonnet en I'd natally sail 'roun dish yer town twel I fine out w'at de matter wid 'im. I would dat."

The old man's Miss Sally laughed until the tears came in her eyes, and then she said:

"There's a piece of pie on the sideboard. Do get it, and hush so much talking."

"Thanky, mistiss, thanky!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, shuffling across the room. He got the pie and returned to his chair. "Dish yer pie," he continued, holding it up between his eyes and the fire—"dish yer pie come in good time, kaze Mars John talk so weak en furr off it make me feel right empty. I speck he be well time he git home, en ef he 'uz ter

git holt er dish yer pie, hit mought make 'im have bad dreams."

In a few moments the pie had disappeared, and when Miss Sally looked at him a little later, he was fast asleep.

THE GEORGIA WATERMELON

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THE weather was very warm—hot, in fact. The sun shone down with blistering effect on the tops of the houses, and on the pavements that were not protected by the friendly awnings. Yet, hot as it was, Uncle Remus sat contentedly on a platform used by the railroad as a temporary depository for bulky freight. He was sitting in the full glare of the sun, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The old man seemed to be comfortable, for, although he had his hat off, he was not fanning with it. He was gazing intently on a freight car standing on the track not far off. It was what is called a ventilated car, and was full of watermelons. While Uncle Remus was examining the car with wistful eyes, a negro, evidently employed about the railroad yard, came shuffling along, after the manner of negroes who desire to make a show of being very busy. He knew Uncle Remus, and so he cried out:

"Howdy, Brer Remus! How yer come on?"

"Middlin' peart," said Uncle Remus, turning to look at the negro. "I ain't ez sick ez I mought be, an' yet I ain't ez well ez I wish I wuz. How you do?"

"Des kinder tollable," replied the other, with a sigh. "Dey keeps me so busy 'round here dat I ain't got time to do much but complain."

"How come you so busy?" asked Uncle Remus. "I bin had one eye on you since I bin settin' here, an' I ain't seed you do nuffin' yit. How come dat?"

"I bin up dar waitin' fer der boss ter come," said the other, "an' now he done come, I'm a-gwine down here whar he'll hatter sen' atter me when he want me. I'm gwine ter rustle roun' an' see ef I can't git me a watermillion."

"Dey's a whole kyar full un um," remarked Uncle Remus, sententiously.

"Dat kyar locked," said the other.

"What kinder millions is dey?" Uncle Remus asked.

"Dey come from some'rs way off yander," said the other negro.

"Dat what I 'lowed," said Uncle Remus.

"Dish yere's de fust week in June, an' dough de sun gittin' sorter warm and thankful when you set right down and let it take good aim at you, yit 't ain't time for no state er Georgy watermillions. Not whar I come fum. Down dar in middle Georgy, ef you got a good ripe watermillion 'fo' de fofe er July, you wuz doin' mighty well."

"Law," said the other, "it done got so now dat dey 'gin ter come in 'fo' de fros' git out de groun' good."

"Dem yander millions," said Uncle Remus, gazing at the freight car with half-closed eyes, "is cert'n'y got de ole-time look 'bout um. I look at um des now, an' seem like I kin smell de Maypop blossom."

"I wish you'd hush, Brer Remus!" exclaimed the other negro laughing.

"Yasser! an' it look like I kin see de millions shinin' in de grass in de cool er de mornin', an' it look like dey ain't nobody watchin' 'ceptin' a red-headed woodpecker in de top uv a dead pine."

"Oh, go 'way, Brer Remus! You er gittin' me all stirred up; an' what good it gwine do, ef all deze yer million kyars is locked up?"

"Dem ar watermillions," continued Uncle Remus, smacking his lips, "mought be ez green on de inside ez dey is on de outside, yit dey look des 'zactly like dem what we uster raise on de Oconee. I dunner whar dey cum fum, but dey sholy is got de right kinder streaks on um."

"Dat ar kyar," said the other negro, examining some mysterious chalk marks on the sides, "come fum Albenny."

"Wharbouts is Albenny?" asked Uncle Remus, with a frown.

"Down de country," said the other, with a sweeping gesture that took at least two points of the compass.

"She's in de Nited States er Georgy," exclaimed Uncle

Remus, "dat whar she is. Kaze my young marster had a plantation down dar."

"Dey tells me," said the other negro, "dat de wedder down dar starts in ter warmin' up terrecklerly atter Christmas."

"Hit bleedz ter be so," said Uncle Remus, "bekaze it takes hot wedder an' a heap un it fer ter git de right kinder sweetness on de inside uv a watermillion. An' 'tain't only dat—'tain't only de sun what gits it in dar. When I come an' ax you fer to please be so good ez ter gimme a watermillion, don't you dast ter gimme no yuther kind 'cep'n de ginnywine kind what got de natal sweetness proned inter it fum de middle plum down ter de rine.

"I wish you'd hush!" said the other negro, shutting his eyes tight and grinning.

"Hit des like I tell you," said Uncle Remus. "Some er doze yer yuther niggers, dey er runnin' 'round all over creation, gwine out ter Massasip' an' down de Alabam', but I boun' you I'm a-gwine ter stay whar I kin git de ginnywine state er Georgy watermillion when de season come 'roun'."

"I 'clar ter gracious, Brer Remus, you make me feel right quare."

"I don't wanter be whar I'll hatter buy um, needer," said Uncle Remus, paying no attention to the other negro's remark. "I wanter be whar I kin go 'long de road soon in de mornin' an' make like I'm huntin' a cow what strayed off. Den, atter I been gwine 'long de road so long a time, maybe I'll take a notion fer to take a nigh cut, and' den I'll clime de fence an' santer 'long thoo de fiel's, an' keep on twel bimeby I'll come 'long ter whar de crab-grass sorter growin' rank. I won't min' de dew, kase what does a little dew 'mount ter, mo' speshually when a man is gwine 'long huntin' a stray cow?"

The other negro stood listening to Uncle Remus with open mouth.

"I'll go 'long twel I come ter de rank crab-grass, an' den I'll 'low ter myself, 'Hey! what all dish yere grass doin' here? Look like somebody done plant sump'n here an' den gone off an' lef' um. Den bimeby I'll see sump'n'n n'er in de grass dat look roun' an' green an' slick, wid little draps of dew on it des like glass beads. Den I'll stop an' hol' up my

han's an' say, 'Whoever is see de beat er dat? Man come 'long an' plant big watermillion patch, an' den go off an' lef' um.' Den I'll sorter poke roun' in de grass wid my cane twel I come 'cross a great big million wid streaks on 'im like rattlesnake, an' den I'll thump 'er an' ef she holler back at me like she full, I'll set down right flat er de groun' and bus' 'er wid my fist!

The listening negro moved a little nearer.

"Yasser," continued Uncle Remus, "dat des what I'd do. I wouldn't be grievin' kase I ain't got no comp'ny, but ef dey wuz anybody settin' off in de grass watchin' me, dey'd see a sight, man.

"Dey'd see me run my han' down inter de meat des like a scoop, an' fetch myse'f a swipe 'cross de face, an' den dey'd hear me smack my mouf like a wagon-driver poppin' a whip.

"Yasser; dey'd see all dat, an' de mo' dey'd see er my motions de less dey'd see er de watermillion. I'd fergit all 'bout de cow, an' den I'd make my way back home an' set in de sun an' nod. I'd nod ef de bummel-eye bee didn't git me, kase I'd have mo' sweetness en me fum de juice er de watermillion dan one er deze yer sugar hogsheads what sets out in front er de country stores.

"Yasser; an' ef I wuz ter eat two watermillions an' git bilous, I'd shuffle up town an' git me—"

Here Uncle Remus made a few marks in the sand with his cane in a reflective way.

"I'd git me a thrip's wuff er dram en den go hunt me anudder cow some'rs."

"Brer Remus," said the other negro, "des wait right whar you is. I'm gwine ter git a watermillion. I des bleedz ter have it."

"Go 'long, den, honey," said Uncle Remus. "When you talk dat way, I ain't got time ter be in a hurry."

ON KNOWING YOUR NEIGHBORS

From *Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine.*

NEIGHBORS we must have, be they few or many, near or far. We have no choice in the matter. The profession of hermitry, if one may call it so, is a lost art; it has been overwhelmed by teeming populations and newer fashions. Timon of Athens lived long ago, if he ever lived at all. He was desperately sour, and as uncommunicative as one of our modern millionaires. He went off in the woods, and tried to find solitude, but he could not escape his neighbors; they pursued him into exile, and persisted in pouring into his unwilling ears the current gossip of that day and time. He became something of a curiosity, like the bearded lady in the show, and had more neighbors, as the result of trying to escape them, than he had ever had before. And we and our neighbors, and our neighbors' neighbors are in the same or a worse case; we cannot help ourselves.

Could we pick and choose our neighbors, matters would be somewhat different; perhaps they would be worse. We cannot escape our environment, a sonorous term that is employed by experts to smother denial or discussion. We are helpless, as helpless as our neighbors. Doubtless your choice would not have fallen on them, and you may be quite sure that the majority of them would never have chosen you. There are reasons for the shadow of cold esteem that lies between you. Your chickens in his garden, his dogs in your rose-bed, the horse that chooses the midnight hour for his restlessness, the lonely cow, feeling that she has been forsaken, and bemoaning her unhappy fate at an hour when darkness has smothered all hope of protest, the children so aggravatingly healthy that they clamor and cry out at the bare suggestion of sleep—these are some of the things that come between you and your neighbor as you walk along the street in apparent friendliness.

Nevertheless, the command to love your neighbor as yourself stares you in the face as conspicuously and as insistently as a red card tacked on your neighbor's door by the health inspector. When you remember various things, and

imagine as many more, the doctrine that insists on neighbor-loving as a general practice, as well as a particular habit, seems to be somewhat hard and unnatural; but the command comes straight from the Bible, which deals with human nature at first hand, and is thus bound to contain a good deal of humor in the real meaning of the word. If the humor be grim at times, this fact is due to the truth. To understand the real meaning of the neighbor-loving behest, we must explore the Blue Beard room of our nature, the dark and secret chamber which we dare open to no one but ourselves. Until you do this you will continue to believe it impossible to love your neighbor under all the superficial conditions and circumstances with which you are familiar, and you will set aside the command as impracticable and impossible.

Now, according to Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale, even a small scrap of philosophy, or a big fact of science, is worth no more than it will fetch in the markets of the world. First and foremost, therefore, you are not commanded simply to love your neighbor. There is a very important qualification attached thereto, and, with it, there comes into play the grim humor that lights up the pages of Scripture; and be sure the uttermost depths are sounded. The command is a large and healthy invitation to self-knowledge, the necessity of which has been insisted upon by the sages and prophets of all the tribes of men since Experience came out of the underbrush, full of wounds and bruises, in search of a full meal and a soft pallet. The behest is simply to love your neighbors as you love yourself, and the qualification is such as to fit every case; for when you look frankly into the depths of your own heart —into the dark room, as it were, where your native thoughts and desires seethe and rage, and catch a glimpse, however fleeting, of the lair of the beast, you will have to acquire a strange taste for what is almost wholly bad if you fall in love with the things you find there. Let no thin scum of piety, however real it may be, interfere with the thoroughness of this self-examination; let no veneer of culture and refinement come between your vision and the thing you really are; and when you have seen all there is to be seen, and learned a great deal you never knew before, you will be compelled to admit

that your neighbor must indeed be a monster if you cannot love him as you love yourself.

And it so happens that when you come to know yourself, you will likewise know all things about all men, the best there is to be known, as well as the worst; and though, in one sense, the knowledge you gain is not by any means refreshing, it is not at all depressing. You feel that you are at last armed against ignorance of your neighbors, and if you are much of a man, your pride and conceit, and the whole swarm of vanities that dance attendance on them, will fall away from you like leaves from the trees in an autumn storm, and you will find yourself growing in the good-will and esteem of your fellow-men. You will no longer wonder that sensitive Christians have worn hair-shirts with a smiling face, or that they seek the solitude of the desert, fasting to the point of famishing, on bread and water—or that, in some quarters of the globe, where tradition stands guard over the actions of men, there are flourishing societies of flagellants, men and women who know themselves so well that they take a sad pleasure in the self-infliction of the punishments of the flesh, and feel that they deserve every wound and every blow.

No, the Scriptural injunction is entirely reasonable; the only difficulties we find in it are such as we make ourselves; nothing stands in the way but vanity, nothing but the pride that all of us have ridden to a fall full many a day. When your neighbor drags his chair across the porch at an unseemly hour, arousing you from pleasant dreams to a distressing sense of impending disaster, it is well to know that the hand that gives force and fulness to the noise is a friendly one, otherwise we shall have some difficulty in betaking ourselves to slumber again.

True neighborliness consists not of favors given and received, nor of courtesies offered and accepted, nor of visits made and paid. We trade too largely on our politeness, which, in our day and time, has come to be a form of political dickering. Those whom you chance to place under obligations grow restless under the debt. They want no bills outstanding against their gratitude, no drafts that are constantly falling due at the feet of their forgetfulness. "Ef you want a warm and active enemy," says the sage of Shady Dale, "just

give a man reason for to believe that he ought to be grateful to you." This statement is subject to modification in various ways, but why dull the edge of truth ever so little?

The field of friendship is a wide one, and all our neighbors, both near and far, should be candidates for admission there. The appearance of cold esteem, the passing salutation, empty of everything save chill formality, have larger possibilities behind them than we are wont to imagine. At any rate, to believe so, honestly and conscientiously, is an indication of an active faith, and is far wholesomer than the suspicions that do their utmost to master us. It is only through this belief that we shall bring ourselves in contact with some of the finest issues of life, and come to understand the unities and harmonies of existence. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind the important fact that man is not our only friend and neighbor. Neither patience nor investigation is necessary to the discovery that all things about us are capable of inviting neighborliness and dispensing it to those who are wise enough to take advantage of the hospitality that is constantly proffered. The towering trees (though they do not seem to tower as high as they did when we were younger), the humble creeping vines, the delicate flowers that spring up in a night, casual and ravishing, the whole movement and rush of Nature in her vigorous and insistent moods, belong to neighborliness in the most significant and satisfactory sense. It is something of a relief to discover that we need not depend entirely on man for companionship—though beyond all doubt, the best of his kind are to be treasured in whatever relation or condition they are found. There is an intimate acquaintance of mine whose garden is his world in the truest sense conceivable. As it is something more than a garden, he calls it the Snap-Bean Farm, the name being a droll allusion and tribute to the immortality of the Sabine Farm. He has no need to make long and uncomfortable journeys in order that he may be a witness to something fresh and fine, for not a day passes but there is some new and unexpected development in this wide garden, something baffling to curiosity. The beautiful and the picturesque lie spread out before his eyes at all seasons, and he contends that to go over the Snap-Bean Farm in the spirit and mood that the most imaginative man is capa-

ble of cultivating and acquiring at will, is more than comparable to a visit to the most famous city in the world, whether that be where Cæsar fell a victim of the envious fear of his neighbors, or where Dr. Rabelais had his headquarters, or where St. Paul was made blind that he might the better see—or even Shady Dale in Georgia.

This garden of my acquaintance's is his neighbor in a very intimate way, and something more, for it is the dwelling-place of other neighbors, teeming swarms, flocks, coveys and herds of them. Some he knows by sight, and some by sound, whereas there are many that he has never seen, being able to do no more than guess at their presence. They must know that they are welcome, for they are never disturbed save by the weapons that no longer terrify them—the plough, the hoe and the rake. The Snap-Bean Farm would be but a ridiculous parody on the Sabine Farm, were not the modern title firmly grounded in truth; it is really and literally a snap-bean farm from the middle of June until the middle of October brings a blighting frost. A snap-bean farm and something more, for with the season's vegetables come the season's birds.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON

[1846—1920]

R. GRAY WILLIAMS

THE most obvious excellence in the work of Mrs. Burton Harrison is her intimate knowledge of her material. She writes out of the fulness of a thorough acquaintance with the scenes she depicts and the characters she draws. From her girlhood in the stirred South of wartime and reconstruction comes the inspiration to her best, because her most beloved, work, while her later experience in New York society gives her opportunities for intimate observation and study of the "smart set," whom she was to satirize in her 'Anglomaniacs' with conspicuous success. In her other stories she is less successful than when she writes of the two spheres of life with which she is on the most intimate terms.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has been singularly fortunate in the breadth and intimacy of her contacts with life. Born in Virginia, inspired by an ancestry distinguished in the history of the State and nation, she was a keen and sympathetic observer of the stirring events culminating in the war of sections, and of that war itself. From the cruel suffering of reconstruction she was spared somewhat by a European trip with her widowed mother; a trip that broadened and deepened her culture, inspired her imagination and enlarged her outlook upon literature and life. In Europe she completed her studies in music and languages. From Europe she returned to a life in New York upon agreeable terms with much that was best in the social, literary and artistic activity of the metropolis. She has travelled in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and spent much time in London, Paris, and other capitals. Her ardent Southern sympathies were prevented from hardening into confirmed prejudices by this wider experience of life, but she retained to her people and her State that vivid loyalty manifest in the stirring chapters of several of her novels.

Alike, then, in her novels of Southern life and her novels of New York social life, Mrs. Harrison's experience endows her with a note of authority. Thus, in 'The Carlyles' we find many reminiscences of the author's youth in Richmond during the last tragic days before the surrender; in a 'Triple Entanglement' her foreign

travel gives authenticity to descriptions of Spain, pronounced by Spanish critics of authority as "truer to life than anything yet written by a foreign visitor;" while in 'The Anglomaniacs' only an intimate observer could have painted playfully into the satirical picture the salient details that give verisimilitude to the whole.

Mrs. Harrison's ancestry is interesting in any effort to arrive at a fair appreciation of her work as a novelist, because that ancestry unconsciously contributed a dignity and gentleness to the literary style as well as to the personal character of the author. Mrs. Burton Harrison was born Constance Cary in Vaucluse, Fairfax County, Virginia, on April 25, 1846. From her father, Archibald Cary of Virginia, she inherited a love of letters. Mr. Cary was a great-nephew of Thomas Jefferson. In the old leisurely days when literary cultivation in Virginia found expression most naturally in political and polemical writing, he became known as an editorial writer of vigor and merit. The mother of Mrs. Harrison herself wrote a number of graceful tales.

The father of Mrs. Harrison, Archibald Cary, of Carysbrook, was the son of Virginia Randolph, the ward and pupil of Thomas Jefferson and sister of his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph. Thomas Jefferson gave his ward in marriage to his own nephew at Monticello. Mrs. Harrison's mother was the youngest daughter of Thomas Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, in the Scottish peerage, who resided on his estate in Fairfax County, Virginia, at Vaucluse. The father died when Constance Cary was young, and her education was left to her mother and a governess. But the library at Vaucluse was well stocked with old volumes of classic English handed down from generation to generation. Here, doubtless, in this springtime of life, awoke the imaginative faculty of the author who was to delight in the fancying of fairies for children as well as the creation of characters embodying more mature and concrete conceptions of life.

Proud of her ancestry, sympathetic with her people, and devoted to her State, this high-spirited girl saw in sorrow the hostile armies approach. She left her own home a prey to the destruction of war and knew personally some of the sufferings and privations inflicted upon the South. In 'Flower de Hundred' and 'Crow's Nest' one may find a vivid reflection of the harsh experiences she underwent at this time.

Several years of European travel intervened before Constance Cary found recognition as an author. It is true, soon after the war, she had tasted the sadness of rejection of a highly-colored love story by the dignified *Atlantic Monthly;* but it was after her return from Europe that her "Little Centennial Lady" found shelter in the

pages of *Scribner's Magazine,* now the *Century. Harper's Magazine* followed with a warm reception of "Golden Rod," and then began a literary activity that has continued to the present writing.

Almost at the outset of her literary life Constance Cary married a distinguished Virginian, Burton Harrison, who had become a lawyer in New York City. This union of cultivated minds became a happy stimulus to the work of Mrs. Harrison, especially in her stories of the wartime South, stories to which her husband was able to contribute valuable material out of his own varied experiences in the service of the Confederacy. Colonel Burton Harrison was private secretary to President Jefferson Davis. His wife's recent novel, 'The Carlyles,' published in 1905 by Appleton, was read and approved as historically correct by Colonel Harrison, just before his death in 1904. Indeed, in 'The Carlyles,' as in other stories of Southern life, there is much of historic interest. Reminiscences of Mrs. Harrison's youth in Richmond in those tragic and sorrowful days preceding Lee's surrender will be found in 'The Carlyles.' In addition to her own memories, Mrs. Harrison has verified her historical statements concerning this time by the careful examination of rare pamphlets and papers loaned by a private collector in New York. Part of the material used in depicting the inside life of the Washington prison, wherein were executed the conspirators against President Lincoln, the author derived direct from her husband's own experience at that place as a prisoner of war.

However successful Mrs. Harrison has been in novels embodying the result of foreign travel and study, and depicting with admirable spirit and fidelity foreign scenes; however popular she has been as the half playful satirist of that Mammon-worshipping society peopling the pages of her 'Anglomaniacs,' she is more sympathetic and interesting in the books wherein she depicts the South of her girlhood. Again her work in this field is most valuable because she had rare opportunities to gather her material; she writes not merely with knowledge but with insight into the emotions of the Southern people, an appreciation of their ideals, an understanding of their peculiar point of view. Her identity of birth and breeding with the best elements of the older Virginia aristocracy qualified her peculiarly to observe her own people and present them in literature.

Mrs. Harrison herself prefers her Southern stories. The best of these are 'Flower de Hundred,' 'A Son of the Old Dominion,' 'The Carlyles,' and 'Belhaven Tales.' The latter collection contains one of her best single productions, "Crow's Nest." This story brought her many letters from admirers; one from a Western ranchman, writing that her book had gone the rounds but had always come back, "and I have threatened to put a bullet in the hide of the

man who does not return it;" another from a prisoner in the penitentiary to very much the same effect. Two of Mrs. Harrison's earliest Southern stories, "A Little Centennial Lady" and "Belhaven Tales," published in the *Century Magazine,* are mainly derived from family letters and traditions of old time Alexandria, and embody "the tender grace of a day that is dead" in more or less of an autobiographical spirit. Her veneration for colonial Virginia pointed Mrs. Harrison to the preparation of two excellent contributions to the history of colonial America. Before the New York Historical Society, June 2, 1888, she read her article on "The Fairfaxes in America," while her sketch of "Colonel William Byrd of Westover" appeared some two years later.

Among other distinguished New York journalists whom Mrs. Harrison has known intimately was that brilliant editor of the New York *Sun,* Charles A. Dana. He was unconsciously responsible for another of Mrs. Harrison's Southern stories. Mr. Dana confided to Mrs. Harrison the agreeable task of editing the "Monticello Letters," and from these she gleaned a story suggesting her "Old Dominion."

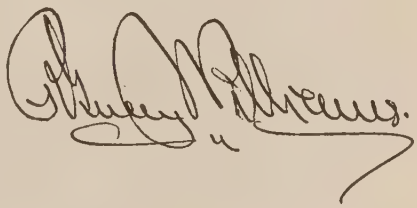
But however much we may prefer Mrs. Harrison's Southern stories, her book which caused the greatest stir and, perhaps, enjoyed the noisiest, if not the most notable, popularity was her satire on the Anglo-worshippers of New York's "smart set." This book appeared in 1889 and contained one of the earliest efforts of Charles Dana Gibson as an artist of society types. 'The Anglomaniacs' found a response in both the curiosity and patriotism of the American people; they delighted in an intimate view of the gilded life of the "smart set," while they rejoiced in the clever ridicule of these wealthy and unpatriotic women. The vogue of this book caused some critics to classify Mrs. Harrison as a novelist of society. One clever reviewer, more intent upon striking out a suggestive phrase than doing justice to the author, said of Mrs. Harrison: "Her muse is not a winged Pegasus; it is a Park cob." Mrs. Harrison herself protests against magnifying her society novels. "I would like to be thought of as a student of human, rather than of society nature," she has said.

Yet 'The Anglomaniacs' is a novel of real significance as the embodiment, in a somewhat exaggerated vein, of those American women whose minds are demoralized by the possession of great wealth. Indeed, recent and continued alliances of wealthy American girls to members of the foreign nobility continue to confirm the significance of Mrs. Harrison's amusing satire of nearly twenty years ago. In plot 'The Anglomaniacs' is simple and obvious, but the slender thread of the story is sufficient to give coherence and natural-

ness to the development. Mrs. Harrison, too, has had the courage to follow out the consistent development to an unhappy ending in the marriage of her heroine to the titled Englishman she does not love, rather than to the intellectual young American professor she does love. This is not a story that must be made incessantly to march, as "Sentimental Tommy" loved to say. The author has time to permit an English Oxford graduate—a fine, manly fellow—to think out loud about some rather confusing, if obvious, aspects of life in the American democracy, with a pleasing degree of suggestive observation. The letter of Lady Melrose to her son, offering him the plans and specifications whereby he may build his fortune by procuring a rich American bride, is rich with a rare humor. In 'The Anglomaniacs,' as in her Southern stories, Mrs. Harrison was completely at home. She knows her New York both by observation of and participation in its social activities. In this intimacy of experience lies the value of her stories of social manners: one feels that they may be received with confidence as a sincere and informed depiction of the life of New York society restrained to artistic aspects by the instinctive taste of a cultured and accomplished woman.

In 'A Princess of the Hills' Mrs. Harrison departs both from American society and Southern scenes and tells a story of Italian life in a foreign environment she knows thoroughly. Foreign critics have complimented the accuracy and vitality of her descriptions of foreign society, but her best and the most serious work remains her stories in the two spheres indicated.

Experience, cultivation of mind, gentleness of spirit, fertility of imagination, and a style formed by a love of the masters give to Mrs. Harrison's work a real literary value. If she is sometimes lacking in compelling interest and again at fault in naturalness and smoothness in the sequence of her stories, she is always the sincere artist, writing with authenticity out of the breadth and depth of her exceptional experience novels that are a dignified contribution to the American sphere of English literature.



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CROW'S NEST

From 'Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales.' Copyright by The Century Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

In this asylum, chiefly, what remained of old Octavius Hunter's days were gliding by. He was content to look at the theater of life through the large end of his glass. In his eyes, the world, outside of his inheritance of five thousand acres surrounding Crow's Nest, had subsided into vulgar commonplace when certain old-time luminaries in Virginia politics, most of them his blood-relations, had become extinct. To prattle about the past glories of his family, who were tide-water Virginians of the old, aristocratic, profuse class—hand-in-glove with the noblemen sent over to govern the colony, and themselves descendants of a distinguished English line—was the solace of his life. The fine old river-places, furnished and equipped with English luxuries at a time when Crow's Nest was part of a dense virgin forest, had passed out of the extravagant hands of Colonel Hunter's predecessors, and there remained to him only this remote lodge in the wilderness. Here he was content to dwell, reverting to the days of his gay bachelor life, when he was an ornament of the State militia,

as also an active member of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons in the neighboring town of Alexandria. Standing on the hearth-rug, his spindle legs in black tights a little separated, a silver snuff-box in his hand, his parchment face glowing with animation, the Colonel would discourse to you by the hour about how his grandfather rode to hounds with Washington, and how his Aunt Betty had danced with the General at a birthday ball. So in politics, the Colonel would have nothing modern. The consideration of party topics, just then agitating the broad extent of the United States, was of far less moment than the action taken by Washington about the free navigation of the Mississippi River, or Jefferson's renunciation of his favorite Embargo Act. If, after repeated efforts, one succeeded in dislodging the Colonel from his archæological eminence and bringing him to the consideration of present events, "Egad, sir," he would say, "it's arrant nonsense. Talk about breaking up the Union that was founded by the General! It can't be done, sir. Of one thing you may be certain—Virginia, Mother of Presidents, will stand firm, sir. Did I tell you of that little anecdote my father had from Light Horse Harry Lee, about the General?" The Washington intimacy was a source of undying pride. The father of the present owner of Crow's Nest had been a pall-bearer of the great republican, and a brass-bound clock upon the landing of the stairs still kept record of the hour of Washington's death, the hands remaining as they had been set shortly after the occasion of that national calamity.

The Colonel had married late in life, and the claims of a numerous family had not greatly incommoded the quiet current of his thought. In those days children had a comfortable fashion of growing up for themselves, untroubled by the endless aids to progress requisite now. The boys hunted, trapped, and fished, took what learning they chose to receive from a threadbare tutor forming part of the establishment, declined the college course proffered them by their father, and developed—as we have seen! Dolph took to his book eagerly, and he and Pink and the tutor had long delightful séances in the school-room—a round tower dependence of the house, with stucco walls and a conical roof, dropped as if by accident in the yard, near the dining-room door.

Pink's childhood was a happy one. She lived abroad outside her school-hours—the housekeeper's scepter, dropped upon Mrs. Hunter's demise, having been triumphantly snatched up by Aunt Judy, the household autocrat. Pink was put on a barebacked horse to ride to water when she could hardly walk, and soon after learned to climb trees like a squirrel. The six big brothers were kind to both motherless children, who formed the romance of their monotonous lives. They petted them, broke colts for them, brought home trophies of the hunt for them, from an owl's nest to a fox's brush, saved for them the earliest nuts and persimmons, and, at Pink's bidding, would smooth their ruffled manes and check the rioting of their speech at times of family reunion.

Such was the circle at Crow's Nest, now recruited by our two travelers. Whatever curiosity they might have experienced was soon merged into a solid enjoyment of Aunt Judy's good things. A Virginian hot supper, or "high tea," as it would now be called, was a thing to be remembered!

"We missed the canvasbacks in Baltimore," Newbold said, with a sigh to their memory, even amid such profusion.

"Very savory eating are canvasbacks," said his host. "But you must know the cook, sir. 'Let them fly twice through the fire, and eat them when singed,' was a saying of my maternal aunt, Mrs. Peggy Marshall, of Bush Hill. No currant jelly or wine sauce, either. Did you ever hear this little incident of General Washington's latter days, sir? He went once with my grandfather into Gadsby's tavern in Alexandria. Gadsby met them, rubbing his hands, with the announcement that he had just received a prime lot of fat canvasbacks. 'Very good, Mr. Gadsby,' rejoined His Excellency, 'Give us some canvasbacks, a chafing-dish, some hominy and a bottle of your best Madeira, and I'll warrant you'll hear no grumbling from us!' Ha, Ha! Have a slice of this ham, Mr. Newbold. Jupiter, hand Mr. Hoyt's plate. Come, no refusal. Of course you must—a thin slice of Crow's Nest ham never hurt anybody."

Jupiter handed the plate; and, in the act of carving, the Colonel held his knife in air, to explain how to make a really good ham.

"Mo' waffles, sir," said a piping voice at the guest's el-

bow. Newbold wanted to groan. The time for preserves and cream had not yet come, and already his satiated spirit cried "Enough."

One who has encountered the pressure of Virginian hospitality knows that there is nothing for it but to submit, body and baggage. Hoyt and Newbold made a feeble stand against extending their stay at Crow's Nest; but, betimes next morning, a cart drawn by a large cream-colored mule and driven by a negro lad (whose garments, made of guano-bags, commended Smith's fertilizer to the public gaze), set off in pursuit of their luggage at the tavern in Pohick. Thus beset, our travelers resigned themselves to a fortnight's loitering. Hoyt, an enthusiastic sportsman, found his chief amusement in the saddle, under convoy of the stalwart six, or in roaming the woods and fields. Newbold derived endless entertainment from the life, the place, the people. Dolph and Pink led him captive everywhere. Aunt Judy was proud to show her various departments of baking, brewing, poultry-raising, hog-fattening, spinning, and weaving. He had called upon the new calf of the red-and-white cow; he had seen Judy make her wonderful "beat" biscuits; he had rifled her quince preserves in company with his allies. He liked best of all, perhaps, to pass hours in the old "office." In this retreat, common to most Virginian houses, the uncertain light came through small panes of glass, shadowed without by a massive clump of box-bushes causing dusk to fall within at noonday, and affording sanctuary where Aunt Judy dared not pursue her fowls, fleeing for their lives from block and hatchet. Above the door, where, entering, the visitor plunged headlong down an unsuspected step, grew syringas, gnarled and ancient, with hoary bark and sparse flowers. Sometimes a nest of young chimney-swallows, loosened by the rain, would fall upon the hearth, "pieping" for human sympathy. Hounds wandered in and out the door; mice sported on the book-shelves; not infrequently a young heifer sauntered down the flagged walk to set her forefeet on the mossy step and fix her serious gaze upon the occupant. Here Newbold liked to sit, opening moldy envelopes, exploring mouse-eaten documents, some bearing proud armorial seals, and taking notes from a family correspondence extending back to the time of England's merry

monarch. The spring days glided by, till, on the eve of their departure, Pink summoned both her guests to a final round of "the quarter." Here, a number of whitewashed cabins, each boasting its separate patch of garden, growing corn, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, onions, and cabbage, were embowered in foliage and connected by a broad walk swept as clean as the deck of a man-of-war. A pleasant hum of business struck the ear. Through open doors were seen wheels, looms, hat-pleating, basket-making. One or two negro patriarchs, with heads like ripe cotton-bolls, sat blinking in the sun before their doors. On the grass, on the walks, everywhere under foot, were sportive pickaninnies clad in a single garment. As the visitors passed down the line, smiles, bows, curtseys, and cordial good-byes were showered upon the young men, who had won a host of admirers in "the quarter."

Newbold lingered behind the others, and looked back. It was a fine elastic day, full of sweet, homely smells from wood and meadow and fresh-turned furrows of the earth—a day when the air "nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto the gentle senses." From the farm-hands, at work on the slopes bordered by dark lines of pine forest, came cheerful sounds mellowed by distance; in "the quarter" chattering tongues were heard, with the crowing of cocks and the clamorous joy of hens who had just acquitted themselves of their diurnal duty to society. It was all peaceful and pleasant enough. While Newbold mused with regret over the approaching departure, he heard a cry as if of pain from Pink, who, with her two companions, Hoyt and Dolph, had disappeared down a path leading to an isolated cottage. Newbold quickly followed, to be met by all three of the missing young people, Dolph having his arm around Pink, who looked pale and terrified.

"It is nothing," Hoyt explained. "We were idiotic enough to go into that old witch's cabin yonder to have our fortunes told; and the woman was either drunk or crazy, I don't know which, and frightened Miss Hunter with some of her nonsensical sayings—that's all."

"Oh! no," cried Pink. "Aunt Sabra never was like that before—never." And she shuddered involuntarily, clinging to her brother.

They had passed into the glen, a broad grassy valley, strewn with boulders of rock set in ferns, where dogwood trees in full blossom made a blaze of white radiance in the shadow.

"Sit down upon one of these royal rocks," Newbold said to the young girl gently. "Tell me all about your fortune-hunting, and we will laugh at it together."

But Pink could not laugh. She looked from Hoyt to her brother, but did not speak. Hoyt, strangely enough for him, seemed to labor under a rare spell of embarrassment. Only Dolph laughed, like the light-hearted lad he was.

"All this because Aunt Sabra had what Mammy Psyche calls the highstrikes, Pink. It isn't worth worrying about. After all, I am the fellow to be worried, am I not, Mr. Hoyt?" and the lad looked up into his friend's face with a trustful smile.

"Oh! but she said—she said," Pink found voice to whisper, "that Dolph was—walking—across—his grave!"

"And that *I*, since Miss Hunter is too polite to continue the prophecy," Hoyt added, "that I am to be the grave-digger, or words to that effect. Pray, Miss Hunter, don't let this stupid accident mar the pleasure of our last day at Crow's Nest. Dolph here has shown that he believes in me. Won't you, too, be my friend?"

To Newbold's surprise, the color in Pink's face, as she placed her hand in Hoyt's, deepened to burning crimson.

* * * * * *

Three years later, in February of 1863, an officer of the Union Army, representing a brigade recently stationed at Three Forks Mills, in the County of Fairfax, Virginia, accompanied by his orderly, rode into the half-deserted village of Pohick.

Railway communication with that enlightened center had long since been cut off. The inhabitants nowadays would have been as much startled by the sight of a locomotive as were the red men who first beheld one on the far Western plains. Many of the Pohick people had packed a few belongings and hastily gone over the border to share the weal or woe of the Confederacy. Those who remained would cower behind the closed green shutters of their frame houses

and listen to the clang of sabers in their one straggling street, not knowing whether this meant the advent of friend or foe—for the little town occupied debatable ground. Some days the people would wake up to see a splendid body of Union cavalry, all a-glitter with brave uniforms and polished steel, dash gallantly on and away into the dangerous region beyond; and again, be roused from their beds at night to give food and warmth to a weather-beaten band of ragged troopers in gray, who ate and drank like famished folk, who for nights past had slept by snatches when and where they could, wrapped in blankets on the snow, and for days had lived in the saddle, scouring their desolate outposts, with ears alert and hands on pistol-butt.

More than once had the main street of Pohick been startled by the flash of a sudden fusillade, prelude to a skirmish short and sharp. The good citizens watched with clasped hands and bated breath, and presently, when the tide of battle flowed back from before their portals, leaving stranded there its flotsam and jetsam of dead and wounded men, the sealed doors flew open, and friend and foe were borne within to be tended till reclaimed.

Newbold had been among the earliest volunteers for the Union, and his years of experience in the invading army, although spent elsewhere than in these well-remembered haunts, had pretty well prepared him for the reception his blue uniform might expect to encounter here. He had anxiously awaited an opportunity to ride to Pohick and make inquiry concerning certain old friends; but the opportunity had been slow in coming. A lull in border hostilities enabled him to pursue his investigations with tolerable security apart from the general possibility of a stray Black Horseman's bullet. He had set out with a strange excitement of spirit, amounting almost to exhilaration; but the aspect of affairs throughout the country where he passed saddened, then thoroughly depressed him. There was hardly anything to recall the ride of three years before. Nothing can so transform a landscape as the fall of timber; and here acres upon acres of forest giants had been laid low under the decree of war's necessity. For the most part the ground was bare and desolate, but here and there were thickets of noble trees degraded from their high

estate. Upon the hillsides once crowned with handsome homesteads or generous farm-houses were now mere skeletons of framework, glaring with hollow eye-sockets, and showing ghastly blackened fronts, round which the bleak March wind swept drearily. Everywhere fences were gone, outbuildings had vanished, fields and orchards were laid waste. The roads were vast mud-holes, glazed with a thin crust of ice. Passing a forsaken camp-ground, he saw the earth incrusted with a curious mosaic a newly shod regiment had made by casting away their ancient shoes on breaking camp. For companions, during miles of this melancholy expedition, besides his orderly, he had only troops of crows, whose ominous note seemed a warning of evil to come. Last of all in the list of dispiriting influences were the unmarked graves, seaming the hillsides, scattered in the valleys—mute records they, but oh! how eloquent of recent battlefields—though, alas! only a handful beside the countless number of those that, from Shenandoah to the sea, scar the green bosom of beautiful Virginia!

Newbold was not surprised at the scanty welcome he received on drawing rein before the long piazza of the tavern at Pohick. The hostler who appeared had a gray look of chronic apprehension invading the ebony of his once jolly countenance; and mine host, who of old had swaggered out to meet and pledge each new-comer, kept to himself behind the ill-supplied bar counter, the tide of his courteous verbosity curbed and leaking out only in necessary monosyllables. The tavern folk, and those few who appeared upon the thoroughfare, were all guarded, suspicious, anxious, furtive. Newbold's hardly veiled eagerness of inquiry for news of the family at Crow's Nest met with evasive answers. They gave him such plain food and drink as they could furnish, and left him to himself in the long chill dining-room, with its last summer's decoration of fly-specked paper garlands still pendent from the ceiling. Newbold's appetite was not unduly tempted by the cold ham and scrambled eggs, the adulterated coffee and sharp green pickles set before him. He rose up in a moment or two and strolled out into the stable-yard to give an order concerning his horse.

Here he was confronted by an odd subject he vaguely

remembered to have seen before. It was a crippled negro, old and bent, who, broom in hand, was sweeping out the stalls. At Newbold's greeting, the old fellow looked at him, first curiously, then with sudden intelligence in his eyes.

"I knows you, marse, shua 'nuff; but you 're fleshier and more comfortabler den you was. 'Spect you disremembers Sam! You hain't forgot Crow's Nes', has ye? I's Unk Pilate's brer, wha' ye gin a quarter to, de day ye sont me 'cross Black Jack to open de red gate."

Like a flash the time alluded to came back. Newbold recalled the race on horseback to which Pink had challenged him—the quaint old fellow gathering underbrush along the roadside. The warm balsamic air of the pine woods seemed to blow upon him. He saw again the perfect poise of her light figure in the saddle. Her ringing laugh echoed in his ear.

"Sam, you 're a trump," he said, with returning spirits. "Here's a dollar to keep the quarter company. Now tell me all you know about the Crow's Nest family, and how you came to be wandering off here to foreign parts."

The old negro looked around him apprehensively, as his long claws closed upon the greenback, and, shuffling, he led the way into a disused stall.

"Mighty cur'us times dese, marse. Can't tell yer right hand w'at yer lef' han' 's scrabblin' arter, 'pears to be."

Here he paused, coughed, looked wistfully into Newbold's face and, extending his lean forefinger, touched the young man's shoulder-strap.

"Ye wouldn't do no hurt, sir, to my ole marse, if ye does wear dis?"

"I would n't be fit to wear it if I did, Sam. I was a stranger and he took me in, remember," Newbold answered heartily. "Come, old man, out with your story. They are well, I hope. She—they have not been troubled in their home?"

Dey's only tol'able, Marse Newbole," Sam said, scratching his head dejectedly. "When de wah fus' bruk out, 'pears like ole marse kinder disbelieved de news. He'd set dere in de office day in and day out, and w'en de papers cum twicet a week, he'd git kinder riled, and den 'pear like he forgit all 'bout it. De young masters dey kep' gittin' mo'

an' mo' oneasy. Dey confabulated 'mongst deyselves—ole marse he kep' on desbelievin'—twel one mornin' de boys dess tuk an' lipt ober de fence, so to speak, an' jined de army ober yonder at Manassy Junction. Ole marse felt bad den, I reckon, w'en he found dey wor n't nobody to fill de ole house 'sep' little mistis and Marse Dolph. He tuk to walkin' up an' down de flo', and dar's whar he is now, I 'spec's. Little mistis, her eyes tuk to shinin' brighter 'n lightnin'-bugs, en she and Marse Dolph never rested widout dey knowed wot was goin' on in de camp. Dem two chillun 'u'd ride down to de Junction every chance dey got. Little mistis 'u'd keep all hands at wuk, sewin', knittin' en cookin' for de soldiers. Dey wor n't nuthin' talked 'bout but marchin' and drillin' and paradin', en how General Beauregard was a-gwine to save de Souf. Bymeby cum a day wha nobody down our way ain't a-gwine ter forgit dis side de Judgmen'. 'T was hot summer wedder —de groun' a-bakin' wid de sun—and w'en we fust heerd dat rumblin' long de groun', bress your soul, sir, we tuk it fur de las' trump. Ef de fus' clap didn' bounce dat ole headen Si outen his cheer, en turn loose de wust skeertes' nigger on our plantashun!

"Den dey wuz mo' rumblin', en a lot of sharp cracklin' sounds way off to the norf of us. De fus' we know, dar was little mistis runnin' out in de sun widout no hat, en her cheeks as red as peonies. Marse Dolph followed arter her, and tuk her hand. Ole marse kem out en stood on the poach, lookin' like he walkin' in he sleep. De cracklin' set in louder den befo', en little mistis she screech right out to her par dat de battle was begun. She looked peart enough to 'a' fit herself, bress your soul; and de boy he stand dere wid his head up, en his ears cocked like a blood hoss w'en he hear a cone drop off de pine trees. 'T was a mons'us hot day, Marse Newbole; en w'en night kem nobody on dat plantashun dars n't go to bed a-waitin' fur de news. Bymeby a sojer rode up de wood road. He sot his hoss sorter droopy, en w'en one o' de boys run down to de hoss-block, dar it wuz Marse Noblet's own sorrel, and dat wuz Marse Noblet ridin' him. He med out so ez to walk to de poach, wha old marse kem out to meet him. Den Marse Noblet bruk down like a baby, en if Unk Jupe had n't bin dar to ketch him, he 'd 'a'

tumbled flat. 'De res' ob 'em is safe, father,' wuz what he med out fur to say, sir, 'but I 'se hit in de side,' en den he fainted, en we kerried him into de charmber wha ole miss useter sleep, en dere he died fo' mornin'. 'T was de blood-flow dat finished him, de doctah 'lowed. Dat wuz only de beginnin', sir. Marse Noblet died o' Saturday, en o' Sunday de noise o' de guns begun ag'in bright en arly; en all day it kept rippin' en tearin' like mad. Ole marse set wid his head on hes bre's' by Marse Noblet's body, en dem chilluns did all de orderin' dey wuz to be did. Sun up, nex' mornin', shua ez you baun, sir, ef dar wor n't one o' dem sort o' sick hearses a-turnin' in de red gate; en w'at you s'pose in it? Marse Bushrod en Marse Catless *bofe,* sir. Dey wuz shot dead a-fightin' side by side.

Sam paused, gave a gulp, of which he tried to seem ashamed, while in spite of him two large tears ran down his cheeks. These he quickly brushed away, using a wisp of hay for the purpose, and resumed his story.

"Well, sir, Mammy Lucy she laid 'em out, en we buried dem free alongside dere ma in de cedar patch; en little mistis she sont into Pohick en bought some black stuff en had Mammy Psyche make a frock fur her. Ole marse quit readin' den, en tuk to walkin' up en down de flo'. Marse Dolph he seemed fit to bu'st, kase ther' wor n't no chance fur him to git inter de scrimmage on his own account. He en little miss could n' ride about like dey useter, w'en de Yankees begun to scout aroun' permiscus; en dey was fearful restless en oneasy. Dar ent no use in me tekkin' up you time, Marse Newbole, wid tellin' you all 'bout de way things got a-runnin' down on de old plantashun de secun year o' de wah. Arter de young marsters quit, dere wor n't nobody to run de machine. Ole marse got one oberseer, a po' white from de Cote-House, en he stole en cheated; den anudder feller, he cheated en stole. Bymeby, hog-meat gittin' skerser, craps failin', ole marse sent fur all han's to 'semble in de yard. Dar wuz we, in our Sunday bes'; dar wuz he in dat ole study-gound en his little cap; little mistis behine him, all pale en showed she'd bin a-cryin'; Marse Dolph holdin' on to her, en whis-perin' now en den. 'Boys,' ole marse sez, speakin' particular to Pilate, Jupe, en me, cos we wuz de oldest, 'you all see

how 't is wid me. Ye's sarved me true en faithful, en it's powerful hard to say it, but I hain't no call fur to starve my father's people, en so I 'll give ye leave to go. We're dat near to Wash'nt'n it 'll be easy fur dem as wants ter to git through de lines. Dem as has families to take wid 'em I'll give a little money to start 'em on de way, en what I can I 'll do fur all on ye.'

Dem niggers acted mighty queer, Marse Newbole. It cum as nateral as breathin' to want to holler out at dat. Dat wuz *freedom,* sir, dat wuz! But de sight uv our old marse standin' up in de ole poach so feeble like, en dem po' young things behine him, wuz mo' stronger; en we just kep' still as if it wuz in preachin'! Den Mammy Psyche gin de fust wud by squealin' out en throwin' her arms aroun' dem two, Miss Pink en Marse Dolph, en prayin' ole marse, for God's sake, not to send her off from her lambs, her precious babies. Ole Unk Jupe put his hand on one o' de do' poses, en he sez: 'Tek dis ere away, marse, but leave old Jupiter.' En dat sorter bruk down de cer'mony ob de 'cashun. De wimmen folks en de chillun cried en hollered, en de men stood on de groun' ez if dey wuz bin havin' der dogger-types tuk."

Again Sam had recourse to the wisp of hay. Newbold stood in silence beside him, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I'd like to tell you 'bout little mistis, sir," the old negro said, confidingly, after a time. "She waited a minnit to see if her pa wuz gwine to say enny mo', en, seein' him settle down like he wuz dreamin', she dess run out on de grass amongs' us, sir, wid dat same face she had w'en she wuz a-listenin' to guns at Manassy; it wuz proud, and den ag'in it wuzn't.

" 'I wornts you all to know dat my father en my brother en I loves you jes' ez well en trusses you jes' de same ez ever,' war what she say; 'en ef any one 'mongs' ye wornts to stay en share our poverty, he's welcome; en ef any one of ye wornts to come back to Crow's Nes', he's welcome. I've growed up here 'mongs' ye, en I knows ye, big en little, ole en young. It's like pullin' my heart-strings out to see ye go away, en de ole place go to ruin. But ef it's got to be, my dear, dear frien's, I know you 'll help—' "

At this point of his narrative Sam made no further at-

tempt to stem the current of fast-welling tears that streamed down the channels of his withered face. Presently he abandoned the wisp of hay as inadequate to the occasion, and took from his pocket a handkerchief emblazoned with the United States flag in all its bravery of colors.

"Dat was de beginnin' uv de end, Marse Newbole," he said. "De Crow's Nes' niggers c'lared out arter dat, do de mos' ob 'em was mighty hard to stir. Unk Jupe and Mammy Psyche dey staid, uv co'rse, en dey kep' a couple o' boys to hope in de gyarden. Aunt Lucy, she went off to nuss in de hosspittle at Culpepper. Aunt Judy—she dat wuz housekeeper, sir—why she's cook at Marse Secretary Chase's, dis minnit, in Wash'nt'n, en Unk Pilate, her husban', he drives de kerridge. Ole Unk Si he tuk his savin's en made tracks, fust off. Hain't nebber heerd o' enny cullud gentleman wha 's runnin' fur Presiden', down dar, has ye, sir? De way dat nigger bambilated off, ye 'd 'a' thought he wor n't gwine ter 'low Marse Linkum no chance, nohow. Sum' on 'em has writ letters beggin' marse to take 'em home ag'in; some on 'em we ain't never heerd on. I'm a kyinder old tarrypin myself; en w'en little mistis 'vised me to be a-movin', I dess crawled dis fur, en 'ere I stopped. I gets my cawn-bread en my bacon en a bed to sleep on by de wuk I does fur Marse Jim Peters, wha' keeps dis 'ere hotel; but dey's a mons'us differ'nce. 'Pears like I ent got no self-respec', to be waitin' on po' whites, nohow; en de longes' I live, sir, I ent nebber seen money tuk befo' fur a stranger's bode en lodgin'."

Thus far Newbold had heard without wishing to interrupt the simple old narrator, but a great longing to know more of her toward whom his heart had been drawn during years of separation overmastered him. He wrung Sam's hand, greatly to that worthy's astonishment, leaving in the horny palm another greenback—an act of beneficence that almost defeated his object by depriving the now smiling negro of his powers of speech.

"Your young mistress, Sam, how does she look? how does she bear her changed fortunes?"

"She's grow'd like a hiskory saplin', Marse Newbole, en it's dess a wonder her sperret ent bruk, wid de pore eatin', en de worriment, en de hard work. I ent tole you, sir, dat

Marse Peachy got killed at Malvern Hill, en Marse Ludwell lay down dere in the hosspittle at Richmon' all las' summer, 'fo' he died o' de wounds he got at Seven Pines. W'en Marse Raish kem a-limpin' home on crutches wid one laig gone, en took to settin' on de back poach all de day (underneath de water-bucket wha de gourds hangs, sir, you 'members it?) en giv hisself up to bein' drefful onsperreted, seems like dat wuz de las' straw! Ole marse looked at him kinder fur off, en he sez, sez he, 'I'm a' old tree, en dey've lopt off all o' my branches; purty soon de trunk 'll fall, please God.' Den Marse Dolph en Miss Pink dey tuk de whole fambly in charge. Marse Raish allus was de perjinketes' ob all de boys, en he's give 'em lots o' trouble sence, en old marse 'pears to git childish like. Dat boy Dolph ez only fifteen, sir; but ef you 'll b'leeve me, he's breakin' his heart to go enter de wah; en Miss Pink she wornts de wust way ter please him, en but fer his pa I b'leeve he'd be off like a shot. . . Dey's powerful po', sir," he added, with reluctant admission. "All dat lan' 's no good to marse; en de Yankees hez cut down acres uv his timber. But dey's great folks still, sir. Dey's Hunters, ebbery inch; en dey don't gib up."

Newbold rode back to headquarters, turning over in his mind a variety of projects by which he could bring himself into communication with, and if possible aid, the family at Crow's Nest. A day or two afterward he met his old friend Hoyt, now captain of New York volunteers, and, like himself, recently stationed in the Three Forks neighborhood. They dined together at Newbold's mess, and after dinner Newbold resolved to make an effort to break an awkward kind of reserve that his own feeling had established between them in regard to the visit at Crow's Nest. He gave Hoyt an outline of Sam's story.

"By Jove, it's too bad," Hoyt responded heartily. "Of course we should do something; but what? Our hands are tied. Very likely they'd bar the door against us, and the girl would hurl secession eloquence at our heads from the upper windows. What a pretty creature she was, Newbold! Do you know, I believe my wife is to this day a trifle jealous of the spooney way I used to go on about old Virginia after our visit there. I sent Miss Hunter a lot of books

and engravings, and wrote her a half-dozen rather sentimental letters from Europe that summer—and there the thing cooled off. You remember, it was just before I became engaged to Lilian—"

"I have n't forgotten anything about that time," Newbold said, with a sort of effort. "Perhaps I never told you, Hoyt, that I myself fell as irretrievably in love with Miss Hunter as an idiot could. I wrote and told her so, and asked her leave to revisit Crow's Nest in a different capacity. But—"

"She did n't agree with you, old fellow?" Hoyt said serenely. "Well, that's a chapter that comes in most of our lives, is n't it? I am so well set up in that matter that I can afford to sympathize with you old bachelors."

"Unfortunately, as you will agree," Newbold added, after a moment's deliberation, "I have a provoking way of not changing when I once make up my mind. I find myself to-day more than ever fixed in my regard for her. The story that old darkey tells of her pluck and her endurance has filled me with a rash and unmanageable desire to go to her rescue."

Hoyt whistled.

"Excuse me, old fellow, but really—I—It's such an immense joke, don't you see? Why can't you have the common sense to know that now she would never look at you? These Southern girls are the very devil! Perhaps you'd better try it, though, if you are going in for a cure; or else wait awhile till we have settled this rebellion business, and affairs assume a different complexion. For my part I stand ready to do the Hunters any kindness or any courtesy that may be possible, if a chance presents. How Lilian will laugh when she hears I've run upon the Virginian flame again!"

* * * * * *

Once again upon the banks of the Aspen River our two friends came to a halt. This time it was no May-day pleasuring beneath the flowery arches of the wood. Hoyt was in command of a scouting expedition, which Newbold, out of the very restlessness of his spirit, had volunteered to accompany. The long winter of inactivity made an opportunity like this a godsend to both men and officers. It was now toward the end of March, and, by one of the coquetries of

Virginia's climate at that season, a brisk snow-storm had set in, driving Hoyt's party into the shelter of a close growth of pine trees for their noonday bivouac. Gathered round a tiny fire, whose thin blue curl of smoke they would have hidden from outside observation, they sat eating and chatting merrily—their horses, tethered close at hand, comfortably munching provender beneath a thatch of snow.

Suddenly the soldier on guard without gave a note of warning to his comrades. In an instant every man's hand was on his rifle. In the dead silence that ensued they could hear the long, even stride of horses galloping on the far side of the river-bank. From their ambush they saw a party of Confederates emerge from the undergrowth opposite and sweep down the steep descent to the ford. Their steeds plunged into the stream and rioted with the swift yellow current, wading breast-high, now swimming, again striking bottom, and so until the hoofs of their leader struck the shore immediately beneath the wooded height where lurked their foe.

What followed was the work of a moment. Newbold, looking out with a thrill of eager anticipation, saw the gray-coats fare gaily forward to their certain doom—saw in the midst of them, first to breast the current, waving his arm aloft in boyish pride—joyous, gallant and alert—good God! could this be little Dolph?

"Fire!" came the ring of Hoyt's clear voice; and the order was instantly obeyed.

Newbold was conscious of a mad movement of protest. Before the smoke attending the deadly volley had scattered, the ranks of the rebel cavalry were seen to split asunder. Two or three bodies plunged heavily from their saddles to the ground. In the skirmish that ensued the rest of them, surprised and outnumbered, made desperate fight in vain. Those not slain or captured on the spot turned back to cross the ford, a rain of bullets following. More than one succeeded in crossing unhurt; some sank wounded on the far bank; and one poor fellow, struck in mid-stream, sat his horse gallantly until he had well-nigh mastered the buffeting of the flood, then, falling like a column, was lost to sight beneath the angry tide.

It was short work to look for Dolph. The boy lay by

the roadside, his fair face looking heavenward, a bullet through his heart.

Hoyt, having a severe thigh-wound for his own share of the encounter, was carried by his men into the shelter they had recently quitted and laid on a bed made of leaves and blankets, while a messenger, accompanying the prisoners sent back under guard, was despatched to headquarters in search of a surgeon. Into this retreat, where the wounded of both sides were lying, Newbold had caused Dolph's body to be borne. A faint hope, too soon extinguished, nerved him to continue efforts at resuscitation. Hoyt, on discovering the object of his friend's solicitude, was beyond measure shocked and grieved. In the intervals of his acute attacks of suffering, he would ask impatiently if nothing could be done to save the boy. From one of the wounded Confederates Newbold ascertained that this was young Hunter's first military service since his recent enlistment; and that the party, at his request, had stopped over night at Colonel Hunter's house, whither it was more than probable some one of the retreating men had even now borne the news of the lad's fate.

"But I reckon I'd rather be here as I am, than in his boots that tells the news," the soldier added, between gasps of pain.

Newbold, having done what he could for the sufferers, paced up and down the road in front of his improvised hospital, a prey, for once in his life, to blank uncertainty. As he strode back and forth, a soldier on the outpost signaled him, pointing in the direction of the far bank of the river. Going down the steep path, Newbold saw through the mist of swiftly falling snow the black hulk of the old ferry-boat push out from the opposite shore.

"There are only two people aboard, sir," the sentry said. "They've a white flag up. It's a woman and a nigger man, I guess."

"Newbold's heart was filled with foreboding. He could make no answer; he could only watch and wait. The boat drew nearer. What he feared was realized. A gaunt old negro handled the ropes of the ferry-boat, and at his side a young girl stood directing him. A moment more, and Pink, her large eyes fixed and staring, no tear upon the whiteness

of her cheek, sprang to the shore and came swiftly up the bank.

"I have come to claim my dead," she said, in tones so strange and sad that, instinctively, every man who heard her doffed his cap and stood bareheaded in the snowflakes. Newbold dared not answer; he could not tell whether she recognized him or not. In silence he led her, followed by old Jupiter, whose shambling steps found it difficult to make a footing, along the slippery path. Dolph's body had been removed a little apart from the others and laid on the moss at the foot of a tree. Newbold hesitated for a moment; then, drawing aside the sweeping bough that veiled it from their sight, he motioned the young girl to pass before him. He saw her swoop downward, like a mother-bird to its young, and then could look no more. She came out presently, the same marble creature who had entered there. Hoyt had aroused from his benumbed condition, and, dimly comprehending what had come to pass, begged Newbold to call her to his side.

"I must say—a word—you know. She may feel more kindly to see me— in this state."

He had raised himself upon his elbow and looked appealingly toward her. Pink's eyes met his. To Newbold's utter surprise, the young girl's face kindled with a momentary glow that was astonishment and joy and tenderness combined. She made a quick motion in Hoyt's direction, then as suddenly put both hands before her eyes and drew back.

"Pray speak to him, Miss Hunter," Newbold urged, in a voice that did not seem his own. "He is badly wounded, as you see, and your—sorrow—is the one disturbing thought he can't dismiss from his wandering brain. Surely, you will be merciful; surely, you will believe that this terrible day's work was one neither he nor I would have intentionally wrought."

As he spoke, the girl trembled pitiably; through her clasped hands he could see a stain of vivid carmine dye her cheek, then vanish, leaving it pale as before. With sudden impulse, she crossed to Hoyt's side and bent down to him; but the wounded man, exhausted by his effort, had already fallen back in a stupor that might mean death.

Pink knelt for a moment gazing at him; then, rising, turned away. Newbold caught the murmur that escaped her lips.

"Better so," she whispered.

"Better so," he echoed in his heart. "She will perhaps be spared a deeper pang.

Dolph's body was wrapped in his soldier's blanket; but, when the moment came to bear him forth, Newbold and the men who offered to assist were motioned back by the lean arm of Jupiter, who, mute and solemn, had kept watch beside the dead.

"I ax yer pardon, sir, but dis is *my* place, and I has my mistis's orders," the old man said; and, lifting the body tenderly to his breast, he walked with majestic tread along the path—the girl, erect and tearless, following.

A cloth laid over the boy's face fluttered back. Those who in silent awe looked after the sad procession till it passed from view saw the gleam of his golden curls nestling in the protecting arms of Jupiter, even as the ferry-boat pushed out from shore. Midway in the stream Newbold caught his last glimpse of them; the girl at her old place by the ropes battling with wind and current; the negro, on his knees beside her, striving to shield his burden from the storm. Then a mist came over the watcher's eyes; that and the falling snow blotted her forever from his sight.

* * * * * *

A little while ago, Hoyt's young daughter, an airy fairy Lilian of seventeen, asked her father why their friend Mr. Newbold had never chanced to marry.

"He seems so solitary, papa," she said, from her favorite perch on the arm of Hoyt's library chair; "and sometimes, when he is here and we are all so happy, I can't help fancying it makes him sad to see us. I should like him to be happy too, papa; for he is the kindest, truest—"

"Yes, that is it, Lilian. If such a thing can be, he is too true."

And there, in the twilight, Hoyt told to his darling the story I have told to you.

A WEEK-END AT TUPELO

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Mr. Jencks learned also that not only were the Floyd-Curtises installed at the club-house as recent purchasers of land and prospective house-owners, entitled now to the privileges of membership, but that they had with them as their guests Mrs. Bertie Clay and the Countess of Melrose. These ladies were to be crown and summit of the evening's expected meeting of club-people and cottagers in the ball-room of the club-house.

Less than an hour and a half of journeying over emerald lowlands into a beautiful hill-country, all garlanded with autumn leaves, brought the party to their destined stopping-place. Behind the station were drawn up an array of dog-carts, village-carts, wagonettes, and other shining vehicles, with grooms, horses and harness in correctest style. To these severally resorted the people who owned them as well as the luxurious cottages scattered about the park. Jencks, with his friend and others bound directly to the club, took possession knee to knee of a trig omnibus, and were before long passing under a stone archway marking the confines of the park. Here, between the rows of chattering people, Jencks again enjoyed hearing the name of Miss Floyd-Curtis tossed like a shuttlecock. He was inclined to think that the importance to the social community of a new belle was second only to that of a Presidential candidate to the community at large; and this being the year of a Presidential election, he had already found opportunity for observation on that subject. That conjecture had begun to reckon up the available and impecunious members of the British peerage for Lily's benefit, he was made almost painfully aware.

It was otherwise a pleasant drive enough, through a wilderness that had been made to blossom into something akin to the perfection of English landscape-gardening. The winding roads were paved and drained and provided with lamps for gas, but overhead grew trees of the deep woods, and at every turn some boulder bedded in moss and greenery, some bank of yellowing bracken, some glimpse of lake and distant

hilltop, showed that Nature had not been despoiled of her fondest coquetries. In the dewy depths of leafage glorious in rainbow color there were still notes of song-birds tarrying upon their southward way, while squirrels stored their nuts in full sight of the passer-by. Viewed in that atmospheric brilliancy of tone peculiar to our hill-country at this season of the year, a little effort of the imagination and one might revive the primeval stretches of woodlands in which the genius of Cooper framed some of his 'Leatherstocking Tales.'

The bus, skirting the lake, drew up finally before a long, picturesque brown house, with wings and attendant cottages clustered beneath a grove of glorious oak trees. Lackeys in waiting helped travelers to alight, and ushered them into a deep hall, filled with the furnishings of home-like comfort, and softly luminous with lamps and a fire of logs, kindled in a chimney-place of cavernous proportions. Scattered over the great tables facing the fire were journals and magazines of England and America, those illusive piles that light the unaccustomed eye with rapture, and to the habitual reader of many periodicals convey satiety with the mere glancing at the covers. Surrounding this table, seated in easy-chairs or standing, were groups of men and women, most of them attired as if just come in from walk, or drive, or ride, or sail. It was the pleasant hour when cups click and kettles puff their steam, when whitest fingers twinkle over sugar-tongs, dally with cream-jugs, and make votive offerings of too often atrocious draughts of tea. In an adjoining drawing-room a table was spread offering full material for the exercise of this fashionable pastime. Elsewhere was heard the soft click of billiard balls, and to the men who so desired it there was more than one open door of escape from the society of their best and dearest. But for the registry desk, hidden from sight by the abutment of the chimney, where stood an official prepared to testify on all points connected with trains, telegrams, conveyances, drives, keys, location of rooms, probabilities of weather, and the correct time of day, it was like a country house of some self-effacing host.

Jencks was a little bewildered by the brilliant gaiety of the guests, the already established among them greeting the

new-comers with effusive welcome. He would have missed the reserve, the low-toned talk, of a similar gathering in England had he been an adept in the country houses of his own native land. But it was charming enough to dispense with criticism as he stood by the hall fire looking curiously on at the kaleidoscopic picture. In none of the passing figures did he discern the one now become of absorbing interest to his thoughts. As the people were thinning out to go to their rooms the hall door opened, and, in a waft of cooling air, fragrant with odors of the autumn wood, came to him the apparition of Lily Curtis. She was one of a driving party just arrived, and on entering the warm hall she hastened to loosen and throw aside the Connemara cloak of glowing crimson, with some sort of high collar of brown fur and intricate clasps of beaten silver, that he remembered seeing on shipboard. That the young man nearest her received this cloak upon his arm as if it had been royalty's, Jencks notes with jealous eyes. Then a species of giddiness came into his calm brain, for Lily, looking over at the fire, saw him in turn. She was clad all in white woolen stuff made sailor-wise, and she wore upon her ruddy locks a little sailor hat. Everything recalled to him their voyage and his enchantment. A moment and she had crossed the hall and was holding out her hand to him, a joy there was no mistaking in her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Jencks!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, how d' ye do—I'm here with Banting."

It is only in books that people taken by surprise adjure each other in polished phraseology.

While dressing for dinner a sense of the grotesqueness of his present attitude disturbed the young professor. He was obviously a fish out of water. He felt tempted to pack his portmanteau and go back to town by the night train. He tried to persuade himself that the only reason for not doing so was it would seem so very rude to Banting.

Banting and he had a little table for two in the great glass-covered veranda overlooking the lake, where everybody likes to dine. Banting had cunningly selected their location in order to give his friend a full view of the pretty scene.

There were many tables, some large, some small, the diners numbering about one hundred and fifty when reinforced by

parties from the cottages, who came in for the dance that was to follow. In their immediate vicinity a table with many roses and silver candelabra was prepared for an especial party not yet arrived. Presently Jencks had the pleasing pain of seeing six couples come down the room, among them his sweetheart and the man who had held her cloak, and take their places at this table next to him. Without doing more than to glance over the rim of his glass of Burgundy, he could see the back of Lily's beautiful young shoulders, and her knot of burnished hair twisted high and stuck through with an amber dart—the little rings escaping from the knot curling upon the bare white column of her neck. As she had passed them with a nod and a smile, the poor professor had been struck dumb by her dazzling appearance. It was not finery, surely, for her attire was of simplest white, girdled with white, and she wore no ornaments. But he had never before seen her in evening dress, and he did not wonder that all heads turned to look at her, and, as to the Helen of the classics, "did her reverence as she passed."

"Amber—what is amber?" he was musing. "Tears of the Heliades, I think, when they wept over Phaeton's fall. They were changed into poplars, and their boughs dropped the precious gum. She is straight and tall, like a poplar, but her eyes have never wept."

Now this is what he said. To the waiter: "I will have another cutlet." To Banting: "It's awfully good of you, certainly, to give me an opportunity to see this. I'm not likely to see anything better of its kind. These people, I take it, represent your most distinguished citizens. But tell me, if you don't mind: this upper stratum of republican society in your states in general—for what are its members distinguished? Has any one of them discovered or invented anything, or written a book that led thought in his time, or a successful play? Is there among them a great statesman, or surgeon, or scientist, or one of your brilliant editors or lawyers, whose names we know so well in England?"

"Hum!" said Banting; "you see those at dinners sometimes. But, as a general rule, they're too busy. They're bored by it, in fact. They send their women folk."

"And your politicians?"

"They show up in Washington," Banting exclaimed, rather nervously. "Fact is, you should go to Washington. It's unique. I run down there myself every season, for a week or so."

"But the politicians who are living in New York?"

"They can't serve two masters," Tommy said serenely. "Just let a man's name be published as at a swell ball or dinner, and his constituents of Avenue A pitch into him for a 'dude,' and away goes his 'inflooence' in his 'deestrict,' and the newspapers never let up on him. Two or three fellows of our set have gone in for politics in New York, but they were young, you know. They 'll have time to live it down."

"Then, if this is society, such men as I ask about are not society?"

"Absurd!" said Banting. "Plenty of 'em send their families. You can understand that to run a big machine like ours takes time."

"Then the ones who have the time associate with the wives and daughters of the ones who don't?" persisted Jencks.

"Oh, they have mostly inherited great fortunes; in some cases have made their own and stopped," said Tommy easily. "They represent our leisure class, our equivalent for your aristocracy."

"Is it true, what a newspaper man told me, that there are gentlemen of inherited wealth among you who are actually and designedly segregating into a clique that shall exclude the present maker of money, the professional man taking fees for service rendered to his client or his patient?"

"I give you my word I never heard anybody say so," said Tommy modestly. Being the son and heir of a late eminent haberdasher, Mr. Banting was rather flattered by this suggestion. "Hang it, Jencks, what do you expect of us?"

"I expected to find New York the flower of the materialism by which the world is leavened; and I've found it," remarked Jencks, putting sugar in his coffee.

"If we 're material, what 's London? what 's Paris? Why, fellows over there will do anything for money. As I was going to say, I believe you Britishers are half disappointed not to find us sitting around wigwam fires, and to have our

squaws wait on you, and be asked to go to the chase in Iroquois costume."

"I am disappointed to find so few who seem to value their country for anything it has achieved beyond heaping up colossal fortunes and laying so many miles of railroad. Those who treasure its traditions are about as isolated from the control of thought as one of the Aztec images up yonder in your Metropolitan Museum, where I spent the morning in company with perhaps a dozen other searchers after art this week."

"We'll catch up with history and the arts by and by," remarked Mr. Banting, with imperturbable good nature. "And if you 'll stay over in New York till election time, I rather think you 'll find a reason why the high patriotic business is about played out. Just go down to Castle Garden and study the kind of citizens we 're acquiring every day to help to form our thought. Drop in at one of our courts and see our manufactory of voters at work. The other day I happened to be there when the judge was examining a scaly lot of organ-grinders and Russians previous to naturalizing them. The first fellow he had up was an Italian, all garlic and ear-rings, and the first question asked was, 'What sort of a government is this?' 'Georga Washa, Georga Washa'; the fellow answered, like a patriot. But the judge pressed the question, and on being prompted in the rear the man rallied up with 'Si, si, republicana.' 'Who make the laws?' was the next question, and again the answer was 'Georga Washa.' But after repeated coaching, Signor Garibaldi informed the court that 'de peep' make the laws, and was then admitted to be one of us—an American citizen. Another aspirant was a dirty, hairy nihilist with a name like a sneeze. He couldn't speak a word of English, and the questions were repeated to him through a Russian interpreter. His only answers were a series of shrugs, and his face was as vacant as an owl's; but he, too, became entitled to the privilege I share with him. The law's exaction is that the would-be citizen shall be 'of good moral character and attached to the principles of the Constitution'; hence the style of interrogatory."

"That's a nice showing for your judiciary," Jencks said. "It's as bad as stealing votes."

"We must make allowance for fellow-feeling in some cases, I suppose. When the judge happens to be foreign born himself, or the immediate descendant of a naturalized immigrant, his inclination to be indulgent with the new applicant for citizenship is sometimes irresistible, don't you know? At any rate, that's what we have to put up with, and it's stinging hard to bear."

"You are always 'putting up with' things. You're the most submissive race on earth to public outrages. And from a cursory view of the situation, I'm inclined to the opinion that the least attractive features of your great city, externally, are office-holders, and ash-barrels," said Jencks, good-humoredly.

"Which is the *raison d'être* of Newport and Tupelo. Well, all said, and in spite of some weak points, I find our community a pretty good one to live in. You gibe at our extravagance, but what does money mean but the good things of life? If our millionaires have, so far, chosen to put their art into the best ways of getting comfortably around the world, who's profited by it, I'd like to know? Pictures and statues will come along. You don't find our charities behindhand. They are among the most splendid in the world. In the last few years our grand new houses have been filled with treasures you were glad we had dollars enough to pay for. Who'd buy all these crown jewels of defunct monarchies, tapestries and carvings from impoverished castles, bric-a-brac and books Europe can't afford to keep, if we did not? Even the East profits. Japan has to manufacture new curios, because her priceless old ones are in American collections. Wait till I can show you the houses of a few of our New York millionaires, and you'll see whether the Jeffersonian simplicity business is not played out to some good purpose."

"Don't show me anything more," Jencks said, laughing. "I am rapidly growing into the state of mind of that young fellow I heard of last week who failed as a society reporter, and went and hired a suit of evening clothes in which to drown himself like a gentleman in the reservoir in Central Park. I believe it all to be enormously important."

"She has just the untrammeled walk that a young squaw might have," his thoughts took shape again. "If she were

grinding corn in a hollowed rock she would be just as graceful. Oh, if she had not a penny, and I a ranch in the Far West, what a glorious comrade for the wilds! Even this cobweb tinsel spun around has not harmed her yet. But it will—alas! it will. And she is no more for me than I am fit for an atmosphere like hers. It is the wildest caprice of destiny that has made me love her. Well, I will regale my eyes this little while, and then—Walter Bagehot said he would enjoy society if the little pink and blue girls were not so like each other. That's how I've always looked at it. She's not monotonous. She is continually changing, the embodiment of joyous youth at one moment, cynic the next. But the cynicism is only skin-deep, and the freshness is perennial—"

"If you've finished your coffee, shall we go and smoke?" said Banting.

JAMES A. HARRISON

[1848—1911]

A. B. COOKE

JAMES ALBERT HARRISON was born August 21, 1848, at Pass Christian, Mississippi. In his early youth his family moved to New Orleans, where he was brought up. Having completed his preparatory education in that city, he entered the University of Virginia. Graduating at the age of twenty, he proceeded to Germany to continue his studies. He early manifested a love of language and *belles-lettres,* and to these especially he devoted himself in his studies abroad.

Returning from Europe in 1871, he was chosen professor of Latin and Modern Languages in Randolph-Macon College. This chair he resigned in 1876 to accept that of English and Modern Languages in Washington and Lee University, where he served for nineteen years. In 1895 he was called to the chair of English and Romance Languages in the University of Virginia. On a readjustment of the language department there he became professor of Teutonic Languages, in which capacity he continues to serve (1908).

While at Washington and Lee he married Miss Elizabeth S. Letcher, daughter of the war governor of Virginia.

Through almost forty years of unbroken and enthusiastic service in the class-room Professor Harrison has come to be recognized as one of the most effective and distinguished teachers of the South. Nor have his labors been confined to purely class-room work. He is scarcely less widely known as writer than as teacher. While at Randolph-Macon College he contributed to journals of philology and education. *The Virginia Educational Journal,* of Richmond, numbered him among its writers, as did the *American Journal of Philology,* of Johns Hopkins University. The results, too, of his work as teacher of languages and student of philology were from time to time put into permanent form in a succession of publications; to wit, 'French Syntax'; 'A Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon Poetry' (with W. M. Baskervill); 'A Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry' in five volumes; an 'Anglo-Saxon Reader'; 'Anglo-Saxon Dictionary'; editions of 'Beowulf,' Heine's 'Reisebilder,' 'Madame de Sevigné's Letters,' Corneille's 'Nicodème,' 'Easy French Lessons.' He was also one of the editors of the 'Century Dictionary' and of

the 'Standard Dictionary.' He has traveled widely, paying repeated visits to the various countries of Europe. The literary result of his travels has been a succession of volumes, beginning with 'A Group of Poets and Their Haunts' (1874), followed by 'Greek Vignettes' (1877), 'Spain in Profile' (1879), 'A History of Spain' (1885), 'A History of Greece' (1885).

When the Virginia Edition of the 'Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe' was to be brought out, Professor Harrison was selected as editor. This work occupied him for several years. The result, in seventeen volumes, was published in 1902. Volume I of this work is a biography of the poet, written by the editor himself, the most exhaustive life of Poe yet written, and probably the ultimate one.

Scarcely was he free from this engrossing task when his services were engaged for a 'Life of George Washington' (Heroes of the Nation Series). With the appearance of this volume in 1906, he was compelled, on account of ill health and failing eyes, to lay aside all work except such as his duties to his classes demanded. Indeed, the work of the last few years was only made possible by the devoted assistance of his wife and his only son, who relieved him largely of the onerous details of authorship and editorship. His single effort in "mere literature," 'Autrefois,' is a volume of Creole tales, arising out of his early interest in Creole literature as he studied it in the city of his youth.

Professor Harrison has succeeded in the difficult work of combining in a single person the effective teacher and the accomplished author. Nor is it easy to determine in which of these capacities he has rendered the greater service. He entered the educational work just after the Civil War, when education was at a low ebb in the South. He was one of the teachers whom the late Dr. James A. Duncan gathered about him at Randolph-Macon after the removal of that college from Boydton, Virginia, to Ashland (1868), when the college was sorely in need of virile men. Here he served with eminent success for five years. Of this period one of his pupils, now his peer, says, "He was regarded by all connected with the college as a very able professor. He inspired his students to work by arousing in them an interest in the subjects he taught. He was my ideal of what a professor of languages should be."

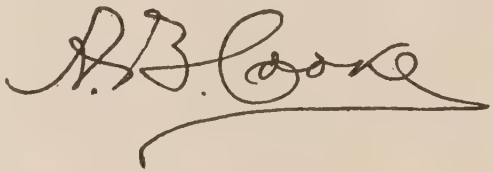
Passing from Randolph-Macon to Washington and Lee, he carried with him this compelling enthusiasm, and there for nineteen years he was a growing force, not only in the teaching corps of that institution, but in the whole field of higher education in the South. It is well known that until after the Civil War language study in many schools of the South had been confined to Latin and Greek. In them English and the modern languages of Europe had had no proper

place in the college curriculum. Professor Harrison heartily seconded Professor Price at Randolph-Macon in the building of a full English course in that college. At Washington and Lee he was able to continue his labors in a chair of English and Modern Languages, and there with devoted energies he set about to quicken an interest in these hitherto neglected fields of study. Reference to his publications will show with what unstinted labor he led in exploring and charting the little known field of English, especially in Anglo-Saxon. To-day the chair of English is one of the first in every Southern college, and English literature has a place in the public schools of every Southern state. The quickened interest in our mother tongue is due in a measure to the enthusiasm and earnest labor of Professor Harrison. Says one of his co-laborers: "He and the late Professor Price, of Columbia University, were the two pioneer professors of English in the South, and to the scholarship, zeal, and contagious enthusiasm of these two noted educators a large number of the chairs of English in Southern colleges and universities owe their existence. At the University of Virginia he continues his labors."

Despite his constant work in the study and the teaching of language, he has found time for other things. If his publications on Anglo-Saxon show the depth of his interest in the English language, his other writings suggest the breadth of his interests. 'A Group of Poets and Their Haunts,' touching as it does Italian, French, German, and Scandinavian literature and lands, shows at once the breadth of his literary acquaintance and the extent of his travels, even while he was yet scarcely more than a youth. A great traveler himself, he recognizes the educational value of travel, and by his pen has tried to bring about a larger interest in the lands that lie overseas. His two books on Spain, one the utterance of a student of that country's history, the other the utterance of an intelligent traveler; and his two books on Greece, alike the outcome of historic study and of personal acquaintance, suggest the value of combined study and travel as supplementary elements in education. He has not only given life-long study to the sources of our literature and civilization—the Greek, the Romanic, and the Teutonic—but by deliberate travel he has made himself acquainted at first hand with the history and life of these peoples. So he has contrived to keep fresh the springs of enthusiasm through many years of exacting routine work, and has attained to a distinguished place in the ranks of Southern teachers.

His writing is never dull. He has a way of enlisting the interest at once. He sees with finely imaginative eye, and aims to preserve for his readers the picture in all the rich coloring which it has for him—ever a difficult task. His command of language and illustration is remarkable. His large knowledge of history, literature and

mythology seems to be at his instant command, and he draws freely from these sources for figure and illustration. His very wealth of mental store causes him now and then to use references with which his average reader may not be acquainted. In his earlier writings his style tends toward the ornate, and the prodigal verbiage becomes, at times, a weight upon the thought. This is far less conspicuous in his later writings. In his histories the matter is treated in a popular way, dates and events being subordinated to the larger and more significant movements, the whole presented in a style that leads the reader on from page to page. He is at his best in his latest writings, 'The Life of Edgar Allan Poe' and 'George Washington,' a field of literature in which excellence is most difficult of attainment. These two characters, ranking as peerless in their respective spheres, he presents to the reader in a most satisfying way. Perhaps his 'Life of Edgar Allan Poe' will be reckoned his most significant single contribution to Southern Literature.



THE GEOGRAPHY OF GREECE

From 'The Story of Greece.' Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.

It is impossible to understand Greek history or Greek story without a clear knowledge of Greek geography; above all, the way in which sea, mountain, and land locked into each other, influenced the national temper, and developed fundamental differences of character. A multitude of brilliant granules without cohesion, a string of miniature states with no more intimate connection than a string of beads that slide up and down a necklace, constituted the "Greece" of the ancients—a name originally belonging to a single tribe on the northwestern coast, and applied by the Romans indiscriminately to the inhabitants of the whole peninsula. For, though all these people whom they call "Greeks" spoke generally the same language, with unimportant differences possessed the same gods, and had the

same sharp and mobile physiognomies; though they worshipped and fought and wrestled and built together, and were each and all characterized by the same gifts of head and heart; though they loved and hated and wedded in common words, and had an ancestral pride that pointed back to a common origin; yet, in spite of all these bonds, in spite of common speech, common customs, common play-grounds, common ancestry, they never did and never could form a lasting confederation like our United States; they never did and never could evolve a code or a system of legislation common to them all; and they never did and never could, even in the presence of the most imminent perils, constitute one state. Each must be by itself; each was a law and a world unto itself; each developed only the pronoun of the first person—I—till it rose into a gigantic and overshadowing selfishness, like the image in the vision of Daniel, and ended in the ruin and desolation of Greece.

And much, if not all of this difference arose from the peculiar geography of Greece.

Suppose you look again at the map—this time at the admirable maps in 'Freeman's Historical Geography of Europe'—and fix your eye, not on the broad and beaming Mediterranean at large, but only on that part or those parts of it which are dotted and tinted with Greek settlements. First of all you will notice the singular shape of Greece: the water has eaten into it on every side, and it lies there in the sea like a skeletonized leaf, "reticulated," as the botanists say, with only ribs and remnants of land—chiefly mountain ranges—to hold it together. It is an extreme case of the enormous development of peninsula formation, in which peninsula succeeds peninsula, tier on tier; Thessaly, Epirus, Acarnania, and Ætolia forming the upper tier or story; Locris, Bœotia, and Attica, the second; Megara and Corinth, with their slender waist-line elongation, the third; and the Peloponnesus, with its four claw-like peninsulas, the fourth. It is wheel within wheel, peninsula within peninsula, hanging together now by a mere thread of land, as at the Isthmus of Corinth, or darting forward in a long tongue, as with Bœotia and Attica, or standing out in a solid mass, as with Thessaly and Epirus.

And in and around and through all the *sea*, that essential element of old Greek life, thrusting its lance far into the sides

of the land, eating out great gulfs like the Gulf of Corinth, carving the southern Peloponnesus into three inward-stretching *fiords,* called the Messenian, Laconian, and Argolic gulfs, running far up around Salamis and Ægina to the foot of the throne of Xerxes in Attica, and severing the long island of Eubœa from the eastern coast of Attica, Bœotia, and Locris.

This was the grand play-ground of the Greeks, the royal *sea,* with its winds, currents, and islands, with its superstitions, fairy lore, and poetry, with its life, health, and motion. Every thing became beautiful and alive to the Greek when he was on the sea: he watched the stars and gave them poetical names; he was struck with the shape of the islands and reveled in the names of animals, minerals, and plants which he gave them; he "shepherded" the winds—Etesian, Notus, Eurus, Zephyrus—and made them drive his agile triremes and penteconters—vessels of three banks of oars and of fifty oars, twenty-five on a side; and he filled his islands with sanctuaries, fanes of white marble, temples gleaming white and ghost-like on the naked promontories and dedicated to the Immortal Gods.

Next to the sea, in the life of the Greeks, came the *mountains,* chain within chain, range on range. All Greece was a house of many rooms divided by partition walls of mountains, some high, some low, some big, some little. If you have an 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (Vol. XI), take it on your lap and look at the mountain system in the map of ancient Greece. If you have an eye for a picture you will see at once that across the north of Greece the mountains lie in the shape of a vast spider with extended limbs. Two of these limbs enclose Thessaly; two shut out Macedon from Thessaly and Epirus; and Epirus, Thesprotia, and Molossis are cut right in half or shut off by themselves by another. A long streamer from one of the mountain ranges trails southward, throwing Doris, Opuntian Locris, and Bœotia on the east side and Ozolian Locris and Ætolia on the west side. Phocis is partly on one side of the mountain trail and partly on the other, while Attica runs out into the southeast sea as if to escape the pursuing mountain. The Peloponnesus (the great southern remnant of Greece suspended on the sea by the ribbon of the Isthmus of Corinth) is as full of mountains as an egg is of meat; they furrow the soil like giant plows and

make deep valleys in Achaia, Argolis, Laconia, Messenia, and Elis, full of the sweetest green, the richest pastures, the coolest groves, and the most fertile fields.

Many of these mountains the Greeks regarded with the most sacred veneration. Their gods, according to their belief, dwelt in and around them, just as the Hebrews believed that *their* God appeared on Mount Sinai, and dwelt on Mount Zion, at Jerusalem. If the Greeks saw the evening light shining on the summit of a mountain, they thought it was Helios, the Sun-God, giving the kiss of departing day to the shadowy mountain-top. If the full moon slipped, large and bright, like a mighty human face, from behind a hill, or emerged cautiously over a snowy peak, it was Selené, the Moon-Goddess, touching the lips of Endymion as he lay asleep on the precipice. And so they came to associate a feeling of awe and reverence with these lofty heights; they erected on them costly temples, or visited them in processions at stated times. On Mount Olympus, which forms part of the northern boundary of Thessaly, dwelt all the great gods of Greece, including Zeus, the greatest of them all; in the sacred mountain cleft of Delphi, in Phocis, a few miles from Athens, Apollo had his most famous temple and "oracle"; on Parnassus lived and sung the nine Muses, daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyné (Memory), who filled the heart with music, touched the lips of the poet with the wine of song, and comforted the children of men with the sweet gift of melodious words; and at Olympia, in Western Peloponnesus, was the grandest of all the Greek sanctuaries, dedicated to Father Zeus, in a little valley looking westward over the Ionian Sea, right in the face of the island of Zante (Zacynthus).

OF BYRON AND HIS TRAVELS

From "The Italian Haunts of Lord Byron," in 'A Group of Poets and Their Haunts.' Copyright by James A. Harrison and used by kind permission of the author.

THERE are no more interesting files of letters in the whole range of literature than those that were addressed to the little back parlor in Albermarle Street, London, and contained so large a part of the life and adventures of Lord Byron. This little back parlor was the seraglio of the mighty London publisher Murray, the Garden of Delight to the literary London of fifty years ago, where many a reputation was born or blasted, trumpeted or trampled. All the men of wit and literature about town assembled there to discuss literary novelties, compare notes, usher timid conjectures into the world about the possibility of this or that literary venture being a success, or to sip of that voluminous correspondence which Murray cultivated with his authors, abroad or in the provinces. This correspondence throve especially with those whose works had been ushered with *éclat* before the world by this Ismail Pacha of publishers, who decided a reputation with a twinkle of his authoritative eye. As the publisher of the poems of Lord Byron, additional glory was acquired by his printers, and additional guineas rolled into his coffers. But more interesting perhaps even than the poems of Lord Byron are the letters in which he details their conception, elaboration, interruptions, and final triumph over the world, the pen, and the printer's devil. For one of his chief difficulties was the illegibility of his handwriting, and his chief torment was the bosh diabolical which the printers made of it. These letters sparkled like fireflies and showered like hail upon the enamored Murray as he sat in his back parlor, warmed his feet before a sea-coal fire, and bethought him of his lordship's wanderings, *liaisons*, and rhymes. They were the brilliant sparks thrown off by a wheel in infinite motion smiting suddenly upon circumstance. Flint to flint, every trivialest incident gave forth its *bon mot*, its nettle-sting of sarcasm, its rapid felicity of expression, its little drama, from a love-scrape to a shipwreck, from Cadiz to Constantinople, from the Milky Way of the sea—the Greek Archipelago—to the orgies of Newstead. Like chemical ink, every commonplace turned to vivid colors before this man,

every unseen circumstance became visible under the sharp heat of his touch. So Murray rejoiced whenever a foreign post brought in a letter from Lord Byron, and read out the felicitous hits and jokes, ribaldry and adventure, to an admiring coterie of blue-and-gold poets. Moore, Rogers, Crabbe, and Bowles were a few of the distinguished people that dropped in to hear a word from Byron, to laugh at his wit, to wonder at his strange fate, to pity his great and noble heart, and to swear that, in spite of Miss Milbanke, Sir Ralph, and the old nurse, never a better heart beat than that of the self-banished poet. There was a strange witchery in his letters. Not even the love-letters of Lucrezia Borgia to Cardinal Bembo are at times more tender—the golden-haired Lucrezia whose sunny locks Byron lingered over with lover-like fondness in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, which he filched in part, and which he vows was the most beautiful hair that ever shone upon adulteress. He swam in the soft Italian of her letters; he drank in their tenderness and passionateness; he pored repeatedly over her verses, and found it enchanting in the gloom of the old cathedral city to steal over to the great library and read and re-read the witch locks and witch letters of the famous courtesan.

The profusion of Byron's letters—which in themselves are enough to have made him celebrated—filled the back parlor with delight, and its inmates with dismay at the prospect of answering them. The circumstances of Lord Byron's retirement to the Continent after his separation from Miss Milbanke are too well known to need discussion at this late date. We are indebted to the poet's misfortune for all that series of delightful letters which in themselves form one of the most perfect biographies, and which reflect the whole contemporary life like the literary correspondence of Grimm. A slender thread of criticism and by-play links them together in Moore's 'Life,' and with this are blended corollary recollections of observers and travelers, critics and intimates; never, however, obscuring the splendid figure of the chief actor, embellishing his surroundings like living *coulisses*, shifting or shoving in landscapes or backgrounds, stories and scenes, and throwing right upon him as he stands in the centre of the stage the whole affluence of their light. There is no better illuminated figure on

the whole canvas of history. Turning to the memoirs of this man is like walking down a corridor of the Louvre, where the Pagan mythology shimmers before us in marble, and far at the end, queen-like and alone, stands the Venus of Milo. Turn down what corridor you will, an excess of illumination falls upon the head of Byron; it is cloudless save for one great cloud; it is put to the torture of endless light; it is the story of Regulus and the Carthaginian sun; it is the glare of the dog-star upon the bald ruins of the Parthenon. As the house of the poet was continually ransacked by bailiffs in his one short year of married life, so his fame after death has been the Marathon of contending critics. Contenting ourselves with the wise and generous view of Moore, and glad to find so genial a resting-place for him from the bodkins of scandal, it may be agreeable for us to forget the "Atlantic" gossip, and turn an eye toward a few of those spots whose natural beauty has acquired a stronger interest by association with the noble poet.

Early independence had engendered a passion for traveling in Lord Byron from which he never recovered. It created poems in him: the father of "Manfred" is the Bernese Oberland; the bewitching tour of the Mediterranean is the mother of "Childe Harold"; Venice added an illustrious citizen to her Golden Book in the author of "Marino Faliero" and "The Foscari"; "Don Juan" has mothers and fathers everywhere up and down Southern Europe, and has sprinkled his paternity like a golden sand along its shores. The completion of the second canto of "Harold" smells of Smyrna figs; the third and fourth have caught the spicery of the pines that fringe the lagoon-land, those lazy, spore-filmed, strange colored swamps of Adriatic Italy. So up and down Lord Byron's poetry distinct odors of distinct lands can be discerned—chibouques of Turkey, musk of the azure Symplegades, balsams of Athens, almond-blossoms of Albania, Sicilian clover of the isles, and palace-parterres of Cintra. Every play of Shakespeare has its individual climate, said Heine. Even more cosmopolitan is Byron, for he has looked from the Seven Towers of Constantinople and caught sight of the lovely cypress-crowned burial grounds of Turkestan. This gives a strange mosque-like grace to some of his poems: the muezzin is heard calling aloft from the minaret, "There is no god but God"; the

sleepy dervishes twirl in fanatical dance; women with painted eyelids flit about; the whirr of eighty thousand wherries that silver the waters of Stamboul murmurs here and there; turbaned Mahometanism stalks silent through the stanzas; the fairy-land of the harem opens for an instant and displays the silken ottomans, and yet more silken beauties that recline along them looped in pearls and languor, waiting for the drink of a Sultan; the full moon is a crescent; the stars drop dews of Islam; the meteors as they dart, spin a thread of gold for the Sultan's girdle; the night itself is a huge turban flecked with planets, and crowning the head of Mahomet. It is the spell of the East, the arch-East, oldest of the points of the compass, that enthralls this part of the poet's work. The top of our world is hoary like the head of an old man. The Eastern poems of Byron are evergreens, annuals, blooming up and down all climes and lands all the year round, a panorama of the world's greenness and goldenness, climbing from zone to zone, but never into regions of snow, as the vines climb from tree to tree through Tuscany to the tip of the Italian boot. The loins of the world—the Mediterranean—were his favorite ground. The passionate Levant inspired him with its most impassioned voices. Not shawm or psalter-book, but the lyrics that blossomed in its almonds, dripped in its figs, flushed in its oleanders, carmined in its pomegranates, caught his eye. It was no fidgety *cancan* of France, but the sun-dance of the East that he admired—Rebecca poising her pitcher on her stately Israelitish head as in the old Bible picture—an odalisque, antelope-eyed, not the tramps of the Boulevard Montmartre. Thus his tropical affiliations might be tracked throughout "Harold," "Juan," and their companion pieces. The scimitar of Ali Pasha flashes through the Pilgrimage, and the Pilgrim's wallet is rich in specimens of modern Greek life. The fens of Bœotia, the snowy peak of Parnassus, the olive-grounds of Attica, the gorgeous costumery of Albania, the mulberries of the Morea, the sunset view of Missolonghi—all these group themselves into a tableau, and are projected before the imagination like the brilliant effects of the stereopticon on the screen. Lord Byron is in fact the stereopticon of British poets: his mind is first darkened, gloomed into melancholy, overshadowed by sombre personal experience, and then suddenly comes a

beam of light, a ray of genius, filling the screen with flooding life all the more intense for the surrounding darkness; till, so to speak, the very molecules of his thought become visible, the minutest sea-life, the remotest speck of a star, the tiniest aggregation of fantastic animal forms rejoice in the light. The beauty of Byron's work is that it is always young; there is not a gray hair throughout it.

THE TRAINING OF WASHINGTON

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The world has always seemed curious to know how its great men received their learning and training, how and where they were educated, who were their teachers and trainers, and what moulding influences gathered about their childhood and youth and fashioned them for their fate to be. Perhaps the most interesting of all the works of Xenophon is the limpid narrative in which he describes the birth, training, and schooling of the great Cyrus; even the fictitious "Frenchy" biography of *Télémaque* possesses a charm, quite apart from its grace of style, in the attractive way in which it represents, under antique forms and transparent pseudonyms, the upbringing of a luxurious prince surrounded by the dissipation of a gorgeous court. Literary sybarites linger with delight over the educational pages of Montaigne, of Massillon, and of Wilhelm Meister, and in every biography and autobiography that appears, perhaps those pages are most keenly relished which deal with the school life and home influences of the world's noted men and women. The mother's knee antedates the school desk or the church pulpit. The fascinating skill of Xenophon draws aside the curtain and lets our eye rest upon a mighty Oriental potentate as he is taught the elemental truths of life, to ride, to swim, to hurl the javelin, and to tell the truth, the simplest duties of everyday existence, the power of self-government and of self-control, the duties to ourselves and others: one gazes at the picture and finds the Persian system in many ways admirable. Then we turn to Plutarch and find in his marvelous biographies the Spartan and Roman, the Athenian and Oriental chapters of educational

experience graphically contrasted, and full of instruction for the modern reader interested in the pedagogical problems of the ancients. The subtle moralizings of Goethe and Montaigne afford deep glimpses into the education of their authors, and invest each with a kind of halo which sharply distinguishes the French and German systems from each other.

Washington was the finest product of the planter commonwealth; *his* Oxford and Cambridge were the floods and fields, the ups and downs of the Old Virginia life, the experiences of the rough, practical surroundings in which he found his boyhood entangled, the beguiling ways and free-and-easy hospitalities of that stately old freeman's commonwealth, which had founded itself along the Chesapeake and the James in the golden days of Stuart and Guelph. The coming of the Cavaliers had filled this New Atlantis, risen out of the western seas, with a free and noble population, largely made up of gentlefolk whose gentility had become impatient at home, and sought new avenues of relief abroad. A year before Jacques Cartier, creeping out of St. Malo in his tiny craft of thirty tons burthen, had crossed the seas and sailed up the St. Lawrence to the sites of Quebec and Montreal, Virginia had presented itself to the English navigators of Jamestown as a mighty stairway, up whose five-fold stair of Tidewater, Middle, Piedmont, Shenandoah, and Appalachian Virginia, crept an ever-increasing, often-defeated, never-discouraged, indefatigable tide of human beings as patient and implacable as the sea itself, having a choice eye for choice localities, full of the healthy human selfishness that takes the best it can get—where all is free—with the least possible effort, settling the rich river-valleys and game-haunted mountain gorges, and making themselves generally comfortable wherever they went, despite Pamunkies, Chickahominies, Shawnees, Mingos, or Cherokees, with which every covert at the time abounded. The few hundred immigrants at Old Point and Hampton Roads had expanded by this time up and down, all things considered, into a solid million of alert, keen-eyed, intelligent frontiersmen, whose "frontier," in five generations, had pushed back from the blue Atlantic to the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, and the Ohio.

The novelty of this life and of these conditions in Virginia

in the Eighteenth Century had not yet worn off; the blue smoke curling heavenward from a thousand wigwams showed still, in Washington's youth and early manhood, the power and plentitude of that slowly receding Indian barbarism which filled the sunset line with thrilling adventure, and sharpened men's eyes and ears and muscles to the presence of a numerous and dangerous foe. Less than a hundred miles from his native Westmoreland, in and about which his father's five thousand patrimonial acres were situated, Washington received much of his training, particularly at Greenway Court, on the outskirts of a remote wilderness which lost itself westward in immeasurable distances of territory, untrodden save by the feet of deer and bear and red man. The daring missionary, the lonely Jesuit *voyageur*, impelled by conscience and by zeal for the French king, alone had stolen through its measureless solitudes, and down its mighty rivers, and over its ocean-like lakes from Ontario and the St. Lawrence to St. Louis, Natchez, and New Orleans, far down into tropical Louisiana. The hunter, the trapper, the seeker after gold and pearls, the romantic dreamer in search of the Fountain of Youth, traversed these appalling wastes, built their huts on river-bank and mountain height, staked out their claims here and there in regions vast as the sea itself, and lived and died as pioneers—often as martyrs—of the civilization to come.

This earnest, active life of intense physical unrest and energy was the school in which Washington became an apt and ready scholar, a student of men and of things, a man of affairs, alive in every nerve and muscle, cautious, resourceful, strong as a young Hercules to endure sickness and privation, crafty as Odysseus himself in the exercise of a quick intelligence, ripe for action, and wise in counsel far beyond his years, in many things a veritable sage of twenty; having "small Latin and less Greek" (like his brother Shakespeare), but possessing a profound, almost a marvelous knowledge of the world around him, rising to nigh supreme command in the West almost in his teens, and revealing in his 'Journal to the Ohio' (published by command of the Governor, in 1754), such insight, discretion, and powers of command as prophesied for him a brilliant future.

When his "loving brother" Lawrence fell ill, in 1752,

George gave up the forest seclusion of the lovely Shenandoah Valley, with all its happy text-books of hill and dale and teeming trout-stream, and hurried back to Mount Vernon to accompany Lawrence to Barbadoes and the Bahamas, whither delicate lungs called him. But the radiant Caribbean proved only a Calypso's Isle whose gorgeous air had no healing in it. Washington himself was attacked by small-pox after accepting a "conscience" invitation to dinner at a house where the scourge (about to be greatly alleviated by Jenner's famous discovery) was prevalent.

Soon after this Lawrence died, leaving his estates first to his little daughter and then to his brother George, should the daughter die without issue.

She died almost immediately after her father, and thus to George, the youngest executor and special favorite of Lawrence, fell the noble acres of Mount Vernon (called also Epsewasson or Hunting Lodge).

And now begins that intense and strenuous "curriculum" of Washington's education, which started with his forest matriculation as surveyor to Lord Fairfax in 1747-48, and continued through the storm and stress of the French and Indian Wars until his marriage in 1759, at the age of twenty-seven, to Martha Custis.

The graphic metaphor of the mediævalist likened such an education to the course of the chariot, as it wound its way to the goal over the mazy spaces of the Greek stadium or the Roman amphitheatre, where racers and athletes fixed their burning eyes on contending charioteers, and where the winners of the goal—the diploma of "graduation" in this *gradus ad Parnassum*—received universal acclaim from the bystanders.

The bystanders in Washington's case were his neighbors, the planters of the stalwart young commonwealth, the House of Burgesses, and the Colony of Virginia itself, all of whom, it seems, had eagerly watched the remarkable career of Mary Ball's eldest son, and felt that within it lay notable developments. The long-legged, lank, hollow-chested, awkward Wakefield boy had grown into a superb specimen of young Virginian manhood, "straight as an Indian arrow," wrote his adopted grandson, dignified, commanding-looking, every inch a man and a gentleman, powerful in physique, gracious though

slightly cold in manner, reticent rather than rushing in speech, infinitely cumulative of details, almost a martinet in matters of decorum, pedantically microscopic in his attention to minutiæ, yet with an eye as keen as an Indian's for distant possibilities and opportunities to benefit King, crown, and colony.

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA

From 'The Biography of Edgar Allan Poe.' Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

THE pitiable condition of the family got into print: the ever-ready Willis heard of it and printed an appeal in *The Home Journal* for help; which brought forth a painful protest from Poe at thus having his private affairs thrust upon the public. He might die of starvation, like Otway and Spenser, but he did not wish the public to know anything about it. Thirty days after his letter of protest was written Virginia actually did die, January 30, 1847.

The day before the sad event he wrote as follows to Mrs. Shew:

Fordham, Jan. 29, '47.

Kindest....dearest Friend....My poor Virginia yet lives, although failing fast and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again! Her bosom is full to overflowing....like my own....with a boundless.... inexpressible gratitude to you. Lest she may never see you more....she bids me say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love and will die blessing you. But come....oh, come to-morrow! Yes! I *will* be calm....everything you so nobly wish to see me. My mother sends you, also, her "warmest love and thanks." She begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrangements at home so that you may stay with us to-morrow night. I enclose the order to the Postmaster.

Heaven bless you and farewell,

EDGAR A. POE.

Mrs. Shew attended to the last sad rites of the dead, and Virginia was temporarily placed in the family vault of the Valentines, in the Reformed Church at Fordham.

Anyone who remembers the awful vividness with which Poe has depicted the slow consuming away of a beloved one

through a lingering illness, in the illuminated pages of "Ligeia," "Morella" and "Eleonora," lit by sepulchral lamps, wherein every footfall of the approach of "The Conqueror Worm" is delineated with muffled yet magical detail; every one to whose soul have penetrated the melodious dirges of "Ulalume," "Lenore," and "The Raven," which assume in their writhings almost the agonizing grace of the Laocoön, must realize, faintly indeed yet sympathetically, the abysmal grief into which this death must have plunged the greatest Artist of Death whom the world has ever seen, the man who most keenly and most wonderfully has conjured up its horrors before the quailing imagination and made them stand, instinct with their own quivering and hideous life, before the recoiling eye of the mind. The half-frantic mood of the time may be read in the mystic interlineations of "Ulalume," peeping between the lines of this mad yet most musical autobiographic poem that is wreathed with the opiate vapors of frenzy.

"Deprived of the companionship and sympathy of his child-wife," writes a friendly biographer, "the poet suffered what to him was the exquisite agony of utter loneliness. Night after night he would arise from his sleepless pillow, and, dressing himself, wander to the grave of his lost one, and throwing himself down upon the cold ground, weep bitterly for hours at a time.

"The same haunting dread which we have ventured to ascribe to him at the time of his writing "The Raven," possessed him now, and to such a degree that he found it impossible to sleep without the presence of some friend by his bedside. Mrs. Clemm, his ever-devoted friend and comforter, more frequently fulfilled the office of watcher. The poet, after retiring, would summon her, and while she stroked his broad brow, he would indulge his wild flights of fancy to the Aidenn of his dreams. He never spoke nor moved in these moments, unless the hand was withdrawn from his forehead; then he would say, with childish naïveté, 'No, no, not yet.'—while he lay with half-closed eyes.

"The mother, or friend, would stay by him until he was fairly asleep, then gently leave him."

The excesses to which the ruptured throat of his wife had impelled him in Philadelphia, and all through the five years

preceding her death, with their alternations of hope and despair, now ended in a settled gloom that threatened his reason: henceforth Poe was a broken man, an unstrung harp, wildly and wistfully singing of things long gone by, a "seraph-harper Israfel" that had lost his harp or sat discrowned and disconsolate among the asphodels. A few uneven things, a few weird and beautiful threnodies, and the great prose-poem "Eureka," were practically all that Death and Grief had left him to utter, now that the inspiration of his life had gone and the home of his heart was built up against her tomb. A radiant joy indeed broke fitfully on the poet late in these latter years, but this, too, was doomed to extinction, and soon hung, like his trembling Astarte, directly over a grave. The excesses, brought on by extreme anguish and straightened circumstances, were only too real though never habitual, never *bacchanalia* of mere maudlin sensuality such as one reads of in the annals of drunken Elizabethans: they were the ups and downs, the uneven tight-rope walking of a nature trying to balance itself amid impossible conditions and morbid neurotic states, wrung from its natural rectitude by overpowering temptation to seek relief in stimulants—coffee, wine, drugs, opium, anything that would soothe the intense malaise. Alas, how full of Verlaines and de Mussets and Baudelaires the world has been—men like Poe, endowed with preternaturally sensitive nerves, unable to grapple with the coarse flesh-and-blood around them, pierced on all sides by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and succumbing at last to the superincumbent mass of misery.

Poor little Virginia lay for many years in the borrowed tomb, but now at last rests beside her husband in Westminster Church graveyard, Baltimore, underneath the Poe monument.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

[1773—1841]

JOHN PRESTON McCONNELL

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the youngest son of Benjamin Harrison, was born at Berkeley, Charles City County, Virginia, February 9, 1773. His father, a scion of an old English family, served in the Virginia House of Burgesses, the Continental Congress, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, later sat in the Virginia House of Delegates, and was thrice made Governor.

The Harrison family was related by blood or marriage to many of the prominent actors of the Revolutionary period. In this atmosphere of patriotism and public service William Henry spent his early years. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Hampden-Sidney College, where he remained about one year. He then spent three years in an academy in Southampton County. Leaving school at the age of seventeen his education was of necessity meager, but throughout a busy and distracting career he was a diligent and discriminating student of history and literature. His speeches and writings reveal an extensive knowledge of Grecian and Roman history.

After studying medicine one year in Richmond he went to Philadelphia to continue his studies. His father dying about this time, the unwilling medical student dropped his books and seeking a commission in the army, begged to be sent to the frontier. Through the friendship of Washington he secured a commission as ensign in the First Infantry in August, 1791, and proceeded to Fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati. For a quarter of a century his history is largely the story of the states between the Ohio and the Lakes. The white population of the Northwest Territory was three or four thousand. Marietta, Columbia, Cincinnati, and North Bend were rude villages. Throughout this vast region, claimed by the United States, fierce and warlike Indians strove with each other for the mastery, but were united in one common hostility to the Americans. British traders resorted to the Indian villages to poison their minds and arouse their hostility against the colonists. Only recently the armies, led by Generals Harmar and St. Clair, had been repulsed. Elated and arrogant, the Indians were eager for war. The outlook for the Americans was gloomy.

Harrison, tall, thin, and in appearance poorly qualified for army life, became aide-de-camp to General Wayne in June, 1793. He shared in the hardships and glory of the campaigns leading up to the treaty of Greenville. For his valor and discretion he was warmly praised by General Wayne. The young captain was given command of Fort Washington. While there he married Anna, daughter of Judge Symmes, of North Bend. In 1798 he resigned his commission in the army and removed to his farm at North Bend. About this time President Adams appointed him Secretary of the Northwest Territory, by virtue of which he was *ex officio* Lieutenant-governor. In 1799 the Territorial Legislature elected him delegate to Congress. In that body he advocated legislation authorizing the sale of one-half of the public lands in three hundred and twenty acre tracts to actual settlers on easy terms. Before this time no smaller plots than four thousand acres were sold. The effect of this enlightened legislation was seen at once in the increased number of immigrants to the Territory.

About this time the Northwest Territory was divided and the Territory of Indiana erected. President Adams appointed him governor of Indiana. He was successively reappointed by Presidents Jefferson and Madison. In 1806 reports began to reach him of the pretensions of the Prophet and the intrigues of his able brother, Tecumseh. In 1810 Governor Harrison narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of the followers of Tecumseh at Vincennes. He assembled a force of nine hundred men in the autumn of 1811 and proceeded to the Prophet's town on the Tippecanoe. Here Harrison was treacherously attacked at night. The Indians were completely routed, but the frenzied courage of the enthusiasts imbued with the Prophet's fanaticism made this battle one of the most stubborn in the history of Indian warfare.

Although not a citizen of Kentucky, he was made Major-general of the militia of that State for the campaigns of 1812 against the British and Indians. In August, 1812, he was made a Brigadier-general in the United States Army. Later he was given the chief command in the Northwest with such discretionary power as had been given to no American officer except Washington. In 1813 he was made Major-general. Proctor and his Indian allies besieged him in Fort Meigs from April 28th to May 9th. His conduct during this siege was afterwards severely criticized in Congress and in the newspapers. At the time his successful defense called forth the warmest eulogies.

Advancing into Canada after Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie, he recovered Detroit. In the battle of the Thames he defeated General Proctor and killed the able and energetic war chief, Tecumseh. Several state legislatures thanked him for his skill and courage in

this campaign. Owing to a misunderstanding with the Secretary of War he resigned his command in May, 1814. During the next three years he served on several commissions to treat with the Indians. He sat in Congress from 1816 to 1819. Although his character as a man and a soldier was severely attacked in Congress, that body voted him a gold medal in 1818 and thanked him for his services to his country. He was elected to the Senate of Ohio in 1819. His course in that body was severely criticised by his constituents, and he was defeated as a candidate for Congress in 1822. He took his seat as United States Senator in 1825 and became Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Colombia in 1828, he was recalled by President Jackson thirty-one days after he reached Bogota. While in Bogota he wrote his famous letter to Bolivar, dissuading him from his policy of usurpation.

He was nominated for the Presidency by several Whig state conventions in 1835, but was defeated in November, 1836, receiving only seventy-three electoral votes to Van Buren's one hundred and seventy. Harrison had neither party nor platform. His followers were a discordant band. Their only bond of union was their common hostility to the Democratic régime. There was division of opinion as to who should oppose the Democratic nominee in 1840. It was thought necessary to nominate some colorless man who could command the support of all the inharmonious elements of the opposition. General Harrison was not an experienced statesman, but he had been more or less in the public service for almost a half century. Throughout the country he was esteemed an honest man and a successful Indian fighter. In December, 1839, the Whig convention at Harrisburg nominated him for the Presidency, and John Tyler for the Vice-presidency. No platform was proclaimed. In all the speeches of this four days' convention there was scarcely a declaration of policy or principle.

The nomination was enthusiastically received. Meetings were held in many states to ratify the nomination of the "Old Hero of Tippecanoe." With processions, banners, representations of log cabins, pictures of the "Old Hero" drinking hard cider out of a mug or gourd, the Whigs prepared to sing and shout their candidate into office. The Democrats contemptuously referred to these "processions" and "demonstrations" as "animal shows," and asserted that the Whigs had shut up their candidate and refused him the use of pen and ink.

Among the mottoes on the banners was this:

Farewell, dear Van,
You're not our man;
To guide the ship,
We'll try old Tip.

The favorite Whig song and argument was:

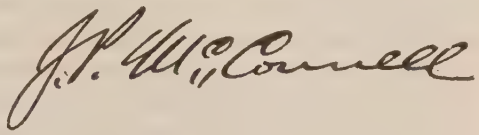
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van,
Van is a used up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Boundless enthusiasm of the young men of the country for this aged soldier was everywhere in evidence. With the progress of the campaign the impending defeat of Van Buren became more and more manifest. The Democrats protested that the shouting and singing of the Whigs were no valid arguments against Van Buren, but the Whigs refused to change their campaign methods. Harrison and Tyler were triumphantly elected in November, 1840, receiving two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes to Van Buren's sixty.

Apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health, he was inaugurated March fourth, in the presence of a great number of Whigs, who had thronged to the Capitol as office-seekers. It was expected that he would enforce the political maxim, "to the victor belongs the spoils." One of his first official acts was to withdraw from the Senate all the unconfirmed nominations of his predecessor. He called an extra session of Congress to meet May thirty-first, to consider the condition of the finances and revenue. Sunday morning, April third, the country was shocked by the announcement of the President's death after a very short illness. His last words were: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out, I ask nothing more." His body was interred in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, but in June, 1841, it was claimed by Ohio friends and removed to North Bend, where it now rests. In office only one month, he had small opportunity to show what would be the character of his administration. His Inaugural Address outlined a vigorous and patriotic policy.

General Harrison was commanding in appearance, six feet tall, rather thin and slender; his countenance, expressive and honest; his eye, keen and penetrating, but kindly. He was open and courteous to all, and as President he was easy of approach and free in his intercourse with all classes. His long career as an army officer and the almost autocratic power he had exercised as governor never affected the simplicity of his life and manners. As a speaker he was fluent and sometimes eloquent, though as a writer he does not rank high. With many opportunities to acquire wealth he remained poor. Deeply moral and religious by nature, he never became a church communicant. He was not a genius—not even a talented man; but his strength was the honest common-sense that is often

worth more than genius. No twenty-five successive rulers of any country, either in ancient or modern times, measured by all standards and requirements, are the equals of the Presidents of the United States. William Henry Harrison is not unworthy of a place in this group.



ADDRESS BEFORE THE HAMILTON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

The encouragement of agriculture, gentlemen, would be praiseworthy in any country; in our own it is peculiarly so, not only to multiply the means and enjoyment of life, but as giving greater stability and security to our political institutions. In all ages and in all countries, it has been observed, that the cultivators of the soil are those who are least willing to part with their rights, and submit themselves to the will of a master. I have no doubt also, that a taste for agricultural pursuits is the best means of disciplining the ambition of those daring spirits who occasionally spring up in the world for good or for evil, to defend or destroy the liberties of their fellow men, as the principles received from education or circumstances may tend. As long as the leaders of the Roman armies were taken from the plow, to the plow they were willing to return; never in the character of general forgetting the duties of the citizen, and ever ready to exchange the sword and the triumphal purple for the homely vestments of the husbandman. The history of this far-famed republic is full of instances of this kind, but none more remarkable than our own age and country have produced. The fascinations of power, and the trappings of command, were as much despised—and the enjoyment of rural scenes and rural employments as highly prized—by our Washington as by Cincinnatus or Regulus. At the close of his glorious military career, he says, "I am preparing to return to that domestic retirement which it is well known I left with the deepest regret, and for which I have not ceased to sigh through a long and painful absence."

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE ON HIS NOMINATION FOR CONGRESS

I BELIEVE that upon the preservation of the Union of the States depends the existence of our civil and religious liberties, and that the cement which binds it together is not a parcel of words written upon paper or parchment, but the brotherly love and regard which the citizens of the several states possess for each other. Destroy this, and the beautiful fabric which was reared and embellished by our ancestors crumbles into ruin. From its disjointed parts no temple of liberty will again be reared. Discord and wars will succeed to peace and harmony; barbarism will again overspread the land; or, what is scarcely better, some kindly tyrant will promulgate the decrees of his will from the seat where a Washington and a Jefferson dispensed the blessings of a free and equal government. I believe it, therefore, to be the duty of a representative to conciliate, by every possible means, the members of our great political family; and always to bear in mind that as the Union was effected only by a spirit of mutual concession and forbearance, so only can it be preserved.

CLOSING PARAGRAPH OF THE LETTER TO GENERAL BOLIVAR

To yourself the advantage would be as great as to the country; like acts of mercy, the blessings would be reciprocal, your personal happiness secured, and your fame elevated to a height which would leave but a single competition in the estimation of posterity. In bestowing the palm of merit the world has become wiser than formerly. The successful warrior is no longer entitled to the first place in the temple of fame. To be esteemed eminently great it is necessary to be eminently good. The qualities of the general and the hero must be devoted to the advantage of mankind, before he will be permitted to assume the title of their benefactor; and the station which he will hold in their regard and affections will depend, not upon the number and splendor of his victories, but upon the results and the use he may make of the influence

he acquires from them. . . . Are you willing your name should descend to posterity amongst the names of those whose fame has been derived from shedding human blood, without a single advantage to the human race; or shall it be united to that of Washington as the founder and father of a great and happy people? The choice is before you. The friends of liberty throughout the world, and the people of the United States in particular, are waiting your decision with intense anxiety. Alexander toiled and conquered to obtain the applause of the Athenians. Will you regard as nothing the opinions of a nation which has evinced its superiority over that celebrated people in the science most useful to man, by having carried into actual practice a system of government of which the wisest Athenians had but a glimpse in theory, and considered as a blessing never to be realized, however ardently to be desired? The place which you are to occupy in their esteem depends upon yourself. Farewell.

DUTIES TO INDIANS

Extract from Message to the Indian Legislature.

To provide a substitute for the chase, from which they derive their support, and which from the extension of our settlements is daily becoming more precarious, has been considered a sacred duty. The humane and benevolent intentions of the Government, however, will forever be defeated, unless effectual measures be devised to prevent the sale of ardent spirits to those unfortunate people. The law which has been passed by Congress for that purpose has been found entirely ineffectual, because its operation has been construed to relate to the Indian country exclusively. In calling your attention to this subject, gentlemen, I am persuaded that it is unnecessary to remind you that the article of compact makes it your duty to attend to it. The interest of your constituents, the interest of the miserable Indians, and your own feelings, will urge you to take it into your most serious consideration, and provide the remedy which is to save thousands of our fellow creatures. So destructive has been the progress of intemperance, that whole villages have been swept away. A miser-

able remnant is all that remains to mark the names and situation of many numerous and warlike tribes.

In the energetic language of one of their orators, it is a dreadful conflagration which spreads misery and desolation through their country, and threatens the annihilation of the whole race. Is it then to be admitted as a political axiom that the neighborhood of a civilized nation is incompatible with the existence of savages? Are the blessings of our republican government only to be felt by ourselves? And are the natives of North America to experience the same fate with their brethren of the southern continent? It is with you, gentlemen, to divert from these children of Nature the fate that hangs over them.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1841.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

Called from a retirement which I had supposed was to continue for the residue of my life to fill the chief executive office of this great and free nation, I appear before you, fellow citizens, to take the oaths which the Constitution prescribes as a necessary qualification for the performance of its duties; and in obedience to a custom coeval with our Government and what I believe to be your expectations, I proceed to present to you a summary of the principles which will govern me in the discharge of the duties which I shall be called upon to perform.

It was the remark of a Roman consul in an early period of that celebrated republic that a most striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust before and after obtaining them, they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made in the former. However much the world may have improved in many respects in the lapse of upward of two thousand years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern elective governments would develop similar instances of violated confidence.

Although the fiat of the people has gone forth proclaiming me the Chief Magistrate of this glorious Union, nothing upon their part remaining to be done, it may be thought that a motive may exist to keep up the delusion under which they may be supposed to have acted in relation to my principles and opinions; and perhaps there may be some in this assembly who have come here either prepared to condemn those I shall now deliver, or, approving them, to doubt the sincerity with which they are now uttered. But the lapse of a few months will confirm or dispel their fears. The outline of principles to govern and measures to be adopted by an administration not yet begun will soon be exchanged for immutable history, and I shall stand either exonerated by my countrymen or classed with the mass of those who promised that they might deceive, and flattered with the intention to betray. However strong may be my present purpose to realize the expectations of a magnanimous and confiding people, I too well understand the dangerous temptations to which I shall be exposed from the magnitude of the power which it has been the pleasure of the people to commit to my hands, not to place my chief confidence upon the aid of that Almighty Power which has hitherto protected me and enabled me to bring to favorable issues other important but still greatly inferior trusts heretofore confided to me by my country.

THE NATURE OF THE GOVERNMENT

The broad foundation upon which our Constitution rests being the people—a breath of theirs having made, as a breath can unmake, change, or modify it—it can be assigned to none of the great divisions of government but to that of democracy. If such is its theory, those who are called upon to administer it must recognize as its leading principle the duty of shaping their measures so as to produce the greatest good to the greatest number. But with these broad admissions, if we would compare the sovereignty acknowledged to exist in the mass of our people with the power claimed by other sovereignties, even by those which have been considered most purely democratic, we shall find a most essential difference. All others lay claim to power limited only by their own will. The majority of our citizens, on the contrary, possess a sov-

ereignty with an amount of power precisely equal to that which has been granted to them by the parties to the national compact, and nothing beyond. We admit of no government by divine right, believing that so far as power is concerned the Beneficent Creator has made no distinction amongst men; that all are upon an equality, and that the only legitimate right to govern is an express grant of power from the governed.

THE NATURE OF THE CONSTITUTION

The Constitution of the United States is the instrument containing this grant of power to the several departments composing the Government. On an examination of that instrument it will be found to contain declarations of power granted and of power withheld. The latter is also susceptible of division into power which the majority had the right to grant, but which they did not think proper to intrust to their agents, and that which they could not have granted, not being possessed by themselves. In other words, there are certain rights possessed by each individual American citizen, which in his compact with the others he has never surrendered. Some of them, indeed, he is unable to surrender, being, in the language of our system, unalienable. The boasted privilege of a Roman citizen was to him a shield only against a petty provincial ruler, whilst the proud democrat of Athens would console himself under a sentence of death for a supposed violation of the national faith—which no one understood and which at times was the subject of the mockery of all —or the banishment from his home, his family, and his country with or without an alleged cause, that it was the act not of a single tyrant or hated aristocracy, but of his assembled countrymen. Far different is the power of our sovereignty. It can interfere with no one's faith, prescribe forms of worship for no one's observance, inflict no punishment, but after well-ascertained guilt, the result of investigation under rules prescribed by the Constitution itself. These precious privileges, and those scarcely less important of giving expression to his thoughts and opinions, either by writing or speaking, unrestrained but by the liability for injury to others, and that of a full participation in all the advantages

which flow from the Government, the acknowledged property of all, the American citizen derives from no charter granted by his fellow man. He claims them because he is himself a man, fashioned by the same Almighty hand as the rest of his species and entitled to a full share of the blessings with which He has endowed them. Notwithstanding the limited sovereignty possessed by the people of the United States and the restricted grant of power to the Government which they have adopted, enough has been given to accomplish all the objects for which it was created. It has been found powerful in war, and hitherto justice has been administered, an intimate union effected, domestic tranquillity preserved, and personal liberty secured to the citizen. As was to be expected, however, from the defects of language, and the necessarily sententious manner in which the Constitution is written, disputes have arisen as to the amount of power which it has actually granted or was intended to grant.

THE DANGER OF EXECUTIVE ENCROACHMENT

This is more particularly the case in relation to that part of the instrument which treats of the legislative branch, and not only as regards the exercise of powers claimed under a general clause giving that body the authority to pass all laws necessary to carry into effect the specified powers, but in relation to the latter also. It is, however, consolatory to reflect that *most* of the instances of alleged departure from the letter or spirit of the Constitution have ultimately received the sanction of a majority of the people. And the fact that many of our statesmen most distinguished for talent and patriotism have been at one time or other of their political careers on both sides of each of the most warmly disputed questions forces upon us the inference that the errors, if errors there were, are attributable to the intrinsic difficulty in many instances of ascertaining the intentions of the framers of the Constitution rather than the influence of any sinister or unpatriotic motive. But the great danger to our institutions does not appear to me to be in a usurpation by the Government of power not granted by the people, but by the accumulation in one of the departments of that which was assigned to others. Limited as are the powers which have been granted,

still enough have been granted to constitute a despotism if concentrated in one of the departments. This danger is greatly heightened, as it has been always observable that men are less jealous of encroachments of one department upon another than upon their own reserved rights. When the Constitution of the United States first came from the hands of the convention which formed it, many of the sternest republicans of the day were alarmed at the extent of the power which had been granted to the Federal Government, and more particularly of that portion which had been assigned to the executive branch. There were in it features which appeared not to be in harmony with their ideas of a simple representative democracy or republic, and knowing the tendency of power to increase itself, particularly when exercised by a single individual, predictions were made that at no very remote period the Government would terminate in virtual monarchy. It would not become me to say that the fears of these patriots have been already realized; but as I sincerely believe that the tendency of measures and of men's opinions for some years past has been in that direction, it is, I conceive, strictly proper that I should take this occasion to repeat the assurances I have heretofore given of my determination to arrest the progress of that tendency if it really exists and restore the Government to its pristine health and vigor, as far as this can be effected by any legitimate exercise of the power placed in my hands.

A SINGLE PRESIDENTIAL TERM

I proceed to state in as summary a manner as I can my opinion of the sources of the evils which have been so extensively complained of and the corrective which may be applied. Some of the former are unquestionably to be found in the defects of the Constitution; others, in my judgment, are attributable to a misconstruction of some of its provisions. Of the former is the eligibility of the same individual to a second term of the Presidency. The sagacious mind of Mr. Jefferson early saw and lamented this error, and attempts have been made, hitherto without success, to apply the amendatory power of the states to its correction. As, however, one mode of correction is in the power of every President, and conse-

quently in mine, it would be useless, and perhaps invidious, to enumerate the evils of which, in the opinion of many of our fellow-citizens, this error of the sages who framed the Constitution may have been the source, and the bitter fruits which we are still to gather from it if it continues to disfigure our system. It may be observed, however, as a general remark, that republics can commit no greater error than to adopt or continue any feature in their systems of government which may be calculated to create or increase the love of power in the bosoms of those to whom necessity obliges them to commit the management of their affairs; and surely nothing is more likely to produce such a state of mind than the long continuance of an office of high trust. Nothing can be more corrupting, nothing more destructive of all those noble feelings which belong to the character of a devoted republican patriot. When this corrupting passion once takes possession of the human mind, like the love of gold, it becomes insatiable. It is the never-dying worm in his bosom, grows with his growth, and strengthens with the declining years of its victim. If this is true, it is the part of wisdom for a republic to limit the service of that officer at least to whom she has intrusted the management of her foreign relations, the execution of her laws, and the command of her armies and navies to a period so short as to prevent his forgetting that he is the accountable agent, not the principal; the servant, not the master. Until an amendment of the Constitution can be effected public opinion may secure the desired object. I give my aid to it by renewing the pledge heretofore given that under no circumstances will I consent to serve a second term.

FREEDOM OF THE BALLOT AND THE PRESS

The influence of the Executive in controlling the freedom of the elective franchise through the medium of the public officers can be effectually checked by renewing the prohibition published by Mr. Jefferson forbidding their interference in election further than giving their own votes, and their own independence secured by an assurance of perfect immunity in exercising this sacred privilege of freemen under the dictates of their own unbiased judgments. Never with my consent shall an officer of the people, compensated for his services out of

their pockets, become the pliant instrument of Executive will.

There is no part of the means placed in the hands of the Executive which might be used with greater effect for unhallowed purposes than the control of the public press. The maxim which our ancestors derived from the mother country that "the freedom of the press is the great bulwark of civil and religious liberty," is one of the most precious legacies which they have left us. We have learned, too, from our own as well as the experience of other countries, that golden shackles, by whomsoever or by whatever pretense imposed, are as fatal to it as the iron bonds of despotism. The presses in the necessary employment of the Government should never be used "to clear the guilty or to varnish crime." A decent and manly examination of the acts of the Government should be not only tolerated, but encouraged.

THE TRUE BONDS OF UNION

No participation in any good possessed by any member of our extensive Confederacy, except in domestic government, was withheld from the citizen of any other member. By a process attended with no difficulty, no delay, no expense but that of removal, the citizen of one might become the citizen of any other, and successively of the whole. The lines, too, separating powers to be exercised by the citizens of one state from those of another seem to be so distinctly drawn as to leave no room for misunderstanding. The citizens of each state unite in their persons all the privileges which that character confers and all that they may claim as citizens of the United States, but in no case can the same person at the same time act as the citizen of two separate states, and *he is therefore positively precluded from any interference with the reserved powers of any state but that of which he is for the time being a citizen.* He may, indeed, offer to the citizens of other states his advice as to their management, and the form in which it is tendered is left to his own discretion and sense of propriety. It may be observed, however, that organized associations of citizens requiring compliance with their wishes too much resemble the *recommendations* of Athens to her allies, supported by an armed and powerful fleet. It was, indeed, to the ambition of the leading states of Greece to control the

domestic concerns of the others that the destruction of that celebrated Confederacy, and subsequently of all its members, is mainly to be attributed, and it is owing to the absence of that spirit that the Helvetic Confederacy has for so many years been preserved. Never have there been seen in the institutions of the separate members of any confederacy more elements of discord. In the principles and forms of government and religion, as well as in the circumstances of the several Cantons, so marked a discrepancy was observable as to promise anything but harmony in their intercourse or permanency in their alliance, and yet for ages neither has been interrupted. Content with the positive benefits which their union produced, with the independence and safety from foreign aggression which it secured, these sagacious people respected the institutions of each other, however repugnant to their own principles and prejudices.

Our confederacy, fellow-citizens, can only be preserved by the same forbearance. Our citizens must be content with the exercise of the powers with which the Constitution clothes them. The attempt of those of one state to control the domestic institutions of another can only result in feelings of distrust and jealousy, the certain harbingers of disunion, violence, and civil war, and the ultimate destruction of our free institutions. Our confederacy is perfectly illustrated by the terms and principles governing a common copartnership. There is a fund of power to be exercised under the direction of the joint councils of the allied members, but that which has been reserved by the individual members is intangible by the common government or the individual members composing it. To attempt it finds no support in the principles of our Constitution.

It should be our constant and earnest endeavor mutually to cultivate a spirit of concord and harmony among the various parts of our confederacy. Experience has abundantly taught us that the agitation by citizens of one part of the Union of a subject not confided to the General Government, but exclusively under the guardianship of the local authorities, is productive of no other consequences than bitterness, alienation, discord, and injury to the very cause which is intended to be advanced. Of all the great interests which appertain to our country, that of union—cordial, confiding, fraternal union—is by far the

most important, since it is the only true and sure guaranty of all others.

DANGER OF PARTY SPIRIT

If parties in a republic are necessary to secure a degree of vigilance sufficient to keep the public functionaries within the bounds of law and duty, at that point their usefulness ends. Beyond that they become destructive of public virtue, the parent of a spirit antagonistic to that of liberty, and eventually its inevitable conqueror. We have examples of republics where the love of country and of liberty at one time were the dominant passions of the whole mass of citizens, and yet, with the continuance of the name and forms of free government, not a vestige of these qualities remaining in the bosoms of any one of its citizens. It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer that "in the Roman Senate Octavius had a party and Antony a party, but the Commonwealth had none." Yet the Senate continued to meet in the temple of liberty to talk of the sacredness and beauty of the Commonwealth and gaze at the statues of the elder Brutus and of the Curtii and Decii, and the people assembled in the forum, not, as in the days of Camillus and the Scipios, to cast their free votes for annual magistrates or pass upon the acts of the Senate, but to receive from the hands of the leaders of the respective parties their share of the spoils and to shout for one or the other, as those collected in Gaul or Egypt and the lesser Asia would furnish the larger dividend. The spirit of liberty had fled, and, avoiding the abodes of civilized man, had sought protection in the wilds of Scythia or Scandinavia; and so under the operation of the same causes and influences it will fly from our Capitol and our forums. A calamity so awful, not only to our country, but to the world, must be deprecated by every patriot, and every tendency to a state of things likely to produce it must be immediately checked. Such a tendency has existed—does exist. Always the friend of my countrymen, never their flatterer, it becomes my duty to say to them from this high place to which their partiality has exalted me that there exists in the land a spirit hostile to their best interests—hostile to liberty itself. It is a spirit contracted in its views, selfish in its objects. It looks to the aggrandizement of a few even to the

destruction of the interests of the whole. The entire remedy is with the people. Something, however, may be effected by the means which they have placed in my hands. It is union that we want, not of a party for the sake of that party, but a union of the whole country for the sake of the whole country, for the defense of its interests and its honor against foreign aggression, for the defense of those principles for which our ancestors so gloriously contended. As far as it depends upon me it shall be accomplished. All the influence that I possess shall be exerted to prevent the formation at least of an Executive party in the halls of the legislative body. I wish for the support of no member of that body to any measure of mine that does not satisfy his judgment and his sense of duty to those from whom he holds his appointment, nor any confidence in advance from the people but that asked for by Mr. Jefferson, "to give firmness and effect to the legal administration of their affairs."

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS

[1798—1866]

H. M. WAGSTAFF

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS, a prolific writer and notable pulpit orator of the ante-bellum period, is now little known except to the biographical inquirer. He was born in New Bern, North Carolina, in 1798, and died in New York City in 1866. Of good English stock, two generations removed from Britain, he eagerly seized the educational opportunities offered by his native State and was graduated from its University in 1815. Soon thereafter he entered Yale College and received his Master's degree in 1818. Choosing the law as a profession, he studied under Judge William Gaston, and began practice under favorable conditions for a promising career. From 1820 to 1826 he was reporter to the Supreme Court of the State and in 1821 also a member of the lower branch of the Legislature. In 1827 he made a new choice of professions, entering the Episcopal ministry, in which work he was principally engaged until his death.

Roughly, the period of Hawks's literary activity covered the second quarter of the last century. His writings fall into three general classes, with several works which cannot be placed in either. These classes are: first, theological works and church history; second, studies in antiquities of several geographical regions of the old and the new world; and third, biography of explorers and adventurers. His work of most note that does not fall within this classification in his 'History of North Carolina,' in two volumes, the first embracing the history of the early and ineffectual attempts at colonization in the Sixteenth Century, and the second, North Carolina under the proprietary form of government. While not accurate scientific history, these volumes were undertaken and executed by their author in a spirit of love for his native State, and on this account possess a value to North Carolinians out of proportion to their historical merit. His style is especially pleasing. Moreover, the author catches the spirit of the early colonizers and conveys it to his pages, a feat of value within itself. For the periods covered it is undoubtedly the best of the older histories of North Carolina, its popularity being attested by the fact that it ran through three editions.

Relative to the first class of Hawks's writings, theological works

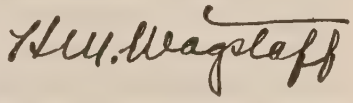
and church history, his interest therein was due directly to his profession. Called successively to several churches in New York City, his energies were devoted primarily to the usual services of a rector. However, his literary tendencies found an outlet upon his appointment in 1835 as historiographer of the Episcopal Church in America. In this relationship to his church he went to England in 1836 and there collected a large mass of manuscript matter in relation to the establishment and early history of the American branch of the Episcopal Church. Returning to New York he began at once to work up his material and soon thereafter published two volumes covering the subject in the states of Virginia and Maryland. Some adverse criticisms upon these volumes arising within the church, the author refused to continue the work further and ended his relationship of historiographer. Continuing his work as rector of St. Thomas's, New York, he now, in conjunction with Caleb S. Henry, established the *New York Review,* a periodical which had a life of only six years (1837-43). In 1841 he published independently a work in the nature of a commentary upon the constitution and canons of the Episcopal Church, and this seems to have brought him much credit even among his former critics. Nevertheless, during the next decade, his literary efforts took the form of biography of explorers and adventurers, including Henry Hudson, Captain John Smith, and Daniel Boone. His works of this character, though meager in authentic incidents, were popular in their day and brought their author a fair meed of praise.

Dr. Hawks's interests were not limited to his clerical and literary work. In 1839 he established a high class private school at Flushing, New York, known as St. Thomas's Hall. This enterprise proved a financial failure and involved him in debts to an amount which he was quite unable to discharge. This in turn reacted upon his power of usefulness to his church. There was no taint of dishonesty connected with the failure of the venture, yet such severe censure was visited upon Dr. Hawks's impractical methods that he resigned his charge in New York in 1843 and removed to Mount Holly, Mississippi. The following year he was elected Bishop of Mississippi by the diocesan convention. The general convention of his Church, in session at Philadelphia, refused to confirm the election before investigating his obligations at Flushing. Dr. Hawks furthered the investigation in every way and was exonerated, but afterward refused to accept the proffered honor and removed from Mount Holly to New Orleans. In 1845 he was active in the establishment of the University of Louisiana and was chosen as its first president. He continued at the head of this institution for four years, resigning only to accept a flattering offer from Calvary

Church in New York. This parish coupled with its offer the gift of $30,000.00 for the discharge of his debts at Flushing. Thus vindicated by a token of confidence which brought relief from the strain of financial obligations, Dr. Hawks entered upon his work with renewed zest. He now began to put forth some of the fruits of his ripened scholarship. 'Egypt and Her Monuments' and 'Antiquities of Peru' followed each other within the course of a few years. Neither of these purports to be the results of the author's own archæological research, but they represent an attempt to put into readable form the technical works of the actual investigator.

After 1855 Dr. Hawks gave himself almost wholly to the pulpit, the continuity of his service in New York being broken only by the War of Secession. His ardent Southern sympathies caused him to relinquish his church in New York in 1861 and accept another in Baltimore; but immediately upon the close of hostilities in 1865 he again accepted a call to New York and remained in service there until his death the following year.

Reverting for a moment to the general character and value of Dr. Hawks's works, it must be said that, with the exception of his biographical studies, his subjects were such as appealed to the church or to a very limited class of readers. But in every case his style is vivid and interesting. His theological writings are especially free from the cant of creed and simple in their directness. Earnestness and freedom from dogmatism characterize his attitude to each subject he approached, while his pleasing style of presentation, though somewhat akin to pulpit oratory, marks him as distinctly worthy of a place among the first of ante-bellum writers claiming the Southland as their native heath.



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SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

From the 'History of North Carolina.'

THERE is ever to a generous mind something painful in contemplating the fallen fortunes of a man who once has "towered in his pride of place." Our sensibilities are touched when we look upon the buried greatness even of one whose own unworthiness has made him "totter to his fall." Who, for instance, can dwell unmoved upon the picture of a Bacon illustrating the truth of a sentiment penned by himself almost as if with prophetic vision—"Of all men he is the most miserable who follows at the funeral of his own reputation"? The contrast is so great between the honors rendered to elevated station, and the insult and neglect attendant upon altered fortunes, that in its contemplation even this world's pity divests itself for a time of its hypocritical mockery, and for once is honest in the expression of its sympathy. And if this be so, when "even-handed justice" is constrained to mingle condemnation with our pity, how much more is there to touch the sensibilities of our nature when envy and persecution, fraud and falsehood have all combined to drag a noble spirit to the dust, and in their infernal success call upon us to look on the decayed, nay, ruined fortunes of one whose heaviest crime has been that God made him a greater man than his fellows? Such was the treatment that Sir Walter Raleigh received; and one might almost think that, like his illustrious contemporary Bacon, he too was endowed with the spirit of prophetic anticipation. In his early offerings to the muse he has left on record a sentiment which his own sad history proved to be no poetic fiction:

> Tho' sundry minds in sundry sort do deem,
> Yet worthiest wights yield praise for every pain;
> But envious brains do naught, or light esteem
> Such stately steps as they cannot attain:
> For whoso reaps renown above the rest,
> With heaps of hate shall surely be oppress'd.

Of the earlier years of Raleigh no more need be said than that he was born in the year 1552, of an ancient and reputable

family in Devon, and was sent to Oxford for his education. One of the wisest men that England ever produced has borne testimony to the genius and wit of the young student, and it is therefore no waste of time to follow the fortunes of one whose powers commanded the admiration of Bacon. His college life, however, exhibited little more than that remarkable union of the habits of a scholar with those of an active man of the world, which through his whole career characterized him. In his case, too, as in that of other distinguished men, his early reading gave color to the future complexion of his life.

The conquest of the Spaniards in this hemisphere furnished in his day a new story. Raleigh was much too imaginative not to be pleasurably excited by the romance embodied in the tales of Montezuma and the Inca, the chivalric boldness of Cortes and Pizarro; and as he was preëminently fitted for action, he felt that a field was open on this yet unknown continent for the exercise of his loftiest powers. Thus was he unconsciously preparing himself to become one of the boldest maritime adventurers of his age and nation.

Young, handsome, brave, accomplished, and intelligent (for he was all this), the first field in which we find him playing the part of man was France. It was at the period when the Protestants, under the great Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligny, were struggling for religious liberty. Elizabeth, on more accounts than one, was not an indifferent spectator of this contest. She gave permission to Henry Champernon, who was a near kinsman of Raleigh, to raise a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, and to pass over to the Continent. The French historian, De Thou, has left a description of the appearance they made in the camp of the Protestants: "A gallant company," says he, "nobly mounted and accoutred, and bearing for a motto on their standard, 'Let valor decide the contest.'" Of this troop was Raleigh, and one who knew him then, speaking of his education and bearing, writes, "it was not part, but *wholly gentleman—wholly soldier.*" In this school he remained for more than six years, bearing well his share in some of the most memorable actions of the times, until the peace of 1576, when he returned to England. Very soon after this we find him in the Netherlands, a volunteer under the Prince of Orange against the Spaniards.

Raleigh must not, however, be considered a mere soldier of fortune, ready to draw his sword in any quarrel. Both in the Low Countries and in France, the principle for which he contended was the same. He was armed in the cause of liberty, and in both instances he was indirectly defending his country; for in both he had gone forth under the sanction of Elizabeth, and fought under the English standard.

Among his fellow-soldiers was one who, remarkable as much for his eccentricity as for his valor, had traveled far and fought in many lands, and in whom great versatility of genius was not without its usual accompaniment, a wonderful facility in devising multifarious projects. One of his many schemes was the establishment of a colony in America. When he adverted to this he touched a chord in Raleigh's bosom which instantly gave a responsive vibration. Amid the toils of the camp, the young volunteer had never neglected the cultivation of his mind: he was a soldier student, and had mastered all that was then known on the subjects of cosmography and navigation. His half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had obtained a patent for colonizing in North America: leaving the army, Raleigh joined him to try his fortune on our shores. A combination of disasters, however, defeated the undertaking, and he returned home without having seen this country, and with no other advantage than that derived from the lessons of his brother, one of the most experienced seamen of his age. Scarcely had he reached England, however, before he found himself in another scheme of activity and war. Spain had stirred up the spirit of rebellion in Ireland. Raleigh had now a name as a soldier, and we find him at the seat of war in command of a company. Here it was that his remarkable talents first shone forth with a luster that challenged notice. He found himself in various important trusts, and well did he execute them all. Uniting the sagacity and ripe judgment of age with the daring courage and uncalculating generosity of youth, he would now defeat the enemy by superior tactics, and now rush single-handed to the rescue of a friend, and bring him off in triumph at the peril of his life. The rebellion was suppressed, and Raleigh, with a reputation of the highest order among those who had stood by his side as soldiers, returned with no recommendations but those his own talents

and attainments had procured, to play his part at a most eventful period among men, more splendid than any other court in Europe at that day could boast.

THE COLONY OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1586-1590

From the 'History of North Carolina.'

Upon a review of the perils by which the colony under Lane was surrounded, and of his conduct in the midst of them, he scarcely deserves the reproach of a modern writer who has said he "did not possess the qualities suited to his station."* And though his return to England is not to be stigmatized as "a precipitate desertion,"† yet it may justly be a source of regret that he did not remain a little longer; inasmuch as we now know, what he could not have foreknown, that supplies for his relief were actually then on the way to him. Sir Walter Raleigh, much too noble to forget the men whom he had planted in the wilderness of North Carolina, fitted out a ship in 1586 solely to carry to them abundant supplies. Unfortunately, however, she did not reach the seat of the colony until the latter part of June, at which time Lane and his men had embarked in Drake's fleet.

The commander of the supply ship, having for some time sought in vain for his countrymen, returned to England. About a fortnight after his departure, Sir Richard Greenville (who had commanded in the former expedition) arrived on the coast with three other ships. Disappointed in his expectations of finding the supply ship, and fruitlessly examining in person the shores of the sound and rivers for the colony under Lane, he gave over the search. Unwilling, however, to relinquish the possession of that which Englishmen had once held, he landed fifteen men, with a supply of provisions for two years, on Roanoke Island, and returned to England.

Under the combined influences of such untoward events, most men, in the situation of Sir Walter Raleigh, would have desisted entirely from an enterprise which thus far had cost much and yielded no return; but not so with him. The enthusiasm of the English people was somewhat abated by the

*Bancroft's United States, 115
†Ibid, 117

ill success of Lane's attempt, but the accounts published by Hariot of the natural advantages of the country were such as to induce men to embark in further plans of colonization;* and accordingly, in the year 1587, Raleigh prepared a new set of adventurers, consisting of one hundred and seventeen souls, under the charge of John White as governor, and on the twenty-sixth of April, in that year, they sailed in three vessels from Portsmouth, fitted out in part at the expense of Raleigh. There were two particulars connected with this attempt worthy of notice; the first was the presence of women and children. The proprietary very justly supposed that their presence would form a tie to the soil not easily to be broken by the colonists. A husband and father would not leave wife and children behind him, and the difficulty of removing a family presented an almost insurmountable obstacle to the departure of its head. Agricultural pursuits and permanency of settlement were therefore likely to result from the presence of these females, who were in number seventeen. The other particular worthy of notice is the provision made for government in this settlement, which it was hoped would be thus rendered permanent. The chief, White, had associated with him eleven of his colonists, as counsellors and assistants, and to the twelve were given a letter of instruction and a charter incorporating them as "the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh, in Virginia": for as yet the name Carolina was unknown. Sir Walter had also, distant as he was from the scene, discovered the superior advantages of the Chesapeake Bay, and therefore directed the settlement to be made on its shores.

On the sixteenth of July they made the coast of North Carolina, and narrowly escaping shipwreck on Cape Fear, on the twenty-second they arrived at Hatteras. Immediately, the governor with forty men proceeded to Roanoke Island in search of the fifteen men who had been left by Sir Richard Greenville in the previous year. After finding them, his purpose was to return to the fleet and proceed northwardly to Chesapeake Bay, according to his instructions. Scarcely, however, had he left the ship, before those on board charged the seamen in the pinnace with the governor to bring back none of the planters, but to leave them on Roanoke Island. Remon-

*Hariot's narrative.

strance on the part of the governor proved fruitless, because the commander of the ship was impatient to renew a profitable traffic in the West Indies, and thus the colony under White was, much against his will, forced, by necessity, to attempt a settlement on Roanoke Island, the scene of Lane's failure.

On reaching the island he sought in vain for the fifteen men, and the only vestige even that they had been there was found in the discovery of the bones of one human being. The next day White with some of his men walked to the northern part of the island, where Lane had erected his fort and dwellings, hoping there to meet with some traces of the fifteen left by Greenville. On his arrival at the spot he found the fort demolished, but the dwellings were yet standing, and their only tenants were the deer who were quietly feeding on the melons that luxuriantly grew in and about them. The unfortunate fifteen, as was subsequently learned from some of the natives, had been attacked by the savages; when the survivors, betaking themselves to their boat, had fled to a little island near Hatteras, where they remained a short time and then departed, whither no one knew, but probably for Croatan, and this is all that was ever learned of their fate.

White, submitting to the necessities of his position, immediately gave orders for repairing the houses left by Lane and for erecting more for the accommodation of those who he knew would be sent from the ships, and on their arrival found himself at the head of ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children. Among these men were some who had been with Lane, and who proved themselves to be men indeed; the colony, as we shall presently see, was probably not without its clergyman, and the faithful Manteo, who was among them, had by this time become in heart an Englishman. In this he presented a remarkable contrast to Wanchese, who, it will be remembered, had been his companion on his first voyage to England; and who, after his return, was as notorious for his hostility as Manteo was for his fidelity.

The mother and kindred of Manteo lived on the island of Croatan, and thither, very soon, a visit was made by the faithful Indian and a party of the English, who endeavored, through the instrumentality of the islanders, to establish friendly relations with the inhabitants on the main land: but the effort was

in vain. In truth, the greater portion of the Indians around manifested implacable ill will, and had already murdered one of the assistants, who had incautiously strayed alone from the settlement on Roanoke Island.

On the thirteenth of August, by direction of Raleigh, given before leaving England, Manteo was baptized (being probably the first native of this continent who ever received this sacrament at the hands of the English), and was also called Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonguepeuk, as the reward of his fidelity. A few days after, another event, not without interest in the little colony, occupied the attention of all; and doubtless in no small degree enlisted the sympathies of the female portion of the adventurers. On the eighteenth of August, Eleanor, the daughter of Governor White, and wife of Mr. Dare, one of the assistants, gave birth to a daughter, the first child born of English parents upon the soil of the United States. On the Sunday following, in commemoration of her birth-place, she was baptized by the name of Virginia.

Governor White remained but thirty-six days in North Carolina. As the period approached for the return of ships, the colonists, who felt most sensibly their dependence on England, and perceived also a considerable reduction in their supplies, applied with one voice to the governor to return in their behalf to the mother country and procure relief. Actuated by very honorable feelings, he for a long time refused; but at length, overcome by their unanimous and earnest supplications, he consented to go, leaving behind him, in the persons of his daughter and her child, ties strong enough to give zeal to his efforts and hasten his return. Before he left, however, it seems to have been understood that the colony should remove from Roanoke Island and settle on the main land: and as, at his return, he might be at some loss to find them, it was further agreed that in the event of their departure during his absence they should carve on some post or tree the name of the place whither they had gone; and if in distress, they were to carve a cross above it.

When White reached England he found the whole kingdom alarmed by a threatened invasion from Spain. Raleigh, Greenville, and Lane, the three individuals most likely to aid in the relief of the colony, were all members of the council of

war, and their time was fully occupied by their duties. Raleigh, however, soon found leisure to fit out a small fleet for the relief of the colony; but ere it could sail, owing to the formidable armament of Spain, every ship was impressed, and Sir Richard Greenville summoned to attend Sir Walter to Cornwall and train troops there. Governor White, however, with Raleigh's aid succeeded in obtaining two barks with which he sailed on the twenty-second of April. These vessels, however, were more anxious to fight the Spaniards than to reach the colony; both were so much disabled in their encounters with the enemy that they were obliged to return to England, and never made the contemplated voyage. This delay was fatal to the poor colonists of Roanoke.

When the Spanish Armada had been defeated and England once more breathed in peace, Sir Walter found himself too much reduced in means to prosecute his purposes. Forty thousand pounds, a sum in our day nearly equivalent to two hundred thousand, had been expended by him, for which he had never received the smallest return. But he resolved still to do what he could for the accomplishment of his end: he had used the privilege of his patent to form a company of merchants and adventurers to carry on the work of colonization. But the company languished, because it wanted the energy and liberality of a spirit like Raleigh's. It was not until March 20, 1590, that Governor White embarked in three ships to seek his colony and his children. Much time was lost on the voyage, and the sandy islands of the Carolina coast were not seen until the beginning of the succeeding August. White found the island of Roanoke a desert. As he approached he sounded a signal trumpet, but no answer was heard to disturb the melancholy stillness that brooded over the deserted spot. What had become of the wretched colonists? No man may with certainty say: for all that White found to indicate their fate was a high post bearing on it the letters CRO, and at the former site of their village he found a tree which had been deprived of its bark and bore in well cut characters the word CROATAN.* There was some comfort in finding no cross

*"The stump of a live oak, said to have been the tree on which this word was cut, was shown as late as the year 1778 by the people of Roanoke Island. It stood at the distance of about six yards from the shore of Shalonbas bay, on the land then owned by Daniel Baum. This bay is formed by Ballast point and Baum's point." I Martin's 'History,' p. 35 note.

carved above the word, but this was all the comfort the unhappy father and grandfather could find. He of course hastened back to the fleet, determined instantly to go to Croatan, but a combination of unpropitious events defeated his anxious wishes; storms and a deficiency of food forced the vessels to run for the West Indies for the purpose of refitting, wintering, and returning; but even in this plan White was disappointed and found himself reluctantly compelled to run for the western islands and thence to England.

Thus ended the effort to find the lost colony; they were never heard of. That they went to Croatan, where the natives were friendly, is almost certain; that they became gradually incorporated with them is probable from the testimony of a historian who lived in North Carolina and wrote in 1714: "The Hatteras Indians who lived on Roanoke Island or much frequented it, tell us," says he, "that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book, as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being found frequently amongst those Indians, and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices. It is probable that this settlement miscarried for want of timely supplies from England, or through the treachery of the natives, for we may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with them, for relief and conversation; and that in process of time they conformed themselves to the manners of their Indian relations; and thus we see how apt human nature is to degenerate."* This slight vestige of the ultimate fate of White's colony concludes the history of Sir Walter Raleigh's noble but unavailing efforts; and when we resume our story we shall have to pass over an interval of some years, leaving meanwhile the wilderness on which we have looked to the roughness of its natural state and the occupancy of its savage inhabitants. When the scene next opens upon us it will be indeed upon the same theatre, but the actors will be very different and will have entered by a different way.

Scanty as are the materials afforded us for judging of the daily life of these adventurous colonists, still, upon a close review of the incidents we have here been relating, imagination

*Lawson's 'History of Carolina,' page 62.

may readily sketch a picture from mere casual remarks in their stories, the chief features of which will undoubtedly be true. It is easy to believe, for instance, of Lane's company, that though some were, as Hariot has described them, such as "by reason of their bad natures" were "worthily punished," and some of that class "which had little understanding, less discretion, and more tongue than was needful," and some who, having been reared in the comfort of cities, sighed for the enjoyments they had left behind; yet that, in the mass, they were a bold, hardy set, gathered, for the most part, from England's rough specimens of humanity of that day, and kept in subordination and awe by the rigorous military discipline of the times. It was the fashion of Englishmen of that age to look up to their superiors in rank and station with a submission and deference which we, probably, should think not far removed from abject servility. Perhaps, too, the strong common sense, which is certainly an ingredient in the English national character, may have led most of the colonists to feel that their safety depended on submission to their leaders; especially as those leaders were men whom they could respect, and in whom they could have confidence. Lane was a soldier accustomed to command; his story shows him to have been both prompt and brave, and these are captivating qualities among the people; his counselors were Amadas the sailor, "admirall of the countrie," the energetic and indefatigable Captain Stafford, and the philosophical naturalist Hariot. These were men who doubtless taught their inferiors to respect and obey Lane by obeying and respecting him themselves; and it is worthy of note that, in all these early narratives, we have no hint that among the colonists, after landing, any act of severe discipline was required or administered during their stay.

Again, Lane took care to keep all employed. We can readily fancy them, summoned by early beat of drum from the rude log huts which formed their settlement, and assembling to that "daily prayer" which Hariot tells us was their wont. There was Lane, probably in light armor—for armor was the fashion of that day—with Amadas and Stafford and Hariot, and there too was a motley group of stern-faced, rough-looking Englishmen, probably not of the cleanest, mingled perhaps with the wild natives (for Hariot lets us know that sometimes the sav-

age was present at their prayers), and presently the *Amen!* of their devotions is succeeded by their morning meal, when the various detachments scatter to their allotted duties. Here is a party embarking, under Amadas, it may be, in their light shallops either for exploration or food. There goes another party under Captain Stafford for Croatan, to conclude some unfinished business with Manteo's friendly countrymen. But all the natives are not like Manteo's countrymen; so here, perchance, come from the court of guard the armed watchmen of the day with their swords and cumbersome matchlocks, who take their several stations, not forgetting by the way to see that their mounted culverins are in order, and watching every speck on the waters that may, by possibility, prove a prowling enemy or an approaching boat. Some too are off, it may be to observe and give their labor to the little plots of ground where Hariot tells us they had sown or planted English vegetables; and we may almost fancy that we see their lips smile and their eyes sparkle as they mark, peeping above ground, some well-known inmate of the kitchen-garden at home, which looks to them like an old friend in this far-off wilderness, and sends their busy memories back to some loved old homestead in one of the quiet dells of dear old England. And here, too, is our philosopher, who, it may be, is thoughtfully botanizing; or, perchance, learning from some savage what he can gather of the country yet unseen; or, better still, teaching the untutored mind of that poor child of the forest the story of a heavenly country bought for him by Christ; for all these things we learn from his story that at times he did. There was no wearisome monotony among them, for they were fighting the battle of life at a disadvantage. Every faculty was obliged to be active. And then, when day had closed and evening brought back some party of explorers for instance, we have no difficulty in imagining the group of eager questioners and listeners who gathered around to hear the new stories of their traveled companions. Rough but brave men, for the most part, were these colonists under Lane, and let us honor them at least, for the courage with which they encountered privations and hardships.

But they could be pioneers only, for they had among them none of the gentler sex. They were but laying foundations

that others might come in and help them to build thereon. But Providence saw fit to call them all away; and now, under White, another set of actors is on the stage, even that "lost" colony whose sad story we have told already. And here are women and children. Daily life, we may imagine, was somewhat different now. The men are probably not so rough visaged and so untidy. They have been partially humanized by the gentleness of woman and the caresses of children. True, they have had a hard battle to fight, but they have also a stake to fight for. But, alas! here is an enemy more to be dreaded than even the vindictive and treacherous savage—*starvation!* And now the father wishes that wife and children were but in safety in the land whence he brought them. He can suffer himself, but it unmans him to see them suffer. That skeleton child for whom the mother has starved herself in vain; he has laid it in its coffin and buried it in the ground, and he turns sadly away from the task of comforting its desolate mother; for his own heart is breaking; that mother must go next. Domestic life was monotonous enough now. It was one long sad gaze over the waters: the eye might strain itself over the sea, but it looked in vain for the coming ship. No vessel ever came. "Hungry famine had them in the wind," and gaunt spectacles of suffering humanity, attenuated almost to transparency, flitted like ghosts around. The spectral crew vanished by degrees, how, God knoweth; and whether they found a grave in the ocean's depths, or on the land, is reserved for the revelations of that day when "the earth and the sea shall give up their dead."

And yet this latter colony was better and more wisely planned than that under Lane. It had some light from the past experience of those who had been before and had now gone again: Amadas and Stafford were both there. It had the comfort and salutary influence of woman's presence, without which no colony can succeed. It had a system of government which, if not perfect, was probably, in the main, equitable and at least sufficient to preserve order. It had beside, many more individuals of respectability and station in society than Lane's had. But it had not Sir Walter Raleigh as the single mind to direct and provide for it; and in the villainy of Fernando, the pilot, it had its worst evil in the deprivation of its sup-

plies. It was the inscrutable will of Heaven that it should not succeed. This is nearly all that man can say of its melancholy failure.

True, indeed, we may see the ill effects then of some of the erroneous opinions, but too prevalent even at this day, on the subject of planting colonies: but these alone will not explain the loss of White's colony.

Thus we find no mention made of individual ownership acquired in the land cultivated; none of the stimulus created in man by the consideration that he is improving his own property; no awakening of forethought for the comfort of that period when age should overtake the colonist and call for a repose from labor, to be enjoyed on the fruits of earlier industry. All, as far as appeared, labored for the benefit of a common stock out of which all were to live. Now, however such a system may answer for a short time in the beginning, in exploration for instance, it is not a system to insure success when permanent settlement is once begun. The history of colonization presents no instance of success under such a system, because such a plan runs counter to human nature: it leaves out of view that consideration of personal interest which is left by Heaven in man, as a stimulus to exertion. There is too much equality in the return made alike to laborious toil and evasive idleness: industry is taxed to supply the deficiencies of indolence; and community of interest is not likely to produce economy of expenditure. Hence the plan is soon not merely seen, but felt to be, inequitable, and men are not apt to make a prosperous community where they are treated unjustly. The colonization of Virginia, some twenty years later, commenced on this defective system. It never prospered until men were permitted to secure an individual right in their land and their labor.

Again: too little attention, probably, was paid to individual character in the selection of colonists. Doubtless, this was then, as it is now, in some degree, unavoidable. The affluent, and the possessors of moderate comfort, in the home of their youth, are not likely to sever all ties and cross an ocean to people a wilderness. There must ordinarily be some strong moral influence to prompt such men to remove. But it is from among such men only, refined by culture, accustomed to some

comforts, and disciplined, by their position, to orderly habits and a proper respect for lawful authority, that good colonists are likely to come. Only such men meet privations with a cheerful spirit and seek to supply their deficiencies. The outcasts of London prisons and the sweepings of London kennels, then as now, doubtless could furnish their quota to every shipload of adventurers. The dissipated scions of respectable families were gladly sent off, lest they should finally tarnish ancestral honors by a felon's fate at home; the inmates of the vile slums and alleys of the metropolis were but too glad to escape the grasp of violated law; to leave a country where they had nothing to gain and everything to lose, because they had reached an infamy and attained to a notoriety in guilt, which left them no further hope of committing crime with impunity. In short, we may not doubt that some of the earliest colonists belonged to that class which the poet has described as "the cankers of a long peace and a calm world."

But we are inclined to think that these causes would not have prevented the successful establishment of White's colony, had it not been subjected to the horrors of famine. Time and experience would probably have corrected the evils we have named, but for starvation there was no remedy; and so, after the toil and suffering of years, the expenditure of much precious treasure, and the loss of still more precious life, the waves of Albemarle rolled, as of old, their ripples up the deserted island beach, and the only voice heard was that of the faithful winds, as they sighed through the forests of Roanoke and broke upon the stillness of nature's rough repose. The white man was there no longer.

ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD

[1839—1896]

ISAAC S. HOPKINS

"BORN in Watkinsville, Georgia, November 19, 1839, the eldest of the six children who had for their parents the godly people, Greene B. and Martha Askew Haygood. Married June 16, 1859, to Miss Mary Fletcher Yarborough, the eldest daughter of a saintly couple, 'itinerants of the old sort'! 'Fell on sleep' (to use his own favorite phrase for God's children departed) January 19, 1896." These dates look very meager and simple, but between them what a world of experiences and what a list of labors were packed! "Converted in early childhood; entered Emory College October, 1856; graduated June, 1859; joined the Georgia Conference at Rome, July, 1860; served circuits, stations, districts, for twelve years; secretary of his conference for several years; leading delegate to the general conference for several successive sessions; fraternal delegate to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1880; Sunday-school secretary and assistant missionary secretary, 1870 and 1876; president of Emory College, 1876 to 1884; Editor of *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* during most of this time; elected bishop in 1882, but declined to be ordained because of a sense of obligation to the college; manager of Slater Fund and Peabody Fund from 1882 to 1890; re-elected bishop in 1890." Thus runs the statistical record of Haygood's life.

Young Haygood was unusually fortunate in the conditions of his life antedating his entrance to college. His childhood was passed in a quiet country neighborhood, in one of those typical Georgia villages which lie on the borderland between the country and the more ambitious town. As a child his health was precarious, impaired by a nervous disorder which was at once the result and menace of a vigorous and too active brain. Referring to this period of his life, and to his love for his grandmother, who must have been a sort of a Lois to him, the bishop on one occasion wrote: "From my sixth to my eleventh year I was in a bad way physically. It seemed that the days would be few to me; or, if many, worse than few. I was much given to fits; off and on for five years and more they followed me—making of me a wild-eyed, solemn child, expecting soon to go out of this world. I was treated and mistreated by 'many physicians'

—the story would put the faculty to shame to-day—but rather grew worse. Not till Grandmother knew that I had 'settled' the question of my call to preach (ten o'clock one night in April, 1857, praying in my room at John W. Yarborough's, in Oxford, while sophomore), did this knowledge come to me. During those early years of my affliction Grandmother fasted twice a week, praying night and morning that I might get well, grow strong and tough, and be 'called of God to be an itinerant Methodist preacher'—which, thank God, I am."

Upon no period of his life did Bishop Haygood in his later years dwell with more delight than upon the romantic days of his childhood. In seasons of depression and worry the least reference to them would bring light to his eye and the flow of reminiscence to his thought. Among the reminiscences one was particularly suggestive, and, in the light of consequent events, almost pathetic. This was a cherished memory of an old slave of the family, to whom Bishop Haygood always referred in terms of endearment as "Uncle Jim." To this old friend of his boyhood he was indebted for many scraps of worldly wisdom, quaint ideas of people and things, and especially for a knowledge of woodcraft and field science, which Bishop Haygood possessed in a remarkable degree. In this free and easy life, made necessary by the condition of his health, in the woods and the fields, and largely under the tuition and influence of this faithful and wise old negro, were laid the foundation of his love of Nature which grew upon him to the last, and helped to open his mind to the large conceptions he had of Nature's God.

His father, Greene B. Haygood, was a lawyer by profession; a man of great seriousness, who regarded life on its grave and responsible side, and possessed profound convictions and a deep sense of responsibility; one who strove "to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and men." His mother, a woman of very rare intellectual gifts, had religious convictions quite as pronounced as those of his father, joined to a beautiful balance of character and a temperament sunny and cheerful. It is interesting and suggestive to know that, amid the cares of a large and growing family, one of the recreations of this remarkable couple was the reading of Cicero's letters in the original. Out of this reading came the name Atticus, which they bestowed upon the boy.

In January, 1857, a group of boys freshly admitted to the sophomore class in Emory College stood before the main college building and took in, with the quickness and vividness which belong to the period of youth, the unfamiliar scenes at the opening of the college term. Among the many types represented in that gathering, one boy stood out with singular clearness and definiteness. A lad of

about seventeen years of age, short and stocky, rather pale, with straight black hair, stood apart from his fellow students, his gray eyes taking in the scene, and his whole attitude marking a personality unusually pronounced.

Many extracts might be given relating to the different interests which engaged the attention of young Haygood; references to health, to economical expenditure of money, to little matters of purely local interest, to the affection which had begun to spring up in his heart for the young lady who afterward became his wife, to show how deeply imbued was his character with the spirit of consecration, how eagerly he looked forward to his life work, how earnest and diligent he was in the preparation he felt he needed to become what his infancy had painted, how anxious to realize the high ideal he had of what constituted a true follower and servant of Jesus Christ. The piety which found expression in prayer and aspiration in his early experience, took on a firmer faith and an aggressive activity in his later career. He laid under tribute all the powers within him to accomplish something definite and immediate for the advancement of the world and the uplifting of men. Labor was to him a pastime. He wrought unweariedly, if not prudently. The days he filled with routine tasks, and the nights he gave to work would have taxed a vitality far greater than that he possessed. Genius was undoubtedly his, but by far the greater part of his endowment was the capacity for downright hard work, the genius of willing and the readiness of doing, at any expense of personal convenience, the thing his judgment approved and his sense of duty demanded. During the last two decades of his life he was doing work which would have taxed the strength and endurance of half a score of men. Editor, college president, lecturer, preacher, contributor to journals other than his own, author and student—always some of these and sometimes all at once—he showed a capacity for labor that is the highest mark of his genius.

He was a peerless preacher. Everything that contributed to the power and effectiveness of the pulpit he seemed to possess. His voice was of admirable quality, clear, ringing, and sounding in his more impassioned moments like the call of a clarion. As an author, Bishop Haygood came into prominence first by a prize essay, written early in his ministerial life, entitled "Go, or Send." In the title of this essay, as in his other contributions to literature, he was peculiarly felicitous. The title was an epitome of the philosophy of missions. A well-known work of his entitled "Our Children" was a direct outgrowth of his labors as a Sunday-school secretary, although the important subject with which it deals was always one very near his heart.

Perhaps the best known of his books, and that which has con-

tributed most to his fame at home and abroad, is his 'Our Brother in Black.' Its alliterative title, its novel treatment of the race question, then a vexed and perplexing one in the South, its bold utterances in favor of the education of the negro, the fact that it was written by a native Southerner, himself reared among slaves, one who had served as a gallant soldier in the war between the States, a widely known and influential minister in the Methodist Church, South, and the president of the leading college of his Church, all combined to call special attention to the book.

Some facts connected with the writing of this book have peculiar interest. The author in taking up the subject did not intend to make a book. It began with a brief paragraph, which set forth the duty the white race owed to the more dependent and needy negro. This was followed by another, and then another, and the result was the enlargement into a volume of these first generous and philanthropic thoughts. Speaking to a young friend and former pupil, the Bishop said: "When the conviction came upon me that I ought to take the position I did in 'Our Brother in Black,' it came near unnerving me. Battles are fierce and short with me. I am not superstitious; but I seemed to see the Devil himself across my desk, suggesting that if I took up this work I would be ostracized, the college would be ruined, the people would turn tongue and pen against me, and I actually struck at him in my frenzy and said: 'Go back to hell where you came from, for I will do it, God helping me.' I promised God then, on my knees, if He would help me I would not fight back if the people attacked me for my decision." And he never did. It is rarely given to a man to think and write so far in advance of his times and to bring men so speedily to accept his views.

Among the most noted of his books is the one entitled 'The Man of Galilee.' The title of this book is hardly a fair statement of its scope and aim. It is really an argument for the divinity of Christ. But those who have had frequent opportunities of hearing Bishop Haygood will recall his fondness for the phrase so often used by our Lord in reference to Himself, "the Son of Man." The humanity of our Lord was a theme upon which in his sermons he loved to dwell.

Another book, 'Jack-knife and Brambles,' marks an epoch in Bishop Haygood's views. Brambles he had encountered in good people and bad, in preachers and laymen, in young circuit-riders and church dignitaries; perhaps, more than all, in his own earlier religious musings and meditations. Patiently and laboriously, prayerfully and earnestly, he had fought his way through dim and unobstructed paths, and had seen in the clear light the fulness of the power of the gospel, its sufficiency for all human needs. In lan-

guage, vigorous, clear, and simple, such as the common people have no difficulty in understanding, he has swept away the adventitious and unessential, the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, the sanctimonious and the unreal, and has exalted God's standards and God's truth for the admiration and guidance of God's children.

Space forbids an extended notice of the many contributions of his pen to religious literature. His "Pleas for Progress," "Monk and Prince," and "Close the Saloons," his innumerable shorter articles furnished to religious and secular journals, all tell the same story of an earnest, wise, devout, trenchant writer and thinker.

Bishop Haygood's declination to be ordained to the episcopal office when first elected was the occasion of much comment and criticism. Under the fire of this criticism and misunderstanding, amounting at times to harsh denunciations and abuse, his forbearance and patient endurance were simply wonderful, giving additional evidence of the strength of character and faith in God which marked him through all his life. If he needed any vindication other than that afforded by his second election, it was found in the affection, admiration and confidence he inspired in his brethren throughout the Church, and in the kindness, sympathy and consideration with which he discharged the delicate and often painful duties of his high office.

Those who did not know Bishop Haygood in his home and private life can have no conception of the uniqueness and the simplicity of his character. His heart was as tender as a woman's. He loved his family; he loved his kindred; he loved young men, he loved all men. No one will know what personal sacrifices he made in the spirit and the exercise of his love for others and his forgetfulness of self. No record has been kept on earth, except in the hearts and memories of the beneficiaries themselves, of the young men and young women he helped to an education.

"There is no need," says Dr. George G. Smith, his life-long friend, "to say that he had no fault. He had more by far than many not a tithe so noble. He was mighty as a live oak, and as gnarled. Some men exhaust themselves in trying to behave. Not such was he. He was what he was, and he wanted to be known as he was. He was a brave fighter, but never struck below the belt, and he never spared those he loved when the battle was on; nor when it was over did he show any resentment."

Bishop Haygood's views of life's close were entirely characteristic of him and were the embodiment of his faith in the things unseen. The present writer has frequently heard him, in the little village of Oxford and elsewhere, speak on burial occasions. It was noticeable that he sedulously avoided the use of the word death. "Passed away," "Went away," "Fell on sleep," and other phrases invented or quoted

from Scripture, were the terms he used to reflect his views of the solemn event. He was very fond, on such occasions, of the Scripture "Jesus Christ hath abolished death." His conception of life took in, in fullest measure, two worlds. It is not, therefore, surprising that among his last utterances he gave expression to this sentiment. When he realized that the summons had been issued, and that in all probability the end was near, he remarked to a friend: "I have said to my Father—'If it is best for me to get well, bring me back to be a man. If not, it is all right.' And I have not mentioned the matter to Him since."

JESUS THE ONE UNIVERSAL CHARACTER

From 'The Man of Galilee.'

In considering Jesus as He is now in the world, not in the story of the evangelists and in books simply, but in human life, there are other views to be taken. We can take views only; we cannot see all that they indicate.

We must consider more carefully now what we looked at for a moment in the argument that compels us to believe that this character could not have been invented, and that such a personality could not have been a normal outgrowth of Hebrew life: Jesus is a universal character—the one and only universal character that has ever appeared in history, that has ever been described, that has ever had a place in human thought.

There are great differences in men. Some are so narrow and meager of soul as scarcely to have a thought or sympathy beyond the little circle in which they are born, in which they live, and out of which they go utterly when they die. There are lives so localized that men out of their sphere they cannot understand, and men out of their sphere cannot understand them. For every limited dialect in human speech there are limited thoughts and lives back of it. What do we mean by "provincialism" as applied to a man, or to the people of a state or country? It means limitation. Illustrations are everywhere. Take a Scotch Highlander, an Irishman of some

seldom-visited farming region, or, in our own country, a New Englander born and bred, never from home; or a village Georgian, a thoroughgoing old-time Southerner. These men are provincial. They may have admirable and indeed noble qualities, but they are limited in their views, narrow in their sympathies, and by so much they are cut off from the sympathies of their fellow-men of other conditions in life. Savage people show us the extremes of provincialism.

But let us take now our illustration from the loftiest ranges of life. Among the ancients take Plato—broad-minded as any. What is he? Grecian to the core. There was no greater Roman than Julius Cæsar. But he was essentially Roman; he was localized by a race and country; there was much in him that only a Roman could understand, and therefore much that limited him in his knowledge of the men of other nations.

Come to more modern times. Only a few years ago the Protestant world celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. There was enough in Luther to perpetuate his influence through many generations. In every nation where the effect of the Lutheran reformation is felt there was real interest in the celebration of the anniversary of the great German's birth. There was sympathy with Luther; moreover, more or less understanding of him. There was enough forceful life in Luther to overflow Germany and enrich other lands; yet he was a German, and so not a universal, but a limited character. And so it is that he means more to Germany than to England, or France, or America. It is not simply that Germans are more interested in him as a patriotic sentiment growing out of national pride in their greatest man; they understand him better than other people can. If he could come back to the world he would understand Germans better than he would other people.

Among great men in the civil life take American Washington. Great man though he was, and having in him qualities that all true men recognize and approve, he was yet essentially American. He was also essentially Virginian, and plantation aristocratic Virginian of his time, and no other.

Take English Gladstone, of living men. Broad-minded, well-informed, ripe in wisdom, rich in learning, all-accom-

plished, he is, it may well be supposed, second to no man of our times in greatness of heart and range of sympathies. But he is English, there is much in him that no foreigner can fully understand, and there is much in any foreigner that Gladstone cannot understand.

Take one more illustration—the man we call "myriad-minded"—the prince of poets, the king of dramatists, William Shakespeare. He could, I think, put himself into the consciousness of a man of a different nation as fully as any man who ever wrote. He is as nearly as one can be "poet of the human race." But it is a mere commonplace of literature to say that many of the best thoughts in his great dramas cannot bear translation into foreign tongues; just as the finest oranges that grow, as travelers tell us, a variety grown in Brazil, cannot bear transportation to other countries. If it be said this is a language difficulty, this itself implies the limitation that goes with mere men. But this does not explain the difficulty of translation altogether; it is in the limitations that characterize men. No foreigner can rightly understand Shakespeare, who was English.

It has been said by some writer: "Shakespeare dramatized the Sixteenth Century Englishman." He wrote of others; he dramatized the Englishman of his time. He knew him. He did not dramatize the Sixteenth Century man. There is no character who can be at home in every country, who can stand for the race. Still less did he dramatize the Nineteenth Century man; genius is not equal to such a forecast. For if mere men are only localized in thought, sympathy, and character, by place, they are, if possible, still more limited by time; the influences that went before them and shut them in while they lived.

But what do we find when we consider Jesus of Nazareth in respect to time and place, blood and country, education and language? This: we do not at all think of Him, though we use the words, as Jesus of Nazareth. We do not think of Him as a Jew—as an Asiatic even. The Galilean, the Jew, the Asiatic is lost in the man. Circumstances left no such impress upon Jesus as to localize Him—as to limit His sympathy—as to mar in the least His all-round, harmonious, perfect humanity.

If translators have thorough language knowledge, the words of Jesus bear translation as no words of men bear it. I do not believe that His thoughts lose anything, any flavor, any color, by being translated. Where they are properly translated His thoughts mean to an American what they meant to the people who first heard Him speak. They produce in men of different races and tongues the same thoughts, excite the same convictions, stir the same sympathies, and lead to the same conclusions about rights, and wrongs, and duties, in every language that has ever repeated them. When these words of Jesus are obeyed they produce the same essential characteristics alike in men of every nation, the most enlightened and the most savage. It does not depend on race, or heredity, or environment; the results in character of receiving and living the Gospel are the same always and everywhere. Whether Greek, or Roman, or Scythian, or Hebrew in the early days of Christianity; whether Caucasian, Asiatic, African to-day, the man who follows the Christ is transformed into His likeness. No soil, no climate, no time changes the fruit of this tree.

Above all, and least like any mere man, not only do His words mean to us what they meant to His first disciples; He means as much to us. He is to a sinful and penitent woman of our times just what He was to Mary, who kissed His feet in the house of the proud Pharisee. He is to any vile wretch who needs and wants Him just what He was to the man full of leprosy, or to him of Gadara. To Marys and Marthas weeping their dead to-day He means just as much as to the sisters of Bethany. All this agrees with what He said of himself as "the Son of Man." Did any other ever have such a conception of himself, of the human race, and of his relation to it? Not one word, not one act of His is shut up to His time or race. Jesus is "the Son of Man," the ideal and universal man, the representative man of the entire race, the brother of every man, and woman, and child in the world; loving all and adoringly lovable by all.

THE NEGRO FREE

From 'Our Brother in Black.'

One may be entirely consistent when he says, I recognize the hand of Providence in the coming to this country of several thousands of savage and heathen Africans; I recognize the hand of Providence in the circumstances of their enslavement in such a country and among such a people, and I rejoice now, and thank God, from day to day, that this same Providence has set them free forever. If any object, he must say, either Providence was not in their coming, their enslavement, or their emancipation. He who says either of these things has given up the Bible and the rational doctrine of Providence. For one, I do not believe that the Providence, that includes "lilies" and "sparrows," overlooks millions of human beings. As to slavery itself, I do not discuss it. The sins connected with it every good man deplores; for the blessings God brought the negroes while in slavery—whether by virtue of it, or in spite of it—every good man, who has knowledge of the facts, gives thanks to the Giver of all good! I am not called on to discuss the right or wrong of slavery. I will not discuss dead issues while there are more living ones than we can imagine. In this discussion my chief concern is not with slavery, but with the facts that grow out of its abolition. I have nothing to do with slavery, except only as its facts and issues affect us of to-day. I say "us." I mean the negroes and the white people of this whole nation. I am not in the least degree responsible for the introduction of African slaves into this country; I am not responsible for being born in a slave-holding community; I am not responsible for being born the son of a slave-holder—a man who feared God and "served his generation according to the will of God," who never treated a slave unjustly or unkindly, and who was followed to his grave (December 26, 1862) with their loud lamentations. Let it be remembered that of the white people of the South who are now suffering so many of the ills of slavery, who are now paying, in a hundred ways, so fearful a price for the imposition of slavery upon the very civil and social institutions under which they were born—let it be remembered that the majority

of these people *never did own slaves*. Let it be remembered, also, that of those who must now bear the responsibilities of citizenship, who must now, through a thousand struggles, and against a thousand adverse minds, win for their section of the Union what, but for slavery, they would have inherited—let it be remembered that the majority of these men have "come of age" since 1861. And let those men who, so far as their civil life is concerned, were "born free" from the entanglements of slavery, remember, also, that they are not of the past, but of the present and the future; let them remember that God has set *them* free as well as the negroes, and that now the "truth" should "make them free" altogether and forever.

Again I say, I will not discuss the dead and buried slavery. If slavery must be discussed, there are plenty of people who are masters of the argument; plenty of people who have delight in it. One may, it is to be hoped, in such a country and in such an age as this, rejoice that the negroes are "free" without being required, in order to prove his sincerity, to contemn the memory of his fathers, who conscientiously believed that they ought not to be set free. I will neither malign or contemn the memory of my fathers, for I cannot forget that the Federal Constitution, which not only recognized slavery, but inwrought it into the very bone and fiber and blood of our institutions, was framed nearly one hundred years ago. But I do rejoice in the emancipation of the negroes. To ask a Southern man to denounce the past history of his people, because he recognizes the facts of the present and believes in the possibilities of the coming time, would be as reasonable as to require a son of the Pilgrim Fathers to vindicate his present intolerance of persecution by declaring Cotton Mather to have been a hypocrite and a villain.

There is no more slavery in our country. The former advocates of slavery—such of them as are still alive, for the majority of them are *dead*—fully accept emancipation. Let the former advocates of emancipation accept it also, and have done with digging up slavery as an everlasting theme of anniversary orations. It would be just as sensible to denounce George III on every anniversary of American independence. Now His Majesty George III is dead and buried; let him rest. We would suspect one of poverty of intellectual resources if

he found himself unable to get through a "Fourth-of-July" speech without making faces and hurling epithets at the poor old king. It is said that the monarchists, when Charles II was restored to his father's throne, dug up the bones of Cromwell and hung them on Tyburn Hill. It was not statesmanship but passion that did this. True wisdom, to say nothing of magnanimity, would have left his bones in their grave. Even slavery is entitled to its grave. In that grave, for it is very deep, both parties should bury their quarrel, without resurrection.

Slavery is done with. The negroes have been set free once and for all, as everybody knows. It is done, and it will never be undone. There are many reasons for this opinion. Three I mention: First, If there were any to desire their reenslavement, they know full well that the might and conscience of the Christian world are against it. There is no fool mad enough to breast a tidal wave that moves with the force of a whole ocean. Secondly, Their reënslavement is not desired. The few "old masters" who still live—and let it be remembered by just men that most of them are dead—do not desire it. (I have known but one man among the "old masters" who said he wished his slaves again. He said this a few months after Appomattox. In less than twelve months he was elected to office by negro votes!) Thirdly, Everybody knows, fully and definitely, that the reënslavement of these freed negroes cannot, by any possibility, be brought about. One of the wants of our generation is silence on this subject. It is not only true that the Southern people do not desire the reënslavement of the negroes, but it is true, also, as has been mentioned, that the majority of Southern people never owned slaves, and it is further true that thousands upon thousands of them never believed in the institution, and they ask on this subject silence. Are they not entitled to ask this much?

I do not claim to have been among those who never believed in slavery. Time was when I did believe in it thoroughly, and when I defended it to the best of my ability. I make no apology for having believed in it. I was taught to believe in it; I grew up in the midst of it; I saw its very best aspects in my father's house. His slaves loved me, and I loved them; and we both love each other to-day. Nor do I

make any apology for saying I do not now believe in slavery. I have changed my opinions; rather, new and purer light has changed them.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

But I will not denounce the "old masters"; I will not discuss slavery. It is infinitely more important to this generation, infinitely more important for the generations that come after us, that we discuss the negro's freedom. On this subject we want light, clear and steady. We cannot study this lesson by the light of camp-fires; we need the pure white light of the sun. And it is more difficult than slavery; it is in a hundred ways involved and complicated. It is a subject that cannot be mastered in the heat of sectional or party passion. It requires the poise of good sense and the guidance of good conscience following, through a tangled wilderness, the pure light of a fixed star. It is time now that men should study this question, in all its relations, calmly and justly. Nearly half the life of a generation has been lived since the echoes of the last battles of the horrible Civil War died away. We are moving out of the century which quarreled and fought and offered up the lives of thousands of its best and bravest in the final settlement of the dispute. The gray light of the dawning of the Twentieth Century appears in the eastern sky; there is the song of morning birds in the air; presently the rosy day will burst upon us. In God's name let us every one—men of the North and men of the South—get ready for the coming day.

To the subject of African freedom then, in all its relations to two races, to two continents, and to the world, I am willing to give my best attention, seeking the fullest truth in the purest light God may give me. And I know, by the authority of Christ, my Lord, that "the truth makes free." I know also that nothing else makes free in this world. Arguments, laws, proclamations, amendments to constitutions, battles; these alone make no man free. The truth, and nothing else, makes free the souls as well as the bodies of men.

There are three parties in this great historic conflict that need freedom by the truth: the men of the South, the men of the North, and the negroes themselves. Let no man flatter

himself that he knows all the truth of this deep and difficult problem. I know that I do not. "I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

PROVIDENCE IN EMANCIPATION

From 'Our Brother in Black.'

In this discussion I have to do with African slavery only in so far as slavery was used by the mysterious but all-wise and gracious providence of God to prepare the negroes for their freedom. Nay, more than this; for what is of vaster import, to prepare them for their duties and destiny in the right use of their freedom. Is this a fancy? Is this a mere vagary of Southern prejudice? When I say that God used their slavery to prepare them for their freedom, am I only seeking a sort of last refuge for an opinion on the subject of slavery that I have affirmed I have utterly given up and changed? Nay, verily, I recognize the obvious facts of the history of the negro race in America. Nor are these facts exceptional. God never gave freedom to any barbarous nation without first subjecting them, in some way, to a period and a discipline of preparation. No savage people ever sprang at a bound into the enjoyment of freedom, and held it long, or used it wisely. Most republics have failed because the people were not ready for them. Heaven judged that a period of four hundred years was not too long to prepare the Hebrew race for independent national life. The records of Exodus show that even they had not learned too well the providential lessons of their stay in "the house of bondage."

Let me ask, and let sober people answer, whether the wild Africans were fitted for freedom when they were first landed from the slave-ships that brought them from their savage homes to the plantations of this country. Were not their American masters, unworthy of their sacred trust as many of them were, better fitted, judged by any test, to prepare these people for freedom than were their African masters and con-

querors who sold to them the slaves? For what is generally forgotten should be always remembered—most of the negroes sold into slavery in America were bought from slavery in Africa. And surely I do not go too far when I say that American slavery was freedom compared with the slavery from which they were taken.

Some of them, I know, were not technically slaves in their own country; some were bought as captives taken in predatory wars; some of them were stolen from their homes. If slavery in Africa were considered by those who say so much of the evils of American slavery, they would at least find reasons to magnify the Providence that so overruled the cupidity and cruelty of wicked men as to bring the divinest blessings, for both worlds, to the helpless victims of their sin.

The poor Africans were not, as every candid man will admit, as well fitted for freedom when the slave-ships first landed them in America as they were when God gave them their freedom in 1865. Only suppose they had been set free when first they came. Does any rational man suppose there would have been so good an outcome? We are not lacking in a historic parallel. The red men were here when the *Mayflower* came, and when the Cavaliers first founded their colonies. And they were always free. They have never been subjected to personal slavery. The Indians were never less civilized than were the Africans at their coming to our country. But what blessings has their freedom brought them? Were they not slain, tribe after tribe? Have they increased in numbers? Have they been Christianized? Has not this "Indian question" been, from the beginning, the shame and perplexity and despair of our statesmanship? Have we mastered this question after two hundred years of blundering experiment? Let any man imagine, who can and who dares, what would have been the fate of a few thousand Africans, ignorant, debased, and *idolatrous*, turned loose to freedom when their feet first touched our shores.

There can be no doubt that in the minds of nearly all of the negroes of this country that very remarkable and historic man, Abraham Lincoln, is loved and revered as their deliverer. They accept and honor him as the "Moses" of their salvation. Never can I forget the countenance of a negro man I saw

one day in March, 1875, contemplating a statue of Mr. Lincoln in the Rotunda of the Capitol in Washington City. Evidently he was not a resident in the city. Like myself, he was a visitor, seeing what he could. It may be counted a weakness or a want of taste in me, but no matter; of all things I saw in Washington City, that negro's countenance most impressed me, and it is now my most vivid remembrance. He stood still and silent before the voiceless marble, gazing at it as if he would read the very soul of the man it represented. His face and attitude moved me deeply. It was plain that the negro wanted to talk to the statue; that he longed to bless with loving thanks the man who made him free. I was not mistaken in his feeling. I know the negro face. There was something almost worshipful in the man's manner and expression as he stood in silent contemplation. He looked as if the sight of that marble statue was the fruition of a pilgrimage, and as if he felt that he stood on "holy ground." That man represented the feeling of his race. All over the South the name of Abraham Lincoln is, to the negroes, the name of a saint and martyr of God. They are in singular ignorance of the men and women who nobly fought their battles. Garrison, Sumner, Seward and Greeley are names that, to the mass of them, are unknown. But the name of Abraham Lincoln is engraved on all their hearts. It is not surprising that they should know him, only, or that they should almost worship his memory.

Many of the negroes look beyond Mr. Lincoln for the gift of their freedom; they look upon him as the instrument of the divine Providence. But the majority of them do not look beyond the instrument. It seems to me a matter of vast moment to both races that the hand of God should be recognized in this whole history—one of the most remarkable that belongs to the annals of any nation. It is important to the emancipated negro to see God in his freedom, that there may be in his heart and life a right conscience in the use of his freedom. This lesson a few of them—very few, I fear—have learned. The majority accept the fact, in a blind sort of way, as deliverance from restraint, as license to do what they will. But their freedom can never bring them its fulness of blessing till the heart of the emancipated race

is penetrated and saturated with this conception: "The good hand of God is in all our history; he overruled the slavers who brought us here; he overruled slavery; he gave us our freedom."

I would not diminish their gratitude to Mr. Lincoln or to the party he represented; I would be glad if I could deepen their gratitude to God.

It is equally important, so far as their duties to the negroes are concerned, that the people of the North and of the South recognize God's hand in His providential dealings with slavery and its termination.

There has been, I must believe, much sin and unbelief, as well as confusion of thought, on both sides in our attitude toward this subject of the emancipation of the slaves. In the North, with many notable exceptions, there has been much boasting and self-laudation. Where men ought to feel humbly that God has used them—used them in their weakness and folly, as well as in their strength and wisdom—as unworthy instruments to accomplish a great design, they have boasted overmuch in their triumph over their late antagonists in a fierce and bloody war. Sometimes, alas! there has flamed out in sermons and orations and essays somewhat of the fatal pride of Nebuchadnezzar, intoxicated with his greatness: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Proud and weak man, he had forgotten his vision of the great tree and of the warning cry of "The watchers and the holy one."

The men of the North can never realize the vast import of the freedom of the negroes in America so long as they indulge a spirit so boastful and proud of their own relations to emancipation. Nor can they realize their high duties to this race, whose preparation for a great future has been only begun.

We of the South have not been without folly and unbelief and sin in our attitude toward this fact of emancipation. We have been slow to accept its full significance, even when we fully and finally accepted the fact. It was not unnatural that we felt bitterly the humiliation of our overthrow, nor that we writhed in agony when we looked upon

the poverty and desolation of our land when it was all over. It was not unnatural that our people were slow to accept the issues of the war. (I am not speaking of what was wise, but of what is natural.) It was not unnatural that we felt ourselves goaded to desperation by many of the requirements and events of reconstruction. History will not deny that there were unnecessary exasperations in many of the methods employed to settle the questions that grew out of the war. Rarely have a brave and high-spirited people endured such trials of their patience, their wisdom, and their faith. For many follies we committed, for many wrongs that were done by some people of the South, there is no defense to be made. Nor can defense be made for many of the acts of the conquerors that drove Southern men to desperation. Earth and Heaven know there were wrongs and sins enough on both sides to leave small room for boasting to either.

When all the facts are considered, those who know human nature will feel no surprise that the South has been slow and reluctant to adjust itself to the new order of things. As it seems to me, one of the many sad effects of our unhappy experience has been that the light has been dimmed in which we ought to have seen the hand of God and read the lessons of His providence. As a wise and saintly man, whose calm soul has been lifted above the passions of the hour, recently wrote to me: "Our new position has been forced upon us, and in several respects tyrannically forced, so that we have come slowly to see Providence in the change. With bayonets between Providence and ourselves it was very hard to see the good in and through the evil. Large allowance should be made for this." I believe God does make allowance, and so ought men.

Nevertheless, it is our sacred duty to see God wherever God is. How can the people of the South ever understand this "negro question"—both slavery and emancipation—until they recognize God's hand in this long and troubled history? I do not mean recognize God's approval of all things, but God's providence in all things—masterful, comprehensive, overruling, all-wise and good.

This much to me is clear; until God's hand in this whole history is recognized, neither the men of the North nor the

men of the South will or can make the right use of the negro's freedom.

There can be no question, I think, but that emancipation was set down in the order of divine Providence. Had the white people realized, both in thought and act, their relation to the slaves, emancipation might have come sooner, it might have come later, but it would have come peaceably and when both masters and slaves were better prepared for the change. It is to me a very painful thought that, while there were very many noble exceptions, the majority of masters never understood the solemnity of their trust in the temporary guardianship of these negroes in course of training. Many of them, I fear the larger number, recognized chiefly a property interest in the negroes. Men with this feeling uppermost could not do their duty to the slaves. But God's plans must not be marred by human ignorance or cupidity. So it came to pass that God used a great war to set free the negroes.

If the hand of God were fully and devoutly recognized by all parties—by the people of the North, by the people of the South, and by the negroes—only the happiest results would follow. When this truth shines clearly upon us all there will be peace and brotherhood. This truth will drive out passion and prejudice. The man of the North will be less boastful and imperious, less self-satisfied and Pharisaical in his attitude toward the South. No offense is intended by the use of this word Pharisaical. Its application is not meant for all Northern men, for many have seen too much of the true light to indulge the spirit of self-complacency. I use the word because I know of no other that so truly expresses the spirit of many Northern men—of many, too, who hold high place and mold public opinion—in their long-indulged habit of looking upon the South as a sort of national Nazareth. I put it to their conscience whether they have not over-much and over-often indulged the spirit and used the words of him who went not "down to his house justified": "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, . . . or even as this publican"?

I would not do the North injustice, nor would I claim over-much for the South. Southern faults I do not deny;

Northern excellencies I do not disparage. I know the faults of the Southern people better than men of the North know them, and I feel them more keenly because, alas! part of them are my own.

If all of superiority they of the North claim be granted, (and they are superior to us in many things, though not in all,) and their theory of the evils of slavery be true—which I accept for the most part—then where is there occasion for boasting? Had slavery been fastened on New England for generations, are the men of New England prepared to prove, beyond all question, that they would now be so much better than they think the South is? Should they not, in gratitude for deliverance from the curse of slavery long years before the South got its release, be less impatient with those who, according to their own view of the evils of slavery, could not be much better than they are? What would we think of the wisdom, to say nothing of his spirit, of a missionary who should begin his labors in a heathen land by not only proving idolatry to be a lie, but by denouncing the low estate of the people whom that idolatry had degraded? Have they ever considered fairly that, had the relations of the sections to slavery been changed, had the South been freed from slavery in 1790 and New England burdened with it till 1865, they might have been as deficient in the virtues of the best civilization as they believe that the South is, and the South might have excelled as they believe that they have excelled? In such a case, what would the golden rule require of the South?

When we of the South recognize, as we ought, the providence of God in the emancipation of the negroes, most gracious results will follow in us. The spirit of resignation to God's will in this matter will go further than anything conceivable by me to reconcile us to the instrument employed by that Providence. Such a spirit would go far to banish whatever "wrath and bitterness" there may be in us. It will broaden our views; it will lift us up to a higher plane of thought and sentiment and conduct.

When the negroes come to see, as I trust they may, that God set them free, only using men and their counsels as His instruments, then a new and holier feeling will come into their hearts. They cannot realize the solemn significance of

their freedom so long as they forget their great Deliverer in their over-consideration of the instrument He employed.

The emancipated negro can never have the right conscience in his freedom, can never realize in his inmost soul the responsibilities of his freedom, can never perform aright the duties of free citizenship, can never work out the divine plan of his destiny, until he sees clearly and feels profoundly that God, the Father and King of men, bestowed upon him this fearful but glorious gift of freedom.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM

From 'Our Brother in Black.'

It is essential, if permanent good is to be done, to understand that this national race problem requires the intelligent and hearty coöperation of three classes—Northern white people, Southern white people, and the negroes themselves. If all the Northern people were doing their best, the Southern people standing aloof in sullen silence, much might be done, but the work would be marred and hindered in all directions; so if the whole South should do its best, with the North watching with only interest enough to be censorious and critical. Neither nor both can do much if the negroes fail to do their own part.

Time does wonders; we have nearly come to the place where both sides, the North and the South, can look on this negro question in a dry light. The lava has cooled that so long rushed from both craters. At all events, there are enough men and women on both sides who can be reasonable to begin to clear the ground for mutual understanding. As to the "utter irreconcilables" on both sides (for be it remembered that "Bourbonism" is not exclusively a Southern product), the wiser and better people must do God's work of to-day and to-morrow without their help, and, if it come to that, in spite of their opposition. The majority hardly ever gets right on any advanced issue till after the fight is won; the minority has always led the world's progress, carrying meanwhile much dead weight.

"Stalwarts" we need, but stalwarts for country, not for

party. Neither party is worth the country; possibly both put together are not absolutely essential to its salvation. The platforms upon which Presidential campaigns have been conducted for twelve years past read strangely alike, considering the noise and smoke of battle that asseverated their infinite and eternal difference. Really there is not enough in the fight of parties to justify the expenditure of the whole force of a "stalwart" nature in the interests of a mere party triumph. It is a good time, surely, for earnest and yet reasonable people to agree as to what needs to be done for the whole country, and to work together to accomplish it.

The negroes, too, are in better temper to do their part. Several misconceptions as to what freedom meant they have outgrown. For one thing, they have learned, or they are fast learning, that they, as well as white men, are still under the blessed law of labor; "blessed," although they know it not. They no longer look to the Government for "rations." The dream of "forty acres and a mule" has faded from their imagination. One other thing they were slow to learn, but they have nearly learned it—that neither party cares as much for them as it cares for their votes. And this lesson, when fully learned, will tone them up somewhat.

Patronage has done little for them; there are now and have ever been enough hungry camp-followers of white blood to appreciate even the "crumbs that fall from the master's table." It is hard to keep up their interest in politics, seeing that neither party, North nor South, has office for them. Even the Indian lost interest in the hunt when his white partner always took the "turkey" and left him the "buzzard." But, badinage aside, it is a fact most important and encouraging to all who wish the negro well, that the comparative subsidence of his fierce political fever promises the best results for his true progress in all good things. The negro can now coöperate with his friendly helpers, whether of the North or of the South, as he could not have done even four years ago.

One other thought as to this race problem, I wish to stress at this point. While its right solution is vastly important to every part of the republic, it is absolutely vital to us of the South. Its right solution concerns the Southern

white man only less than it concerns the negro himself. Possibly I ought not to say "only less," for the fortunes of these two races in the South are inextricably mixed. They cannot get away from each other. What might have been if history had been different; what we would choose if things were not as they are—these speculations are idle. Instead of dreaming about the civilization we would build up with materials that we have not, it is the part of men of sense to do the best they can with what they have in hand. If we of the South cannot get on with the negro, if the negro cannot get on with us, then we two people cannot get on at all. For we are here, both of us, and here to stay. But get on we must, somehow and at some speed. Much we have done; more we can and will do. When we consider how Providence has blessed our efforts we see ten thousand reasons for hopefulness. Croaking is ingratitude, and it is treason. If our progress, however slow, is only in the right direction, all will be well by and by. If we cannot go fast, we must go slow, but we must go. We white people of the South have more at stake in this race problem than other white men and women of any nation can have. And it is now full time that we should do our best thinking, working and praying over this problem of a free negro race in our midst—a race that has been, is now, and forever will be, an integral part of our industrial, social and political system. If, for any reasons whatsoever, we of the South refuse to do, or fail to do, our part of this work, there will be loss all round—loss that can never be compressed into or expressed by statistical tables. The Southern whites lose, the negro loses, the world loses. But I am deeply impressed that there is a difference. The world can get on without the South much better than the South can get on without the world. This may not be a brilliant discovery; but a goodly number have not yet made it.

But there is a lesson the Northern people have never fully mastered, and it is very important to all parties that they should learn it. If the best results are to follow the efforts many Northern people are making to elevate the negro, they must realize as they never have done, the absolute necessity of Southern coöperation. Would God this

might be learned by all sides to this question before it is too late! Millions of money poured forth, and thousands of precious lives exhausted upon this problem, will not avail for its full and right solution without Southern coöperation. Many of the North have had glimpses of this truth, but they seem not to understand it fully; else surely they would have tried harder and more wisely to secure the help they need, and that we only can give. Many in the South have had glimpses also; but few of us, if any, have had the clear vision of our duty and our opportunity; else surely we would have been more ready to help in every "good word and work." Heaven pardon our blindness! but there has been so much smoke of powder and other things that we could not always see our way.

Can any thing in the world be plainer? A candy shop cannot succeed in a hostile community. Much less can a school or a church.

What must become of all the noble schemes of Northern benevolence in the negroes' behalf, if the stronger and more numerous race, in the very midst of which he lives, and moves, and has his being, whose tenant he is, whose influence he can no more escape than he can escape the atmosphere he breathes—if this race is either hostile or indifferent to the efforts that are being made to do him good and to lift him up? Much the Northern people have done with little help from us; much they can and will do without our help; but they can and will do unspeakably more with it. What waste of energy, what spoiling of noble schemes of usefulness, what hindrance to our own progress as well as the negroes', what marring of what ought to be a divinely beautiful and beneficent work, must result from foolish and sinful antagonism in feeling and purpose and method between the white man from the North and the white man in the South.

I do not believe that there is anything insuperable between these two men. They are not fools, though they exhibit folly upon occasion; they are not visionary, though they are sometimes impracticable; they are not relentless, though they are sometimes hot of temper; they are not blind, though they are sometimes slow to learn; they will yet be fraternal, though they have been hard and stubborn fighters through

many years and on many fields. These men will yet understand one another. Perhaps not to-morrow. Well, then, after a while, when the blindest of us, on either side, are silent in death.

* * * * * *

Nothing is more certain than this, and yet many leaders, who ought to know and do not "know what Israel ought to do," are forgetful or blind. An impulse of passion or sentiment that carries the policy that prevails through one generation cannot be depended on for the next. If we trust a great policy to such a current, it is as if one should undertake to navigate a little river swollen with a summer flood: such a stream cannot be depended on—it runs out. The great ship had better trust the sea—so wide and deep. And if we have any great policy for churches or states, nothing is deep enough to float us above all rocks and shoals but principles that are eternally right.

The impulses that broke out in war in 1861, having given forth many premonitory mutterings before that time, are already exhausting themselves. The grave is, next to grace, the greatest extinguisher of wrath. Before now the "white rose" of York and the "red rose" of Lancaster have blended their colors. A great passion in Church or Nation runs its course, like a fever; the patient recovers and the fever dies; or the fever and the patient die together. The great tidal wave of 1854, that overwhelmed the town of Samoda in Japan, had sunk to a few inches when it broke against the firm coast of California. The slight recoil was never felt in the far China Sea. We sometimes forget how wide and deep is the ocean of human life.

If the spirit of wisdom and grace be in them, these white men of the North and these white men of the South will yet understand each other, they will yet bury their antagonisms in spite of differences that may be beyond their control—differences good "after their kind"; and each working out, as God enables him, his own duty and destiny, they will at last unite to perform a common duty to their dark-skinned brother, brought so strangely to our country and delivered to our care that the great and world-wide plans of the Father of all for the good of all may be fairly and fully accomplished.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[1830—1886]

EDWIN MIMS

FROM some points of view there are no sadder pages in the annals of literary men than the stories of the lives of Southern poets. Struggling with lack of appreciation at home and abroad, with limited opportunities of work, with inherent defects of temperament, and, worse still, with disease and poverty, they are a band of heroes whose careers were marked by tragical suffering. Among these was Paul Hamilton Hayne. Though he had no passions to drag him down, as did Poe, though he did not sound the depths of poverty, like Timrod, nor feel the ravage of disease, like Lanier, he passed with his people through the baptism of war and Reconstruction, and was never able to adjust himself to the conditions of a new era. He was not an inheritor of unfulfilled renown, for he lived to a ripe old age; but somehow he never realized the rich promise of his early years. As he said of Simms, he never quite spoke out. There is a sad undertone in much of his poetry, as of one who could not altogether subdue the difficulties of his art.

And yet from another standpoint there is that in Hayne's life which is an abiding inspiration to all who are interested in the promotion of Southern, and indeed of American, literature. Maurice Thompson was right in claiming that Hayne was perhaps the only poet in America who ever dared to depend solely upon his poetry for his income. Born of a fine South Carolina family, and with chances of success in a profession universally esteemed by all Southerners as the best, he deliberately chose literature as his profession. In his first poem he announces his dedication to the poet's life:

> "Yet would I rather in the outward state
> Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
> A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
> Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!"

After the war, when library and home were gone, he built a cabin in the pine barrens of Georgia, where he gave himself with singular whole-heartedness to a literary life. He wrote to Mrs. Preston: "No, no! by my brain—my literary craft—I will win my

bread and water; by my poems I will live or I will starve." It is this devotion to literature throughout a long life that gives him a distinct place in the literary history of the Southern States.

He was for a long time so well beloved by the people of his section that he was known as "the poet laureate of the South"; and there is some reason for the expression. His poetry is distinctively Southern in tone and in background. The product of all that was best in the Old South—heir of its chivalry and romance—he brought to the New South sound standards of criticism, faithful devotion to art, and a spirit of high courage and hopefulness. He is the connecting link between Simms and Lanier. As he received inspiration from the former, so he was among the first to recognize the genius of the latter. He is the representative of that small band of Southern writers who before the war bore aloft the torch of literature; he kept it lighted during the dark days of Reconstruction; and passed it on to Lanier on the awakening of the section to national consciousness.

Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. He was the son of Lieutenant Paul Hamilton Hayne of the United States Navy, who died in the poet's infancy, and whose memory he has perpetuated in the tender lines, "To my Father." While from his mother he inherited a rich Huguenot strain of blood, from his father's family there came traditions of public service and of the best English culture. Often did his mind play in imagination about the ancestral home in Shropshire, England—"land of my father's love." In later years he said almost pathetically, "England! I shall not see thee ere I die!"

But there was that in his native city which from the beginning awakened his boyish interest and stirred his imagination. In his reminiscences of *ante-bellum* Charleston, here republished for the first time, he suggests the distinct flavor and atmosphere of the romantic town. He would have rejoiced in the tributes recently paid to Charleston by Henry James and Owen Wister, for to him, too, it was "the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America." He knew its legends and its history, and was particularly sensitive to the wealth of natural scenery. It was a sad irony of fate that he became an exile, and that his bones do not rest in his native city.

He received his formal education in Charleston College, but one cannot but feel that the library and the personality of his uncle Robert Y. Hayne—in whose home he lived after his father's death—had a more enduring influence upon him. There was that in his uncle's character and public work that appealed to him, and especially the memory of the great debate with Webster. The asso-

ciations with his uncle and other cultured people of the community, together with the Southern tradition as to the preëminence of the profession, naturally turned his attention to law; but it took him less time than it has taken most American literary men to make the choice between poetry and law. From the beginning he had reveled in good books, especially in the Elizabethan writers and the more recent romantic poets, who had awakened his youthful ideals. He had had as his schoolmate Henry Timrod, who was even more richly endowed with poetic gifts than Hayne. But the main influence, next to the prompting of his own genius, was that of William Gilmore Simms, whose novels he read as a boy and whom he first saw at a theater in Charleston in 1847. Years afterward, when Hayne had passed into the mellow period of his life, he wrote down in vivid words his reminiscences of those who gathered about Simms in Charleston.

Charleston in the decade before the war came nearer being a literary center than any other Southern city has ever been. The tradition of the highly cultivated Legaré and of the old *Southern Quarterly Review,* the widespread reputation of Simms, then in the zenith of his career, and the rich promise of a band of gifted young men, some of whom, like young Gildersleeve, had just returned from successful academic careers in Germany—all tended to give literature a high place in the life of Charleston. Whether they met at Simms's country home, "Woodlands," to share the hospitality of their great leader, or in Russell's book store to discuss the latest books, or in the office of *Russell's Magazine* to plan for future numbers of that recently established periodical, there always prevailed the spirit of good fellowship and of enthusiastic interest in literature. The very form and pressure of the time is reflected in the selections of Hayne's prose which are herewith given.

With such influences to inspire him Hayne began to publish his poetry, first in the *Southern Literary Messenger,* of Richmond. He brought out editions of his poems in 1855, 1857, and 1859, two of them by the well-known publishers, Ticknor and Fields of Boston. Republished later as the "Youthful Poems" of his complete Poems, they give evidence of genuine poetic feeling and artistic conscience.

More important, from the standpoint of the general promotion of Southern literature, was his election to the editorship of *Russell's Magazine,* the first number of which appeared April, 1857. The object of the magazine was well stated by the editor in the introductory number: "It is established and designed to meet a commonly felt want and to give utterance and circulation to the opinions, doctrines, and arguments of the educative mind of the South especially, and to promote in its sphere and measure the progress of a sound

American literature, free from party shackles or individual prejudices." The magazine was made notable from the beginning by the publication of the poetry of Hayne and Timrod and by the more serious essays of William J. Grayson and other publicists of South Carolina. The editors sought to promote the best standards of literary criticism, maintaining that no amount of provincial boosting could keep alive literature that did not conform to universal standards. After all that has been written of Southern literature it may be confidently maintained that there has been no more candid and illuminating discussion of the conditions that prevailed in the *ante-bellum* South, than an article found in this magazine, August, 1859. Whether Hayne wrote it or not, it represents his views, and was characteristic of his attitude to Southern literature throughout his entire life. Unfortunately the magazine suspended publication in March, 1860. One can not but suggest a comparison with the *Atlantic Monthly,* also started in 1857, which has just celebrated its semi-centennial.

Mrs. Preston has given a vivid and accurate picture of Hayne as he was when the Civil War broke out: "He had the advantage of quite a distinguished appearance . . . . with starry magnetic eyes that glowed with responsive sympathy . . . . He was the possessor of a beautiful home, the old mansion in which he was born, with its extensive and embowered grounds in the heart of his native city; a fine large library; ample, if not luxurious, provisions for all the future; finished education . . . . wide leisures; troops of responsive friends; and an unworked field of poetic adventures before him."

Hayne's was but one of many careers interrupted by the Civil War. With characteristic zeal and patriotism he threw himself into the conflict. On account of his rather frail constitution he could not take an active part in actual military operations, though he was for a while on Governor Pickens' staff. From time to time he wrote poems on various incidents of the war, such as the fall of Vicksburg, the siege of Charleston, the death of Stonewall Jackson, besides some general poems celebrating the heroic spirit of the entire Confederate Army. These poems lack the fire and artistic form of Timrod's best poems, and none of them attains the success of the best war songs on either side. But there is in them an expression of the entire devotion with which South Carolina entered upon the struggle. Hayne rejoiced in the fact that his native State led in the secession movement:

> "My mother-land! Thou wert the first to fling
> Thy virgin flag of freedom to the breeze,
> The first to front along thy neighboring seas,

The imperious foeman's power;
But long before that hour,
While yet, in false and vain imagining,
Thy sister nations would not own their foe,
And turned to jest thy warnings,
* * * * * *
While yet they paused in scorn,
Of fatal madness born,
Thou, oh, my mother! like a priestess blessed
With wondrous vision of the things to come,
Thou couldst not calmly rest secure and dumb."

Hayne suffered all that man could suffer in the prolonged bombardment of Charleston. Though tradition has it that the Federal soldiers would not burn Simms's home on account of the fact that some of them had read his novels and thought that his fame belonged to the Union, none of them seemed to have known of the young poet; for his home, along with his splendid library, was burned to ashes.

Unwilling to endure the ravage and destruction of Charleston and other South Carolina towns, and desirous of beginning life under new circumstances, he and his wife—he had married Miss Mary Middleton Michel, daughter of a prominent French physician—moved to a small railway station near Augusta, Georgia, afterwards called "Sunnyside" or "Copse Hill." There have been many notable descriptions of his cabin, but none more so than that which he gives in an account of the visit that Simms made him in 1866. He refers to it as an "extraordinary shanty which seemed to have been tossed by a supernatural pitchfork upon the top of the most desolate of hills, and there prompted by 'some devilish cantrip-sleight' to build itself into uncouth ugliness." The interior accommodations were not unworthy of the outside forlornness. "We had three mattresses and a cot (if memory serves me right)," he continues, "and for supplies, a box of hardtack, two sides of bacon, and fourscore, more or less, of smoked herring. Of cooking utensils there were a frying-pan, a gridiron, with three broken bars, and a battered iron pot." Although "Simms's hair was thinned and white, his beard grizzled, his fine forehead scored with wrinkles, and over the once fiery eye a film rested as of unshed tears," and though Hayne was somewhat oppressed by the poverty which contrasted so vividly with the luxury of earlier days, they had much high conversation that suggested at least the times when they had feasted together in the city by the sea. Here also Timrod visited him in 1867, just a few months before his death. In the poem "Under

the Pine" Hayne suggests the conversations they had and Timrod's exquisite enjoyment of natural scenery:

> "When the last rays of sunset, shimmering down,
> Flashed like a royal crown.
>
> "O tree! against a mighty trunk he laid
> His weary head; Thy shade
> Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of sleep:
> It brought a peace so deep
> The unquiet passion died from out his eyes,
> As lightning from the stilled skies."

Years afterward Maurice Thompson visited Hayne to pay his homage to "the king poet of the Old South." The cottage had been somewhat improved by the deft hand of Mrs. Hayne, but it was still "an arid perch for a song-bird, that windy, frowsy, barren hill." The chairs, table and shelves had been made out of goods-boxes. The walls and ceiling of the main room were papered to odd effect with pictures from illustrative journals. Hayne's writing-desk, at which he stood to make his poems, had been a carpenter's work bench.

Here then in this simple home—almost as crude as Thoreau's hut on Walden Pond—Hayne spent the remainder of his days, only once or twice going on a visit to his native city, and once as far as New England to see the poets with whom he had such intimate correspondence, and to whom he had written some of his tenderest poems—at once the expression of his interest in poetic art and of his broad national spirit. Here he received visits from young poets to whom he extended advice and gave inspiration. Here also he exchanged letters with such far away English poets as Swinburne and Tennyson. Perhaps no Southern poet ever carried on such an extensive correspondence with so many distinguished men of letters; one cannot but look forward to the time when these letters will be published—letters which will be at once a revelation of a very rare spirit and will suggest some of the most interesting points in literary history.

Although he was well past middle life when he began to live at "Copse Hill," he maintained a steady and persistent spirit of work. In 1873 he wrote an extensive and noteworthy introductory sketch to Timrod's poems, thus serving to perpetuate the fame of his great comrade. In 1878 he published lives of his uncle Robert Y. Hayne and of Hugh S. Legaré. Best of all, he continued to write poetry. In 1872 he brought out his volume of 'Legends and Lyrics,' in 1875 'The Mountain of the Lovers and other Poems,'

and in 1882 a complete edition of his poems. A complete bibliography of his individual poems would indicate that they appeared in practically every magazine in the country, including the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Scribner's*. Even a partial reading in the files of contemporary periodicals serves to show that Hayne placed his work to the best advantage, although he was at times imposed upon by the editors of Southern magazines, who often appealed to him from the standpoint of loyalty to advance the interests of Southern literature. He was entirely dependent upon his poetic work for a livelihood, and, as has been said before, a single hearted devotion to poetry gives him a unique place among American men of letters. Two or three of his best poems were written in his last years, notably, "A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet" and "In Harbor." He came to the end of his voyage on July 6, 1886.

This is not the place to attempt anything like an adequate criticism of Hayne's poetry. He never attained the finality of Timrod's best work; and there is nothing of the range and sweep of Lanier's poems on the marshes. It is difficult to distinguish the note of individuality. But the selections given here will serve to illustrate his exquisite feeling for natural scenery, and especially for the pine forests, his sympathetic, almost affectionate, interest in human life, and withal his skill in the details of his art. One of his most distinct services to his age was his attempt to reconcile the two sections. Before Lamar had pronounced his remarkable eulogy on Charles Sumner, Hayne had written a sincere tribute to Whittier, the chief poet of the Abolitionists. Although he protested vigorously against the cruelties of reconstruction measures, he responded nobly to the increasing signs of a new national spirit in the North. The best expression of his fine spirit is two stanzas of his poems to Longfellow and Whittier, "The Snow Messengers":

"These tropic veins still own their kindred heat,
And thoughts of thee, my cherished South, are sweet—
Mournfully sweet—and wed to memories vast,
High-hovering still o'er thy majestic past.

"But a new epoch greets us; with it blends
The voice of ancient foes now changed to friends.
Ah! who would friendship's outstretched hand despise,
Or mock the kindling light in generous eyes?"

ANTE-BELLUM CHARLESTON

Selections from articles in *Southern Bivouac*, September, October, November, 1885.

CHARLESTON, the Charleston of *ante-bellum* times, was certainly one of the most picturesque places in America. It is picturesque still, although with a more active and busy aspect than of old; for the brave city has risen like a phœnix from the ashes of war and desolation. The scars of a terrible siege are being surely obliterated: ruin has given place to prosperity, and many a mournful waste begins to blossom like the rose!

But it is of the Charleston of long ago—of the characteristics of its people and society as then existing, especially of some of its great representative men—that I now desire to write.

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My own earliest recollections are associated with the quiet streets and beautiful environs of this, my native city. A certain tranquillity pervaded even the thoroughfares. Business men of every grade, lawyers, bankers, merchants, tradesmen, appeared one and all to be bent upon illustrating the wisdom of *festina lente*.

There were no breathless hurryings to and fro, no frenzied rushes around sharp corners after "the shadow of a shilling"; no crushing of agonized mental limbs, Laocoön fashion, by the venomous serpent of speculation; and yet a steadfast, solid energy prevailed, and a sturdy independence besides, which showed a sufficiently practical acquaintance with Monsieur Rochejacquelin's philosophical maxim, *Celui la est mieux servi, qui n'a pas besoin de mettre les mains des autres au bout de ses bras!*

In his recreations, as in his business, the true Charlestonian exhibited no feverish eagerness. He sipped the cup of enjoyment with a dignified ease, and of course a subtler relish, than was ever known to attend the vulgar process of guzzling!

Society in those days rested on a basis of aristocracy; or, at all events, birth and breeding distinctly took the precedence of mere *parvenu* wealth. Upon the thresholds of the

haunts of fashion, the *Cave Canem* of the antique *vestibulum* was not the less truly wrought because unembodied to the material sense!

In the midsummer of the year 1847 I chanced to be one of a large audience assembled in the Charleston Theater.

It was the period of our war with Mexico, and the whole country was agitated and unsettled. For what special purpose this meeting had been summoned I can not now remember. The stage, I know, was crowded with local celebrities, noted editors, politicians and lawyers, together with a few distinguished publicists and legislators from other Southern States. There was the usual flow of feeling sacred to these occasions through every variety of mental spout. When the last orator had pumped up and set afloat some magnificent platitude about the American eagle screaming over the halls of the Montezumas, he seemed to be so overpowered by his own elocution that he stammered, paused, convulsively recovered himself for a moment, and then came to a dead stop, before taking the advice, loudly uttered, by some free citizens, "Sit down, old boy! don't you know that you are 'played out?' "

A curious hush followed, and some persons had risen as if to depart, when there was a cry, at first somewhat faint, but rapidly taken up, until it became earnest, even vociferous, for Simms, Gilmore Simms! I felt a thrill of excitement and delighted expectation, for like most lads of any fancy or taste for reading, I reverenced literary genius, and having already been fascinated by some of Simms's novels, I had long desired to see the author. He now came forward with a slow, stately step, under the full blaze of the chandeliers, a man in the prime of life, tall, vigorous. and symmetrically formed. His head was a noble one, with a conspicuously high forehead, finely developed in the regions of ideality, and set upon broad shoulders in haughty, leonine grace. Under strangely mobile eyebrows flashed a pair of bluish-gray eyes, keen and bright as steel. His mouth, slightly prominent, especially in the upper lip, was a wonderfully firm mouth, only less determined, in fact, than the massive jaw and chin, which might have been molded out of iron.

An impressive personality, likely to catch and hold one's observation anywhere, he paused near the footlights, rapidly

glanced about him for an instant, and then began his speech with a bold, startling paradox.

Everybody's attention was sharply arrested and to the end of his address was closely retained.

An extraordinary speaker, certainly. For some time his manner was measured and deliberate; but once plunged *in medias res* he became passionately eager. His gesticulation was frequent, unrestrained, now and then almost grotesquely emphatic. Indeed, in this respect, he resembled an orator of some of the Latin races, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese. For an Anglo-Norman, or even an Anglo-Celt, he might have been considered theatrical.

Really, it was not so. This manner was rightly his own, being the outward, unpremeditated expression of a fervent temperament, of hot, honest blood, and a buoyant, indomitable nature, which sustained him subsequently under trials of no common power and persistent bitterness.

His peroration I vividly recall. It was a scathing rebuke of the selfish, time-serving politicians and influential leaders of the press who sacrificed to personal and party ends the interests of their people and the dignity of their country.

I would it were possible to recover and reproduce those fiery words, and to launch them, like a thunderbolt, at the miserable, dwarfed Machiavellis of to-day to whom consistency is an abstraction and honor but an antiquated myth!

About four years after this period I formed the personal acquaintance of Simms. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, a friendship which for a quarter of a century—to the time in truth of his death—was never shadowed by a cloud of misconception or of coldness.

As to the last he was full of ardent feeling, it is not wonderful that he should have gathered around him, through the forces of sympathy and genius, a number of ambitious young men, who enjoyed his conversation, deferred to his judgment, and regarded him in literary matters as a guide, philosopher and friend.

With us he could unbend, could dispense with conventional restraints, which he detested, and be as untrammeled socially as intellectually.

A sort of informal club was instituted, of which he was

made president. Often during the summer months, when he resided in the city, we met at each other's houses, and after discussing a vast variety of topics would close the evening with a *petit souper*, which no man enjoyed more, within reasonable bounds, than the creator of the philosophical "Porgy."

Then it was, with a bowl of punch before him, brewed after the old Carolina fashion, in due proportions of "the strong, sweet and sour," that Simms shone in his lighter moods. Of wit, that bright, keen, rapier-like faculty, which too frequently wounds while it flashes, he possessed, in my opinion, but little; yet his *humor*—bold, bluff and masculine—with a touch of satirical *innuendo* and sly sarcasm, was genuine and irrepressible!

Few men have ever comprehended human nature more thoroughly, and he could not refrain from caricaturing its weaknesses, although there was never a drop of venom in his heart.

Simms, too, was somewhat of a mimic, had an odd kind of histrionic ability, and could therefore give effect to many a story which *per se* may not have seemed remarkable. As to his store of anecdotes, historical, traditional and social, "their name was legion."

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In 1836, about a year after the publication of "The Partisan," Simms married his second wife, Miss Chevilette Roach, the only child of a wealthy planter of Barnwell District, South Carolina. Thenceforth he resided at his father-in-law's plantation of "Woodlands," at least during the winter and spring, his summers being passed in Charleston, or occasionally at the North, with the ablest of whose *literati* he became acquainted, in some cases intimate. In the substantial brick house at "Woodlands," I remember particularly one apartment on the ground floor, devoted to the author's use, his *sanctum sanctorum*, whence all but a few sympathetic friends were excluded. Shelves rising from floor to ceiling groaned under the weight of books. Chairs for comfort, not show, and convenient lounges abounded.

For a whole morning have I sat in that pleasant library, a book before me, but watching every now and then the tall, erect figure at the desk, and the quick, steady passage to

hours of the indomitable pen across page after page—a pen that rarely paused to erase, correct or modify. At last, when the eternal scratch, scratch became a trifle irritating, and this exhaustless labor a reproach to one's semi-idleness, Simms would suddenly turn, exclaiming, "Near dinner time, my boy; come, let's take a modest appetizer in the shape of sherry and bitters."

At dinner he talked a great deal, joked, jested and punned, like a school-boy freed from his tasks; or, if a graver theme arose, he would often disclaim a little too dogmatically and persistently, perhaps, to please those who liked to have the chance of wagging their own tongues occasionally. At such periods it was impossible to edge in the most modest of "caveats." Still, Simms could be a charming host, and was, *au fond,* thoroughly genial and kind-hearted. His dictatorial manner to some extent originated, I have thought, in the circumstances of his early life.

The scholars and critics of Charleston, men of fastidious classical attainments, and rather exclusive artistic taste, regarded young Simms, to borrow one of his own expressions, as "an unlicked literary cub," and mildly ridiculed his earlier performances.

Doubtless, likewise, they expected from him a degree of deference which he refused to concede. Thus a species of feud was inaugurated which appears to have been handed down from the elder scholars to Simms's immediate contemporaries —I mean men nearly of his own age. For a long time, consequently, he was less appreciated in his native city than elsewhere.

"Woodlands" might justly have been called "Hospitality Hall." It was ever open, not merely to friends and neighbors, but to all visitors from abroad in any way worthy of attention.

William Cullen Bryant, who appreciated Simms, and was an intimate associate, visited the place two or three times, once accompanied by his wife. James, the English novelist, and many other illustrious persons, English and Northern, were among his guests. During the noon-day of his reputation, indeed, I fancy that he must have been not infrequently overwhelmed by company. But he was equal to all such visits or *visitations.* I can hear his voice rolling in jovial thun-

der above a murmurous sea of conversation, or pitched to a low, expostulatory growl because some favorite paradox—and he was full of "whimseys"—had doubtless been assailed.

He worshipped the *genius loci* as an old Greek might have done, nor were the Lares and Penates merely myths to him.

As Scott loved the heather, as Whittier loves the mountains, the lakes, the calm river banks, the green meadows of New England, so, with as deep, unfaltering a passion, Simms adored the sultry pine barrens, the luxuriant swamps, the desolate seaside solitudes of the State of his nativity. And, as he loved her scenery, he upheld and vindicated her historic fame.

* * * * * *

His patience and consideration for others were beautiful to see. All the old dominance of manner and hardness of tone had disappeared. All skepticism and doubt also, in reference to religious matters, seem to have melted forever in the glory of dawning immortality. His bosom friend, the Rev. James Miles (author of that remarkable work, 'Philosophic Theology'), stood by his death-bed and received his faltering but fervent confession of faith in the mercy of the atoning Christ.

At last the end came. On the afternoon of June 11, 1870, his worn but indomitable spirit passed through the "somber gates" into the realm of all realities; passed, we might fancy, before the clang and echo of their closing upon his illustrious English brother, also just summoned to his award, had sunk into the mystic silence.

A lady friend, who had been most attentive during his illness, says:

"I made garlands of laurel and bay, and wove too a cross of white immortelles, which I placed in the poor emaciated hands of the corpse, the *fingers of which refused to take any other position than their natural one, drawn up as if to write!*"

At five o'clock Monday afternoon, the thirteenth of June, the funeral ceremonies took place in the venerable Church of St. Paul's, Radcliffsborough, Charleston. Thence, the funeral *cortège* proceeded to "Magnolia Cemetery," that

lovely resting-place of the dead, at the consecration of which, two decades before, Simms, with Henry Timrod, had assisted by the contribution of poems. The body was interred in the midst of a rain-storm!

"Blessed," says the old English proverb, "is the bride the sun shines upon, and blessed are the dead the rain rains upon!"

I think of my old friend resting there under the moss-covered oaks he loved so dearly, with breezes from the river and the ocean making music in the fadeless leaves. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

His career was one of conflict. He encountered innumerable difficulties, but met and overcame them all, "knight-like, under shield." His nature was cast in a large, liberal mold. Virtues and defects were alike conspicuous.

Too often for safety or prudence he wore his vizor up, and, like Cœur de Lion in Sherwood Forest, invited many a treacherous shaft from ambuscade! But such enemies were badly worsted. He struck with the logical battle-ax a downright blow, and your small caitiff generally succumbs to that style of argument.

Simms was, indeed, a typical Southerner of the *ante-bellum* period, a period which not a few persons nowadays, calling themselves Southerners, are in the habit of despising, depreciating, or referring to "with bated breath" as the epoch of "darkness and Egyptian bondage."

Yes, a virile and upright spirit, constitutionally incapable of fraud or meanness, and chastened, at last, into pathetic gentleness; a man greater than his works, produced, as they had been, under circumstances of peculiar trial, but of which, nevertheless, it may be predicted. *"Non Omnem Morituram!"*

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Persons who resided in Charleston between the year 1854 and the beginning of the great civil conflict, cannot fail to recall the large book store, with its simple entrance and handsome plate glass windows, which stood upon the right hand side of King Street, as one passed downward, not far from Wentworth Street toward the north, and Hazel toward the south.

Above the main door appeared in prominent gilt letters

the name of JOHN RUSSELL. For more than fifteen years this enterprising dealer in scientific and literary works—foreign and American—was justly considered, in his way, one of the "institutions" of Charleston.

Educated in the book store, he had mastered, at a comparatively early age, its requisitions and technicalities; he had risen from grade to grade in the service, and having finally acquired the needful capital, resolved to open an establishment of his own. This he did, and his "literary emporium," as he proudly called it, became in time the *rendezvous* of all the *savants,* the professionals, and the *literati* of the city.

Many of the fashionable people also—the young beaux and belles particularly—used to meet there, and a good deal of lovemaking, *à la mode,* was carried on, I fancy, in the quieter corners or under the convenient display of a mutual enthusiasm over new books and periodical engravings.

Entering the store upon a pleasant autumn or winter afternoon, we would certainly find it crowded. It might have soothed for a moment the misanthropy of a Timon, or even lightened the savage malignity of "Obadiah bind-their-kings-in-chains, and their nobles-in-links-of-iron" (could that amiable sergeant of Ireton's regiment have been resuscitated), to have heard the animated chatter of the pretty maidens, or seen the sly flashes under dark lids launched here and there at bewildered but ecstatic admirers!

Apart from the *demoiselles* could be often observed, conversing perhaps with the proprietor himself, some matron of local celebrity for wit and culture, or even some literary lady, whose cleverness had been embodied in book form, and had won for her a more than local recognition. Such, indeed, is the lively woman, "fair," and probably "forty," who, with an air of marked *espeiglerie,* is at this moment disputing some proposition of Mr. Russell's, and laughing in a satirical, yet by no means inharmonious fashion. She is the daughter of the distinguished lawyer, James Louis Petigru, famous not merely for his legal attainments, but as being the most uncompromising *Unionist* in South Carolina.

Her fame as a society wit is high. She is likewise the author of a volume of sprightly sketches, entitled 'Busy Moments of an Idle Woman.'

But if you wish, reader, to see the *sanctum* of Russell's —the place set apart for the casual assembling, at a later hour, of doctors of divinity, medicine and law, of college professors, authors and students, who may not yet have won their intellectual spurs—permit me to lead you past the counters and heavily-laden shelves to a rear section of the establishment, well provided with chairs and sofas, grouped, in cool weather, around a large comfortable stove.

It is an evening, let us suppose, very late in October, but early in the 'Fifties, and to the cheerfulness of the gas-light above is added the genial glow of the moderate coke fire below. As yet, we are alone in the *sanctum,* but soon the front store is cleared of purchasers and gossips, and a different order of visitors begin to appear.

Let us note them heedfully.

Here approach, arm-in-arm, a couple of elderly gentlemen, one of a little more than medium height, with a jovial, rubicund face, distinguished by an expression of quizzical humor, an odd falsetto voice, and a rolling gait like a sailor's. He is no less a personage than the acute advocate and popular social companion, full of *bonhomie* and after dinner *mots,* James L. Petigru, whose name was mentioned a few sentences back.

His associate, tall, dignified, haughty, with bold, prominent features, the express image of *ultimus Romanorum,* is the Honorable Alfred Huger, once the valued intimate of such men as Colonel William Washington, Hugh S. Legaré, and that *Magnus Apollo* of poetical elocution, William C. Preston.

They have come to procure a volume of Sydney Smith's 'Life,' and to settle upon his own authority the precise terms of one of his inimitable witticisms!

The glee with which Petigru finds the passage, points it out, and reads it aloud for his comrade's benefit, in support evidently of a previous opinion he himself had advanced, is wonderfully exhilarating.

And now groups of other persons saunter in.

This large-bodied, beetle-browed old man, with the broad Scotch accent, is the Honorable Mitchell King, equally noted as an able scholar and sound lawyer; and just behind him come

(earnestly conversing) two physicians, who are assuredly, in every conceivable matter of personal appearance, moral temperament, mental idiosyncracy, and traits of manner, the antipodes of each other!

One—a great specialist—is of reserved and downcast look, as abrupt, sometimes, in speech as Abernethy, whom he seems to have taken as his model, and possessed of a voice hoarse and guttural as an Indian's. The other, frail, and almost attenuated in frame, his shoulders slightly bent, and his head too large for the slender figure supporting it, is a true chevalier in his unaffected grace and affability, and not only deeply read in his profession, but one among the most brilliant general scholars and artistic writers of his day. He is Samuel Henry Dickson, author of the subtly suggestive work upon 'Life, Sleep and Death,' with innumerable briefer but equally able essays on topics scientific, literary, philosophical, and social.

Who is this portly ecclesiastic, in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, peering benevolently through his spectacles, and offering his enameled snuff-box (the gift of an illustrious Cardinal) in an absent, mechanical way, to all with whom he may converse?

The Rev. Father Lynch, subsequently Bishop Lynch, who is said to know the Greek scholiasts by heart, and who, were it absolutely necessary for the conversion of sinners, could make himself intelligible to them, regarding dogma and doctrine, in Hebrew and Syriac, if not in Sanskrit!

Another divine, of quite a different sect, passes his Roman Catholic Reverence, saluting him with a courteous bow. Here is a man worth studying. In physical appearance he seems the *beau ideal* of a student, somewhat spare and fragile of limb, his chest bowed slightly inward as if curved by long leaning over a desk, his eyes keen, vivid, and yet with an indefinably abstract expression, an introspective and soul-defining glance, profoundly searching and dissatisfied! "*In* the world, but not *of* it," is the impression he gives to all observers. An ethereal, yet passionate spirit, a heart that beats against the bars of circumstances and mortal environment, and ere long will beat itself to death; faithful, but, ah! too aspiring to be at peace in a sphere so mean and sordid as ours—the author of 'Philosophic Theology'—a man of air and fire, James W. Miles.

Evidently he has come here only to meet an acquaintance, the young German professor yonder. See, they are going out together already. Doubtless they will be studying Kant or Fichte in company at the professor's lodgings until cock-crow tomorrow morning.

Next, look at this party of young men who approach, arguing a little noisily, three Charlestonians just returned from Göttingen, and all of them with unusual honors.

The dark-eyed handsome young fellow with long, flowing beard is Basil Gildersleeve, almost an "admirable Crichton," even at his early age, in the versatility of his classical attainments. That short, stout, sanguine-complexioned comrade on his left is likewise a singularly gifted and learned youth, prepared to uphold the ancestral genius and scholarship of his house; for he is the grandson and namesake of the distinguished historian, David Ramsey, while his mother was a Laurens.

The vigorous, fine-looking man slightly in the rear with a certain lion-like poise of his noble head, is Samuel Lord, and his German laurels, unless those phrenological developments are suddenly and miraculously crushed, are sure to be surmounted by yet greener laurels here.

The *sanctum* becomes half filled, and the groups divide; some standing up to discuss more rhetorically, perhaps, a new book or magazine; the remainder seated cosily near the fire.

At this moment Russell approaches, accompanied by an exceedingly tall, commanding-looking, and handsome man of about twenty-six or seven, who desires to purchase an edition of 'Junius.' If any one present possess the Highland "second sight," he must see, drawn already breast-high about that doomed form, the pale, ghastly winding-sheet. A few months hence he is destined to fall in a duel.

And now Mr. Russell, "day labor done," joins his guests. One of them hails him familiarly as "Lord John!" How he chanced to win that soubriquet it may amuse you to learn.

While traveling in Europe it seems that he found himself naturally enough, on one occasion upon the packet-boat plying between Calais and Dover. By some strange error he was mistaken by the captain and passengers for *Lord John Russell*, the

English Premier! Of course he humored the mistake—it was so excellent a joke.

And he continues to humor it. In fact, it delights him to have the subject referred to. He will coquet with it for a moment, and then minutely enter into details, being careful to leave the impression that, after all, there was really nothing so wonderful in a person of his appearance, mien, manners, and passably impressive *tout ensemble,* being mistaken for the biographer of Tom Moore, and the illustrious ruler, for years, of British governmental policy!

Well, an innocent vanity enough; a source of immense satisfaction to him, and of guileless amusement to his friends.

But do not let me give you a false idea of "Lord John."

Despite some palpable weaknesses, he is a man of quick bright mind, of much native shrewdness, and acquired information; a clever, and occasionally even an instructive talker. Moreover, he has a kind heart, and in business affairs is generous to a fault.

A few of the scholars and cultivated gentlemen of Charleston conceived the notion, in the year 1856, of establishing a monthly literary magazine in that city. It was designed to be a representative organ, not merely of local, but of *Southern* intellect, taste, and opinions.

"Lord John" was consulted, and after much natural hesitation agreed, with a reckless gallantry I have always admired, to undertake the publication and entire business management of the work, and to "foot all bills" not covered by an exceedingly limited subscription list, until the time when "Maga," having dropped her "swaddling clothes," should come before the world in the dignity and strength of self-supporting maturity.

It had been previously settled that this monthly should be called *Russell's Magazine.* Its editorship they offered to me, and I can not help looking back with a whimsical, posthumous consternation at the unconscious audacity with which, utterly inexperienced as I then was, I coolly and cheerfully accepted one of the most difficult, exacting, and thankless positions imaginable.

On the first day of April—ominous date—1857, the initial number of *Russell's* appeared. I am not about to give its history or to say more than this: It lived for two years; and if,

during that period, much that was feeble, unsatisfactory, and inartistic burdened its pages, you will, nevertheless, find among its contributors the names of some famous authors, *Northern* no less than *Southern!*

Of the Northern writers I remember De Forest, who sent me an inimitable sketch, brimming over with fun, entitled, "The Smartville Ram Speculation"; and Richard Henry Stoddard, whose "Herod Agrippa and the Owl" deserves to rank with the best of his blank-verse poems.

* * * * * *

Rife with romance, indeed, is the history of this city. Imagination travels back across a period of two hundred and fifteen years, and perceives how, from a feeble settlement on the Ashley in 1670, "despite wars, disease, and great privations, has grown up in the environment of Province, Colony, and State, a city and people who, from the earliest times down through all the governmental changes since, in peace and in war, have borne themselves always on the highest plane of honor and duty."

Twice she has been stigmatized as the "Mother of Treason"; once when, in 1776, she dared to hurl defiance from her unfinished fort, on Sullivan's Island, against the English fleet, and again in 1862, when, under quite as sincere a conviction of right, she bombarded and took Fort Sumter.

Success sanctified her action in the Revolution, and she was purged of the "damnable crime of revolt and treason."

Does anybody doubt that success would have had quite as purifying and exalting effect in the new? Meanwhile, no accumulation of trials, misfortunes, or outrages—not even the "Hades of Reconstruction"—could finally subdue her.

We know the issues! all unsmirched with passionate gratulation,
She rose, she *towered!* for who could touch her soul with degradation?
The cruel fire that singed her robe, died out in rainbow flashes,
And bright her silvery sandals shone above the hissing ashes!

I, her poet and her son, here in the sheltering arms of my beloved adopted mother Georgia, can not but thrill at the thought of the *true* mother that bore me!

She may sometimes seem cold to her children; yet hers

is only the coldness of Hecla, which carries beneath its surface a heart of deathless flame.

Oh! Queen; oh *madre imperiale*, when the sunset has faded, and the twilight gone, and the night descended, wilt thou not call the wearied exile home?

He would fain sleep within the sound of thy waters, under the shadow of thy immemorial oaks, near the sacred dust of his fathers!

THE WILL AND THE WING

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To have the will to soar, but not the wings,
Eyes fixed forever on a starry height,
Whence stately shapes of grand imaginings
Flash down the splendors of imperial light;

And yet to lack the charm that makes them ours,
The obedient vassals of that conquering spell,
Whose omnipresent and ethereal powers
Encircle Heaven, nor fear to enter Hell;

This is the doom of Tantalus—the thirst
For beauty's balmy fount to quench the fires
Of the wild passion that our souls have nurst
In hopeless promptings—unfulfilled desires.

Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen afar, mysterious rapture rise
Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine.

MY STUDY

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present strife,
The sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleanings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.

VICKSBURG—A BALLAD

For sixty days and upwards,
  A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
  But still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish,"
  Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
  Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards,
  The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And e'en throughout God's holy morn,
  O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
  As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
  In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
  There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
  'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;

But the Lord, our Shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled,
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed,
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with step of hope,
To the music in their hearts.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertune,
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dewlike from the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm Southern night;
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains
And unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fiery shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence, to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The vert leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to harken; while, for me,
Heart-thrilled ecstasy,
I followed—followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
Borne from the West when cloudless day declines—
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

UNVEILED

I cannot tell when first I saw her face;
Was it athwart a sunset on the sea,
When the huge billows heaved tumultuously,
Or in the quiet of some woodland place,
Wrapped by the shadowy boon
Of breezeless verdures from the summer noon?
Or likelier still, in a rock-girdled dell
Between vast mountains, while the midnight hour
Blossomed above me like a shining flower,
Whose star-wrought petals turned the fields of space
To one great garden of mysterious light?

Vain! vain! I cannot tell
When first the beauty and majestic might
Of her calm presence, bore my soul apart
From all low issues of the groveling world—
About me their own peace and grandeur furled—
Filling the conscious heart
With vague, sweet wisdom drawn from earth or sky—
Secrets that glance towards eternity,
Visions divine, and thoughts ineffable!
But ever since that immemorial day,
A steadfast flame hath burned in brain and blood,
Urging me onward in the perilous search
For sacred haunts our queenly mother loves;
By field and flood,
Thro' neighboring realms, and regions far away,
Have I not followed, followed where she led,
Tracking wild rivers to their fountain head,
And wilder desert spaces, mournful, vast,
Where Nature, fronting her inscrutable past,
Holds bleak communion only with the dead;
Yearning meanwhile, for pinions like a dove's,
To waft me farther still,
Beyond the compass of the unwinged will;
Yea; waft me northward, southward, east, west,
By fabled isles, and undiscovered lands,
To where enthroned upon his mountain-perch,
The sovereign eagle stands,
Guarding the unfledged eaglets in their nest,
Above the thunders of the sea and storm?

Oh! sometimes by the fire
Of holy passion, in me, all subdued,
And melted to a mortal woman's mood,
Tender and warm—
She, from her goddess height,
In gracious answer to my soul's desire,
Descending softly, lifts her Isis veil,
To bend on me the untranslated light
Of fathomless eyes, and brow divinely pale;

She lays on mine her firm, immortal hand;
And I, encompassed by a magical mist,
Feel that her lips have kissed
Mine eyes and forehead—how the influence fine
Of her deep life runs like Arcadian wine
Through all my being! How a moment pressed
To the large fountains of her opulent breast,
A rapture smites me, half akin to pain;
A sun-flash quivering through white chords of rain!

Thenceforth, I walked
The earth all-seeing—not her stateliest forms
Alone engrossed me, nor her sounds of power;
Mountains and oceans, and the rage of storms;
Fierce cataracts hurled from awful steep to steep,
Or the gray water-spouts, that whirling tower
Along the darkened bosom of the deep;
But all fair, fairy forms; all vital things,
That breathe or blossom 'midst our bounteous springs;
In sylvan nooks rejoicingly I met
The wild rose and the violet;
On dewy hill-slopes pausing, fondly talked
With the coy wild-flower, and the grasses brown,
That in a subtle language of their own
(Caught from the spirits of the wandering breeze),
Quaintly responded; while the heavens looked down
As graciously on these
Titania growths, as on sublimer shapes
Of century-molded continents, that bemock
Alike the earthquake's and the billow's shock
By Orient inlands and cold ocean capes!

The giant constellations rose and set:
I knew them all and worshipped all I knew;
Yet, from their empire in the pregnant blue,
Sweeping from planet-orbits to faint bars
Of nebulous cloud, beyond the range of stars,
I turned to worship with a heart as true,
Long mosses drooping from the cypress tree;

The virginal vines that stretched remotely dim,
From forest limb to limb;
Network of golden ferns, whose tracery weaves
In lingering twilights of warm August eves,
Ethereal frescoes, pictures fugitive,
Drawn on the flickering and fair-foliaged wall
Of the dense forest, ere the night shades fall:
Rushes rock-tangled, whose mixed colors live
In the pure moisture by a fountain's brim;
The sylph-like reeds, wave-born, that to and fro
Move ever to the waters' rhythmic flow,
Blent with the humming of the wild-wood bee,
And the winds' under thrills of mystery;
The twinkling "ground-stars," full of modest cheer,
Each her cerulean cup
In humble supplication lifting up,
To catch whate'er the kindly heavens may give
Of flooded sunshine, or celestial dew;
And even when, self-poised in airy grace,
Their phantom lightness stirs
Through glistening shadows of a secret place
The silvery-tinted gossamers;
For thus hath Nature taught amid her All—
The complex miracles of land and sea,
And infinite marvels of the infinite air
No life is trivial, no creation small!
Ever I walk the earth,
As one whose spiritual ear
Is strangely purged and purified to hear
Its multitudinous voices; from the shore
Whereon the savage Arctic surges roar,
And the stupendous bass of choral waves
Thunders o'er "wandering graves,"
From warrior-winds whose viewless cohorts charge
The banded mists through Cloudland's vaporous dearth
Pealing their battle bugles round the marge
Of dreary fen and desolated moor;
Down to the ripple of shy woodland rills
Chanting their delicate treble 'mid the hills,

And ancient hollows of the enchanted ground,
I pass with reverent thought,
Attuned to every tiniest trill of sound,
Whether by brook or bird
The perfumed air be stirred.
But most, because the unwearied strains are fraught
With Nature's freedom in her happiest moods,
I love the mock-bird's, and brown thrush's lay,
The melted soul of May,
Beneath those matchless notes,
From jocund hearts upwelled to fervid throats,
In gushes of clear harmony,
I seem, ofttimes I seem
To find remoter meanings; the far tone
Of ante-natal music faintly blown
From out the misted realms of memory;
The pathos and the passion of a dream;
Or broken fugues of a diviner tongue
That e'er hath chanted, since our earth was young,
And o'er her peace-enamored solitudes
The stars of morning sung!

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly down;
Whose evening, touched by prescient shades of night,
Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal light:
Such, such art *thou,* O master! worthier grown
In the fair sunset of thy full renown,
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings for flight!
Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy place depart?
God's court is thronged with minstrels, rich with song;
Even now, a new note swells the immaculate choir;
But thou, whose strains have filled our lives so long,
Still from the altar of thy reverent heart
Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts of fire.

SONNET—POETS

Some thunder on the heights of song, their race
Godlike in power, while others at their feet
Are breathing measures scarce less strong and sweet
Than those that peal from out that loftiest place;
Meantime, just midway on the mount, his face
Fairer than April heavens, when storms retreat,
And on their edges rain and sunshine meet,
Pipes the soft lyrist lays of tender grace;
But where the slopes of bright Parnassus sweep
Near to the common ground, a various throng
Chant lowlier measures—yet each tuneful strain
(The silvery minor of earth's perfect song)
Blends with that music of the topmost steep,
O'er whose vast realm the master minstrels reign!

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A little while (my life is almost set!)
  I fain would pause along the downward way,
  Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet;
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
  All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
  Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
  Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
  'Twixt souls that love, may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
  Hand locked in hand, the loyal heart to heart;
  (O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "*We part!*")
So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when night and twilight meet;
  Behind, our broken years, before, the deep
  Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep.
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet;
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
  Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
  Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

IN HARBOR

I think it is over, over,
  I think it is over at last,
Voices of foeman and lover,
  The sweet and the bitter have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
  Hath outblown its ultimate blast;
There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward
While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over!
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah!—few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
  That hinted redress or release:

From the ravage of life, and its riot
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last?
For the lights with their welcoming quiver
That throbbed through the sanctified river
  Which girdles the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

I *know* it is over, over,
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
  For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast;
There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward;
While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE

[1791—1839]

JAMES M. GARNETT

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE, the distinguished Senator, and Governor of South Carolina, was born November 10, 1791, in St. Paul's Parish, Colleton District, South Carolina. He was the son of Colonel William Hayne, a first cousin of Colonel Isaac Hayne, the Revolutionary patriot. His mother was Miss Eliza Peronneau, the niece by marriage of Colonel Isaac Hayne. He was educated in the schools of Charleston, and acquired a great fondness for reading, Plutarch and Shakespeare being his favorite authors. In his eighteenth year he entered the office of Honorable Langdon Cheves and pursued with diligence the study of the law, having passed his examination and been admitted to the bar a few days before he was twenty-one years of age. When Judge Cheves gave up his large practice to enter the United States Senate, Hayne succeeded to it, and, being oppressed with a sense of his responsibility, he received from the learned lawyer the memorable advice: "My young friend, never distrust yourself."

In the War of 1812 he served as captain in the Third South Carolina Regiment. About this time he married Miss Pinckney, who died in 1818, and two years later he married Miss Alston, who survived him. He was elected to the Legislature of the State in 1814, and after serving two terms he was chosen Speaker of the House, "most unexpectedly to himself," says McDuffie, who states that, though entirely ignorant of parliamentary law, he borrowed a copy of 'Jefferson's Manual,' studied it all night, and "took the chair next day as thoroughly qualified for the discharge of its duties as any presiding officer I have ever known." Before the expiration of his term as Speaker, he was elected by the Legislature Attorney-general of the State, at twenty-six years of age, and served in that office until he was sent to the United States Senate in 1823, "the youngest man that had ever represented South Carolina in the Senate of the United States." Although so young, Hayne took at once a prominent position in the Senate. "His eminent talents for business, his indefatigable industry, and his peculiar powers of prompt and lucid explanation," says his eulogist, "could not but indicate him to the presiding officer of the Senate as the chairman

of one of its most important committees." He was soon made Chairman of the Committee of Naval Affairs, and discharged the duties of that position with industry, ability, and success. Calhoun said of him: "I have often said, while I presided in the Senate, that he was the best chairman of a committee I ever saw in any deliberative body." Such was the satisfaction he gave in this position that the officers of the navy and others interested in it wished him to be placed at the head of the Naval Department. In addition to his numerous speeches and political papers, General Hayne was the author of two articles in the old *Southern Review,* one on "American Naval History" (November, 1828), and the other in vindication of the memory of his kinsman, Colonel Isaac Hayne, "the martyr of the Revolution."

But it was as a parliamentary speaker that Hayne gained his greatest distinction, and made himself a name as one of the greatest American orators.

On entering the Senate he at once took his place on the side of the opposition to a protective tariff, which was so injurious to the interests of South Carolina and the other Southern States, and he regarded it as unconstitutional. His speech against the tariff of 1824 showed "a comprehensive knowledge of the true principles of political economy, and a thorough and minute knowledge of facts and details, which enabled him to demonstrate how grossly those principles were violated by that measure."

In like manner he vigorously opposed the tariff of 1828, called by McDuffie "the fatal consummation of that climax of unequal and oppressive measures which threatened absolute destruction to the great agricultural interests of the exporting states."

His celebrated debate with Webster took place in January, 1830, on Foot's resolution in respect to the public lands, although little was said by either speaker on this subject. It was an argument on a great constitutional question, on which North and South were diametrically opposed, and it foreshadowed serious consequences.

On July 4, 1831, Hayne delivered one of his ablest speeches on the questions of the day in Charleston, "before the State Rights and Free Trade party, the State Society of Cincinnati, the Revolution Society, the '76 Association, and several volunteer companies of militia." He had delivered a Fourth of July oration in Charleston seventeen years before, in 1814, "by appointment of the '76 Association," when he was only twenty-two years of age.

Perhaps Hayne's greatest speech on the tariff was on January 9, 1832, in support of his own amendment to the resolution of Clay, who wished the duties reduced upon "articles imported from foreign

countries and not coming into competition with similar articles made or produced within the United States," whereas Hayne wished the duties reduced to a revenue standard, and, "allowing a reasonable time for the gradual reduction of the present high duties on the articles coming into competition with similar articles made or produced within the United States," he advocated the ultimate equalization of the duties. This speech showed a thorough mastery of the subject in all its details, and, in conclusion, he pleaded earnestly and even pathetically for "conciliation and concession." It was all in vain. The tariff act of 1832 was passed, Hayne and his fellow-congressmen issued a stirring address to the people of South Carolina, and the Legislature called a sovereign convention of the people, which met on November nineteenth, and on the twenty-fourth passed the Ordinance of Nullification, reported by Hayne, by a vote of 136 ayes to 26 noes. It was preceded by a lengthy report giving the reasons which impelled South Carolina to this action, and was accompanied by an address to the people of the State and one to the people of the other states.

Soon after this Hayne was elected Governor of the State, being universally recognized as the fittest leader for this crisis, and immediately resigned his seat in the Senate, in which he was succeeded by Calhoun, then Vice-President. His inaugural address in December, 1832, was a short speech, but one of remarkable power and eloquence. It contained the following eloquent and stirring paragraph:

"Fellow-Citizens: This is our own, our native land. It is the soil of Carolina, which has been enriched with the precious blood of our ancestors, shed in defense of those rights and liberties which we are bound by every tie, divine and human, to transmit to our posterity. It is here that we have been cherished in youth and sustained in manhood by the generous confidence of our fellow-citizens; here repose the honored bones of our fathers; here the eyes of our children first beheld the light; and here, when our earthly pilgrimage is over, we hope to sink to rest on the bosom of our common mother! Bound to our country by such sacred and endearing ties, let others desert her if they can; let them revile her if they will; let them give aid and countenance to her enemies if they may; but for us, we will stand or fall with Carolina."

This spirit of ardent patriotism, and conscientious devotion to the rights of his State, breathed through the whole address. On December tenth General Jackson issued his Nullification Proclamation, to which, at the request of the Legislature, Hayne replied on December twentieth with a counter-proclamation. The effect of this was great, and, says McDuffie, "the reaction was overwhelming, not only in South Carolina, but in all the other Southern States, and volun-

tary offers of military service in defense of our great cause poured in from every quarter." Active preparations for armed resistance were made. Hayne was cool, calm, and collected, firm and determined. "The man of iron will" had met a man with equally as iron a will. "The great pacificator" now stepped in and attempted to lay the storm which he himself had raised. Clay introduced his "Compromise Act," that lowered duties gradually for ten years, the very principle for which Hayne had contended a year before. This was accepted by South Carolina as a peace-offering; the convention, at the instance of Virginia, which sent Benjamin Watkins Leigh as Commissioner to South Carolina, reassembled on March 11, 1833, chose Governor Hayne as president, and repealed the Nullification Ordinance by a vote of 153 ayes to 4 noes; thus a collision of arms was averted. The notorious "Force Bill" was passed at the same time with the Compromise Tariff Act, so that the government bore an olive-branch in one hand and a sword in the other, but the latter was a *brutum fulmen,* and its enforcement would have produced civil war. Referring to these times some years afterwards, the venerable Judge Colcock said: "Hayne is the wisest man I ever met in council; and with all his characteristic prudence he never falters where even the bravest might hesitate." A prominent clergyman of Charleston, and an intimate friend of General Hayne's, wrote to his brother, Colonel A. P. Hayne: "Upon every review of the events of this fearful crisis, I am convinced that Robert Y. Hayne was an instrument prepared by heaven to save the country from the horrors of civil war." It would have been better for the South if the "civil war" had come on the question of the tariff, rather than thirty years later on the question of slavery. The flippant manner in which certain writers speak of the crisis shows a very inadequate conception of the gravity of it.

On the expiration of his term as governor in 1834, Hayne was chosen the first mayor (intendant) of Charleston, and discharged the duties of this position with characteristic energy and efficiency. Afterwards, "through his instrumentality," says his nephew, the late Paul H. Hayne, the poet, the Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Railroad Company was formed for establishing communication between the Atlantic and the West, and of this company he was chosen president in January, 1837, some months before the expiration of his term as mayor of Charleston. "To this undertaking he devoted all the energies of his mind and body," traveling frequently from state to state and delivering addresses in favor of the object. He also conceived the idea of establishing a system of direct trade between the Southern ports and Europe. "Early in 1839 he read before a commercial convention held in Charleston a minute, careful, and inter-

esting report on the advantages of such a system, and the best means to be employed for insuring its success.". Thus, after retiring from political life, with far-seeing wisdom he devoted his time and talents to advancing the material interests of the South.

In September of this year he attended a meeting of the stockholders of the above-mentioned railroad company at Asheville, North Carolina, and presented his report as president for the preceding year. While there he was attacked by bilious fever, and after a short illness of ten days succumbed to the disease, September 24, 1839. His remains were interred temporarily in Asheville, but were afterwards removed to St. Michael's churchyard in Charleston, where a handsome marble obelisk was erected over them by his widow. The inscription on this monument, from the pen of the late Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia, is of chaste beauty and eloquence.

General Hayne's contemporaries and friends speak of him in the highest terms. Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, who entered the United States Senate soon after Hayne left it, says: "His nature was made up of the higher, graver, and more sedate qualities and virtues—wisdom, fortitude, prudence, perseverance, and industry —cardinal qualities, upon the exercise of which the well-being of society depends. . . . Judge White, especially, often spoke of him with enthusiasm, and declared that he had known no man more fit for the Presidency of the United States, a sentiment in which very many concurred."

Hon. B. F. Porter, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, speaking at a meeting held to pay tribute to the memory of Hayne, October 15, 1839, said: "In all the relations of Mr. Hayne's life he was truly a great man. And though I regard it as a species of political blasphemy to compare men of the present day with the great Father of his country, it is no irreverence to say that, if any man of the times, in a pure life, firm and clear mind, and exalted patriotism, presented a resemblance of Washington, it was Robert Y. Hayne."

Hon. George McDuffie, who delivered, by invitation of the citizens of Charleston, the "Eulogy of Hayne's Life and Character," February 13, 1840, pays the highest tribute to his intellectual endowments, his moral character, and the relations of his private life. He says: "A very long and intimate acquaintance justifies me in saying that I never have known any public man who more habitually acted under the influence of a deep and conscientious sense of the obligations of duty. It was, indeed, the governing motive and animating principle of his whole conduct. All other considerations were absorbed in it. But it was not so much by any one faculty standing out in prominent relief, as by the admirable adjustment of all his moral and intellectual qualities that he was distinguished from other men.

So harmonious, indeed, were these endowments, so perfect was their symmetry, and so entirely free from the contrast of opposing qualities that we almost lost sight of each particular trait in our admiration of the beautiful and consistent whole. It was this happy concord of high moral and intellectual qualities, all acting in concert and mutually sustaining each other, that rendered him in every emergency of his eventful career in all respects equal to the occasion. In a word, they constituted wisdom in council and unfaltering firmness and self-possession in action—qualities for which few men have been so eminently distinguished." With respect to his public career McDuffie says also: "It is a fact every way worthy of being recorded to his own honor, and as an example to all youthful aspirants after distinction and fame in the service of their country, that during his whole career as a public man, commencing at a very early age and embracing almost every grade of office, civil and military, he never in a single instance solicited, even in the most indirect manner, the suffrage of a fellow-citizen." In these days of political wire-pulling, this sounds like a voice from Utopia. In his case the office always sought the man.

A writer in the *Charleston Courier* of September 30, 1839, says of him: "Various as was his course of public service, General Hayne proved himself fully equal to every station to which he was called. His abilities were of an eminently practical cast; he was ready in resource, clear in judgment and conception, prompt and energetic in action, fluent and graceful in speech, and endowed with a persuasive eloquence which never failed to find its way to the hearts of the audience, and told with equal effect in the popular assembly and the intelligent legislature. In public life he was pure and patriotic; few men ever enjoyed a higher degree or more undivided share of the public confidence, and there were many, both in and out of his native state, who argued for him the highest honor of our republic."

The public demonstrations on the occasion of his death evinced the high esteem in which he was held. These culminated on February 13, 1840, when, after an imposing civil and military funeral procession, General McDuffie delivered his notable "Eulogy."

The testimony of General Jackson himself may well conclude this brief sketch. In the autumn of 1837 General Hayne was in Nashville on business connected with his railroad. General Jackson, hearing of it, invited him to spend a day with him at "The Hermitage," which invitation was accepted, and a pleasant day was passed. As Hayne rose to go, he said: "General, it is more than probable that we shall never meet again in this world, and as we are about to part, I would say to you, with perfect frankness and sincerity, that if, in the discharge of official duties, circumstances have occurred—and many

such, we both know, have occurred—to shake our friendship, they are now, and ever will be, forgotten."

General Jackson rose from his seat hardly able to stand, and, taking the hand of his guest, said in reply: "Governor Hayne, the kind, frank, and noble sentiments you have just given utterance to are those I truly feel, and from the bottom of my heart I sincerely reciprocate all you say. And now, my dear sir, I rejoice that our mutual friendship is restored, and that we stand together *as of old*. The purity of your character, the virtues which adorn your spotless life as a public man and in the social and domestic circle, won my friendship in our first interview, in 1820, at this place. I say it now, and I say it with pleasure and in sincerity, that, in that great record of your country which belongs to history, your name will stand conspicuous on the roll of her illustrious sons as an able jurist, an elegant orator, a wise counselor, a sagacious and honest statesman."

SPEECH ON THE FOOT RESOLUTION

Thursday, January 21 and Monday, January 25, 1830. From the 'Abridgment of the Debates of Congress,' D. Appleton and Company, 1859.

Mr. Hayne began by saying, that when he took occasion, two days ago, to throw out some ideas with respect to the policy of the Government in relation to the public lands, nothing certainly could have been further from his thoughts than that he should be compelled again to throw himself upon the indulgence of the Senate.

Little did I expect to be called upon to meet such an argument as was yesterday urged by the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster). Sir, I questioned no man's opinions; I impeached no man's motives; I charged no party, or state, or section of the country with hostility to any other; but ventured, I thought in a becoming spirit, to put forth my own sentiments in relation to a great national question of public policy. Such was my course.

The Senator from Massachusetts tells us that the tariff is not an Eastern measure, and treats it as if the East had no interest in it. The Senator from Missouri insists it is not a Western measure, and that it has done no good to the West.

The South comes in, and in the most earnest manner represents to you that this measure, which, we are told, "is of no value to the East or West," is utterly destructive of our interests. We represent to you that it has spread ruin and devastation through the land and prostrated our hopes in the dust. We solemnly declare that we believe the system to be wholly unconstitutional and a violation of the compact between the States and the Union, and our brethren turn a deaf ear to our complaints, and refuse to relieve us from a system "which not enriches them, but makes us poor indeed." Good God! has it come to this? Do gentlemen hold the feelings and wishes of their brethren at so cheap a rate, that they refuse to gratify them at so small a price? Do gentlemen value so lightly the peace and harmony of the country, that they will not yield a measure of this description to the affectionate entreaties and earnest remonstrances of their friends? Do gentlemen estimate the value of the Union at so low a price, that they will not even make one effort to bind the states together with the cords of affection? And has it come to this? Is this the spirit in which this Government is to be administered? If so, let me tell the gentlemen, the seeds of dissolution are already sown, and our children will reap the bitter fruit.

The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster), while he exonerates me personally from the charge, intimates that there is a party in the country who are looking to disunion. Sir, if the gentleman had stopped there, the accusation would "have passed by me as the idle wind which I regard not." But when he goes on to give to his accusation a local habitation and a name, by quoting the expression of a distinguished citizen of South Carolina (Dr. Cooper) "That it was time for the South to calculate the value of the Union," and in the language of the bitterest sarcasm adds, "surely then the Union cannot last longer than July, 1831," it is impossible to mistake either the allusion or the object of the gentleman. Now I call upon every one who hears me to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember that, at the time this unprovoked and uncalled-for attack was made upon the South, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New England, nor had I made the most distant allusion, either to

the Senator from Massachusetts, or the State he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold. I will struggle while I have life for our altars and our firesides, and if God gives me strength, I will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop here. If the gentleman provokes the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemy's territory, and not consent to lay down my arms until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feeling and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty; be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, "that he lives in a glass house," on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one state in this Union (and I say it not in a boastful spirit) that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God.

Domestic discord ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother-country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never, were there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy, and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived and South Carolina, sustained by the examples of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

The Senator from Massachusetts, in denouncing what he is pleased to call the Carolina doctrine, has attempted to throw ridicule upon the idea that a state has any constitutional remedy, by the exercise of its sovereign authority, against "a gross, palpable, and deliberate violation of the Constitution." He calls it "an idle" or "a ridiculous notion," or something to that effect, and added, it would make the Union "a mere rope of sand." Now, sir, as the gentleman has not condescended to enter into any examination of the question, and has been satis-

fied with throwing the weight of his authority into the scale, I do not deem it necessary to do more than to throw into the opposite scale the authority on which South Carolina relies, and there, for the present, I am perfectly willing to leave the controversy. The South Carolina doctrine, that is to say, the doctrine contained in an exposition reported by a committee of the Legislature in December, 1828, and published by their authority, is the good old Republican doctrine of 1798; the doctrine of the celebrated "Virginia Resolutions" of that year and of "Madison's Report" of 1799. It will be recollected that the Legislature of Virginia, in December, 1798, took into consideration the alien and sedition laws, then considered by all Republicans as a gross violation of the Constitution of the United States, and on that day passed, among others, the following resolution:

> The General Assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare, that it views the powers of the Federal Government, as resulting from the compact to which the states are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument consituting that compact, as no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in that compact, and that, in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the said compact, the states who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits, the authorities, rights, and liberties, appertaining to them.

In addition to these resolutions, the General Assembly of Virginia "appealed to the other states in the confidence that they would concur with that Commonwealth that the acts aforesaid (alien and sedition laws) are unconstitutional, and that the necessary and proper measures would be taken by each for coöperating with Virginia in maintaining unimpaired the authorities, rights, and liberties reserved to the states respectively, or to the people."

The Legislatures of several of the New England states having, contrary to the expectation of the Legislature of Virginia, expressed their dissent from these doctrines, the subject came up again for consideration during the session of 1799-1800, when it was referred to a Select Committee, by whom was made that celebrated report which is fam-

iliarly known as "Madison's Report," and which deserves to last as long as the Constitution itself. In that report, which was subsequently adopted by the Legislature, the whole subject was deliberately reëxamined, and the objections urged against the Virginia doctrines were carefully considered. The result was, that the Legislature of Virginia reaffirmed all the principles laid down in the resolutions of 1798, and issued to the world that admirable report which has stamped the character of Mr. Madison as the preserver of that Constitution which he had contributed so largely to create and establish. I will here quote, from Mr. Madison's report, one or two passages which bear more immediately on the point in controversy:

> The resolution, having taken this view of the Federal compact, proceeds to infer, that "in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the said compact, the states who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining, within their respective limits, the authorities, rights and liberties, appertaining to them."
>
> It appears to your committees to be a plain principle, founded on common sense, illustrated by common practice, and essential to the nature of compacts, that, where resort can be had to no tribunal superior to the authority of the parties, the parties themselves must be the rightful judges, in the last resort, whether the bargain made has been pursued or violated. The Constitution of the United States was formed by the sanction of the states, given by each, in its sovereign capacity. It adds to the stability and dignity, as well as to the authority of the Constitution, that it rests on this legitimate and solid foundation. The states then being the parties to the constitutional compact, and in their sovereign capacity, it follows, of necessity, that there can be no tribunal, above their authority, to decide, in the last resort, whether the compact made by them be violated; and, consequently, that, as the parties to it, they must, themselves, decide in the last resort, such questions as may be of sufficient magnitude to require their interposition.
>
> The resolution has guarded against any misapprehension of its object, by expressly requiring, for such an interposition, "the case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous breach of the Constitution, by the exercise of powers not granted by it." It must be a case, not of a light and transient nature, but of a nature dangerous to the great purposes for which the Constitution was established.

But the resolution has done more than guard against misconstruction, by expressly referring to cases of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous nature. It specifies the object of the interposition, which it contemplates, to be solely that of arresting the progress of the evil of usurpation, and of maintaining the authorities, rights, and liberties, appertaining to the states, as parties to the Constitution.

From this view of the resolution, it would seem inconceivable that it can incur any just disapprobation from those who, laying aside all momentary impressions, and recollecting the genuine source and object of the Federal Constitution, shall candidly and accurately interpret the meaning of the General Assembly. If the deliberate exercise of dangerous powers, palpably withheld by the Constitution, could not justify the parties to it in interposing, even so far as to arrest the progress of the evil, and thereby to preserve the Constitution itself, as well as to provide for the safety of the parties to it, there would be an end to all relief from usurped power, and a direct subversion of the rights specified or recognized under all the state constitutions, as well as a plain denial of the fundamental principles on which our independence itself was declared.

But, Sir, our authorities do not stop here. The State of Kentucky responded to Virginia, and on the tenth of November, 1798, adopted those celebrated resolutions, well known to have been penned by the author of the Declaration of American Independence. In those resolutions the Legislature of Kentucky declares "that the Government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress."

At the ensuing session of the Legislature, the subject was reëxamined, and, on the fourteenth of November, 1799, the resolutions of the preceding year were deliberately reaffirmed and it was, among other things, solemnly declared "that, if those who administer the General Government be permitted to transgress the limits fixed by that compact, by a total disregard to the special delegations of power therein contained, an annihilation of the State governments, and the erection, upon their ruins, of a general consolidated govern-

ment, will be the inevitable consequence. That the principle and construction contended for, by several of the State Legislatures, that the General Government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop nothing short of despotism, since the discretion of those who administer the Government, and not the Constitution, would be the measure of their powers. That the several states who formed that instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction; and that a nullification by those sovereignties, of all unauthorized acts, done under color of that instrument, is the rightful remedy."

Time and experience confirmed Mr. Jefferson's opinion on this all-important point. In the year 1821 he expressed himself in this emphatic manner: "It is a fatal heresy to suppose that either our State governments are superior to the Federal, or the Federal to the State; neither is authorized literally to decide which belongs to itself or its co-partner in government; in differences of opinion between their different sets of public servants the appeal is to neither, but to their employers, peaceably assembled by their representatives in convention." The opinions of Mr. Jefferson on this subject have been so repeatedly and so solemnly expressed, that they may be said to have been the most fixed and settled convictions of his mind.

In the protest prepared by him for the Legislature of Virginia, in December, 1825, in respect to the powers exercised by the Federal Government in relation to the Tariff and Internal Improvements, which he declares to be "usurpations of the powers retained by the states, mere interpolations into the compact, and direct infractions of it," he solemnly reasserts all the principles of the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, protests against "these acts of the Federal branch of the Government as null and void," and declares, that "although Virginia would consider a dissolution of the Union as among the greatest calamities that could befall them, yet it is not the greatest. There is one yet greater; submission to a government of unlimited powers. It is only when the hope of this shall become absolutely desperate, that further forbearance could not be indulged."

In his letter to Mr. Giles, written about the same time, he says:

> I see as you do, and with the deepest affliction, the rapid strides with which the Federal branch of the Government is advancing towards the usurpation of all the rights reserved to the states, and the consolidation in itself of all powers, foreign and domestic, and that, too, by constructions which leave no limits to their powers, etc. Under the power to regulate commerce, they assume indefinitely that also over agriculture and manufactures, etc. Under the authority to establish post-roads, they claim that of cutting down mountains, for the construction of roads, and digging canals, etc. And what is our resource for the preservation of the Constitution? Reason and argument? You might as well reason and argue with the marble columns encircling them, etc. Are we then to stand to our arms, with the hot-headed Georgian? No—(and I say no, and South Carolina has said no)—that must be the last resource. We must have patience and long endurance with our brethren, etc., and separate from our companions only when the sole alternatives left are a dissolution of our Union with them, or submission to a Government without limitation of powers. Between these two evils, when we must make a choice there can be no hesitation.

Such, sir, are the high and imposing authorities in support of the "Carolina Doctrine," which is, in fact, the doctrine of the Virginia resolutions of 1798.

Sir, at that day the whole country was divided on this very question. It formed the line of demarcation between the Federal and Republican parties, and the great political revolution which then took place turned upon the very question involved in these resolutions. That question was decided by the people, and by that decision the Constitution was, in the emphatic language of Mr. Jefferson, "saved at its last gasp." I should suppose, sir, it would require more self-respect than any gentleman here would be willing to assume, to treat lightly doctrines derived from such high sources. Resting on authority like this, I will ask, gentlemen, whether South Carolina has not manifested a high regard for the Union, when, under a tyranny ten times more grievous than the alien and sedition laws, she has hitherto gone no further than to petition, remonstrate, and solemnly to protest against a series of measures which she believes to be wholly unconstitutional

and utterly destructive of her interests? Sir, South Carolina has not gone one step further than Mr. Jefferson himself was disposed to go in relation to the very subject of our present complaints; not a step further than the statesmen from New England were disposed to go under similar circumstances; no further than the Senator from Massachusetts himself once considered as within "the limits of a constitutional opposition." The doctrine that it is the right of a state to judge of the violations of the Constitution on the part of the Federal Government, and to protect her citizens from the operations of unconstitutional laws, was held by the enlightened citizens of Boston, who assembled in Faneuil Hall, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1809. They state in that celebrated memorial that "they looked only to the State Legislature, who were competent to devise relief against the unconstitutional acts of the General Government. That your power (say they) is adequate to that object is evident from the organization of the confederacy."

A distinguished Senator from one of the New England States (Mr. Hillhouse), in a speech delivered here, on a bill for enforcing the embargo, declared: "I feel myself bound in conscience to declare, lest the blood of those who shall fall in the execution of this measure shall be on my head, that I consider this to be an act which directs a mortal blow at the liberties of my country; an act containing unconstitutional provisions, to which the people are not bound to submit, and to which, in my opinion, they will not submit."

And the Senator from Massachusetts himself, in a speech delivered on the same subject, in the other House, said: "This opposition is constitutional and legal; it is, also, conscientious. It rests on settled and sober conviction, that such policy is destructive to the interests of the people, and dangerous to the being of the Government. The experience of every day confirms these sentiments. Men who act from such motives are not to be discouraged by trifling obstacles nor awed by any dangers. They know the limit of constitutional opposition; up to that limit, at their own discretion, they will walk and walk fearlessly." How "the being of the Government" was to be endangered by "constitutional opposition to the embargo," I leave to the gentlemen to explain.

Thus, it will be seen that the South Carolina doctrine is the Republican doctrine of 1798; that it was first promulgated by the fathers of the faith; that it was maintained by Virginia and Kentucky in the worst of times; that it constituted the very pivot on which the political revolution of that day turned; that it embraces the very principles, the triumph of which, at that time, saved the Constitution at its last gasp, and which New England statesmen were not unwilling to adopt, when they believed themselves to be the victims of unconstitutional legislation. Sir, as to the doctrine that the Federal Government is the exclusive judge of the extent, as well as the limitations of its powers, it seems to me to be utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the states. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. If the Federal Government, in all or any of its departments, is to prescribe the limits of its own authority and the states are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide for themselves when the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically "a Government without limitation of powers." The states are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy. I have but one more word to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over them, she has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union, by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved—a firm, manly and steady resistance against usurpation. The measures of the Federal Government have, it is true, prostrated her interests, and will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin. But even this great evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest—a principle which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the states and the people to the feet of the Federal Government, and leaves them nothing that they can call their own. Sir, if the measure of the Federal Government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance

to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No; but the payment of half twenty shillings on the principle on which it was demanded would have made him a slave. Sir, if, in acting on these high motives, if, animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty!"

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

[1856—]

WILLIS H. BOCOCK

"I pray the angel in whose hands the sum
Of mortal fates in mystic darkness lies,
That to the soul which fills these deepening eyes,
Sun-crowned and clear, the spirit of song may come;
That strong-winged fancies, with melodious hum
Of plumèd vans, may touch to sweet surprise
His poet nature, born to glow and rise,
And thrill to worship though the world be dumb;
That love, and will, and genius, all may blend
To make his soul a guiding-star of time,
True to the purest thought, the noblest end,
Full of all richness, gentle, wise, complete,
In whose still heights and most ethereal clime,
Beauty, and faith, and plastic passion meet."
("Lines to W. H. H." From 'Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne.')

IN "the heyday of Southern wealth and power," on March 11, 1856, William Hamilton Hayne, the only child of Paul Hamilton Hayne and Mary Middleton Michel, was born in his father's stately home in Charleston, South Carolina. Left homeless and almost penniless by the war, Paul H. Hayne, of weak constitution and broken health, removed to "Copse Hill," near Groveton, a suburb of Augusta, Georgia. Here Will Hayne lived happily in the rude cabin which his father loved to call the "shanty."

On account of his delicate constitution young Hayne received his education at home, with the exception of a few months' study at Dr. Porter's academy in Charleston. He is not, therefore, a master of the exact sciences or the ancient classics, but one would go far to find a better student of English literature, or a more thorough master of the King's English in critical prose or lyric verse.

As the gift of song was his birthright, and the love of literature, and of art, so no less was the love of Nature born in Paul Hayne's son, and deepened in boyhood's impressionable years in the loving comradeship of many a woodland walk. In his father's words:

"We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
* * * * * * *
Where the tinkling brooklet passes,
Through the heart of dewy grasses;
Will and I
Have heard the mock-bird singing
And the field-lark seen upspringing;
Amid cool forest closes
We have plucked the wild wood roses,
Will and I."

Beginning to write in boyhood, Mr. Hayne began publishing his poems in the magazines in 1879. He was chosen to write and deliver the poem on the occasion of the unveiling of the bust of Sidney Lanier in the Public Library, Macon, Georgia, October 17, 1890. His earlier poems were collected into a volume, 'Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses,' published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, in 1893. These include "Sylvan Lyrics," "From the Sea," "Love Songs and Other Verses," "Quatrains," and "With Children."

Mr. Hayne's style is self-restrained, chastened, quiet, with the serenity of a Southern May morning. Here is no vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, no sophistication, but a genuine direct simplicity, and an easy grace. Of the "French forms" of verse which came into vogue with English versifiers in the seventies of the last century, Mr. Hayne has shown some fondness for the roundel. Everywhere he seems to have taken to heart Edgar Poe's admonition to brevity, and some of his happiest verse is found in the detached "Quatrains." His metrical technique is good.

While he has written various lyrical forms of verse, Mr. Hayne has been especially successful and deservedly praised as a Nature poet. And while he himself regards Robert Burns Wilson as clearly in the lead of all his contemporaries in virile and noble descriptions of Nature, it may be fairly said that even that brilliant and ambitious exponent of the poetic art does not surpass Mr. Hayne in this realm.

His quatrains are gems of purest ray, clear-cut as any crystal, and in this kind of verse he is not surpassed even by his venerated father or by that other prince of poets, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He does not care for narrative forms of blank verse. The octo-syllabic is one of his favorite metres.

Not only in poetry but in prose Mr. Hayne has made an enviable reputation for himself. He has written a number of critical articles for *The American* and other periodicals, and his dialect sketches are

delightful. His "Georgia Humorists" paid glowing and graceful tribute to Judge Longstreet, Colonel W. T. Thompson, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and Joel Chandler Harris; and a sketch of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston rendered eloquent tribute to a most gifted Southern woman. An essay on "Some Famous English Lyrics," read before the Hayne Literary Circle in Augusta, commanded special admiration, and his article in *Lippincott's* on "The Methods of Work of Paul H. Hayne" was received with eager and general interest, as it was a true description by this gifted son of the literary methods and poetic moods of his eminent father.

Personally Mr. Hayne is a very attractive man, and the magnetism which made the father a charming conversationalist and companion grows daily in the son, and adds much to a genial nature and social spirit. His memory for poetry is remarkable, and he can recall and recite nearly all of his poems at will. He is a slender man, of nervous manner, and has very dark hair and deep, sparkling eyes. He is unmarried, and is poetic enough in appearance to remind one of Edgar Allan Poe; but his cheerful temperament will keep him and his verse from the gaunt and gloomy environments of Poe and his "Raven."

Willis H. Bocock.

ICICLES AT THE SOUTH

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The pellets of sleet have ceased to beat
  On the snow-besprinkled ground,
Against the pane, the gathering rain
  Taps with a sullen sound!

Over shreds of snow no wind shall go,
  Curbless, and strong, and fleet!
Only the rain, with a dull refrain,
  Follows the snow and sleet.

* * * * * *

The rain on the trees has ceased to freeze;
  ('Twas molded with quaint device.)
The bent boughs lean, like cimeters keen,
  In scabbards of shining ice.

'Neath frozen cloaks the pines and oaks
  Are stooping like Druids old—
And the cedars stand—an arctic band—
  Held in the clutch of cold.

Through the outer gloom the japonicas bloom,
  With the lustre of rubies bright—
Like blossoms blown from a tropic zone—
  A marvelous land of light!

MAY

How softly comes the breath of bloom
  From quiet garden closes!
And, blended in a rare perfume,
  The royal scent of roses!
How tender is the touch of May
  While gentle winds are blowing,
And in a sweet, yet silent way
  All sylvan things are growing!

How brilliant is the morning dew
  Amid the fields of clover!
Beneath a stainless arch of blue
  The mock-bird is a rover;
His songs are echoed o'er the hills—
  Their boon of music bringing—
Till all the land with wonder fills
  To hear his rapturous singing!

How gracious is the light that gleams
  Across the dancing billows—
Or with a chastened splendor beams
  Above the drooping willows!
How fair are May's benignant feet
  O'er rugged vales and mountains—
And how her magic pulses beat
  Beside the brooks and fountains!

What sudden fervor thrills her blood—
Through grove or garden straying—
To linger o'er some tardy bud
And chide its long delaying!
What pure contentment fills her breast,
Through thick-leaved forests roaming,
To find the peaceful birds at rest
Beneath the dews of gloaming!

What month so musical and bright,
So rife with vernal glory—
All garmented in air and light,
Like some Arcadian story!
Oh! fragrant is the breath of May
In tranquil garden closes—
And soft yet regal is her sway
Among the spring-tide roses!

THROUGH WOODLAND WAYS

I wander afar through the forest
In the dew-laden lustre of morn,
With the grace of the summer pervading
Old thickets of brier and thorn;
I hear a gay medley of music,
Song-fervor unfettered by words,
And feel the uplifting that follows
A metrical mood of the birds.

I wander afar through the forest,
By the calm, glassy curves of the creek;
Bird-houses are built in the tree-tops,
For high are the homes that they seek;
I look at the gossamer glory
Of the mansions the spiders have made,
While the boughs that droop over the water
Cast flickering frescoes of shade.

I wander afar through the forest,
And flower-breaths float on the breeze
With odors whose sweetness should summon
A rhythmical raid of the bees;

I hear a swift tap that betokens
A woodpecker busy with bark,
And see the bright nonpareils flitting
Far off from the haunts of the lark.

I wander alone through the forest,
Beside the green coverts of cane,
And watch on the edge of the water
The long, snowy neck of a crane.
How fleetly the minnows are gliding
Over silvery shallows of sand,
While the minstrels of evening are hidden
In the loneliest nooks of the land!

I wander afar through the forest;
With flower-breaths borne on the breeze,
An incense of Arcady floating
'Mid the foliaged aisles of the trees.
I ramble through sunshine and shadow,
With the mock-birds and thrushes in tune.
Wild roses and woodbine about me,
'Till the morning is merged into noon.

TO TOCCOA FALL

Borne swiftly from your lofty ledge
Impetuous o'er the rock's rough edge,
You seemed, from that long gorge below,
A vision wrought of mist and snow.

But now I hear your soft refrain
Of rhythmic kinship to the rain,
As if a summer shower had found
An immortality of sound.

CROWNED

The rain retreating from the West,
  Leaves mists around the mountain's breast;
But o'er its loftiest peak apart
  One strange cloud holds the sunset's heart.

It lies upon the mountain's head,
  A vaporous crown of gold and red,
And seems amid the silence grand
  A coronation from God's hand.

THE EMIGRANTS

A Robin's Song.

We fly far southward when the sky
  Foretells the fall of snow;
Or filled with arctic fretfulness
  The churlish east winds blow.
We bid farewell to Northern farms
  Where summer-time was sweet,
And preen our wings to leave behind
  The warfare of the sleet!

Our hearts abhor the callous cold,
  In sodden fields and drear;
We need no compass made by man
  To navigate the air;
And so our course is swift and free
  O'er sullen leagues of ground,
But always in the twilight trees
  Brief anchorage is found!

Our eager voyage ends at last,
  And brings us joy for gloom;
We find the evergreens have kept
  Their brotherhood of bloom,

The holly boughs, in fadeless garb,
  Our wandering wings invite,
As though their shining berries held
  Warm scraps of morning light!

The sumachs hoard their choicest wine,
  The China-trees their gold—
They know our wish to emigrate
  Before the woods are cold!
To every crimson growth we lay
  More than ancestral claim,
For God endows us at our birth
  With breasts of living flame!

We fly far southward from the clouds—
  The snow-clouds wan as death,
Where hid in arctic stealthiness
  The North Wind holds his breath;
We bid farewell to summer homes,
  Our small bird-pulses beat,
And in an ecstacy of flight
  We leave the snow and sleet!

VERNAL PROPHECIES

To-day the wind has a milder range,
And seems to hint of a secret change;
For the gossipy breezes bring to me
The delicate odor of buds to be
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

Those forces of nature we cannot see—
The procreant power in plant and tree,
Shall bring at last to the waiting thorn
The wealth of the roses yet unborn
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The early grass in a sheltered nook,
Unsheathes its blades near the forest brook;
In the first faint green of the elm I see
A gracious token of leaves to be
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The peach-trees brighten the river's brink,
With their dainty blossoms of white and pink,
And over the orchard there comes to me
The subtle fragrance of fruit to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The rigor of winter has passed away,
While the earth seems yearning to meet her May,
And the voice of a bird in melodious glee,
Foretells the sweetness of songs to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

TO A SWALLOW

I saw your kindred by the sea
Flit through the sunshine dreamily—
I felt because the month was May
A little while they needs must stay,
Though time is always flitting.

Borne on blithe wings across the lea
You pause wave-tranced beside the sea,
When Spring with airy touch beguiles
The serious water into smiles,
Though time is always flitting.

When Autumn's busy shuttle weaves
A fatal net-work, round the leaves,
Your brothers preen their wings and flee
To sheltered cliffs beyond the sea
While time is softly flitting.

You have a minstrel's right to roam
Far from the nested warmth of home,
And circling o'er this barren hill
How joyously you seem to trill
While time is softly flitting.

Through your sweet notes I almost hear
The happy water gurgling near,—
And yet I feel you soon shall fly
Swift as a wind-song through the sky,
While time is softly flitting!

THE RED-BIRD

I watch his wings in thickets dim,
For sunset seems to follow him—

Sunset from some mysterious West,
Whose crimson glory girds his breast.

A wingèd ruby wrought of flame,
Whence comes his beauty? whence his name?

Clear as a bright awakening beam
Through the vague vista of a dream,

An answer comes. I seem to feel
The flash of armor, glint of steel,

The whirr of arrows quick and keen,
The battle-axe's baleful sheen,

The long, relentless spear whose thrust
Makes the mad foeman writhe in dust;

The din of conflict and the stress
Of War's incarnate angriness; . . .

A wavering mass; . . . a panic wrought
Swift as some stormy burst of thought;—

Then distance hides a vanquished host,
And sound becomes a wandering ghost.

But soon I see, half poised in air,
And stricken by a nameless fear,

A small brown-breasted bird, whose eyes
Are clouded with a deep surprise—

The earliest bird with terror rife
At a wild waste of human life.

How soon his dread to wonder turns
As downward where a life-stream burns

He darts and dips his quivering wings,
While o'er his heart the crimson clings!

With ruthful eyes and reverent face
He hovers slowly o'er the place;

And when at last his wings are spread,
A lurid lustre crowns his head,

And his bright body soars afar,
Red as autumnal sunsets are.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD

I

When bending o'er a blossom's cup
To draw its liquid sweetness up,

You act as though, in honied lore,
You were a sylvan epicure!

And soon above its brittle stem,
Bright as a fairy's diadem,

To some unsullied bloom you dart,
And drain the nectar from its heart!

O'er lily leaves or fragrant vines
Your dainty body sways and shines,

Until to some rich rose it clings,
With kindred color in its wings!

II

Why are you always fleet and bright,
With blended attributes of light?

Is it because in some far time
Your sires of an elder clime

To the young Earth were swiftly drawn
From the pure potencies of dawn,

And through the grace of Heaven increased
From the first sunrise in the East?

THE SCREECH-OWL

I

He loves the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

When the sun's latest glow has fled,
Weird as a warning from the dead,

His voice comes o'er the startled rills,
And the black hollows of the hills,

As though to chant, in language fell,
An invocation caught from Hell!

II

He seeks the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

He loves to think man's breath must pass
Like a spent wind amid the grass;

And oft the bitterest blows of Fate,
His eerie cries anticipate!

Ah! once he knew in realms below
The mysteries of Death and Woe;

And in his sombre wings are furled
The secrets of the under world!

THE SOUTHERN SNOW-BIRD

I see a tiny fluttering form
Beneath the soft snow's soundless storm
'Mid a strange noonlight palely shed
Through mocking cloud-rifts overhead.

All other birds are far from sight—
They think the day has turned to night;
But he is cast in hardier mould,
This chirping courier of the cold.

He does not come from lands forlorn,
Where midnight takes the place of morn;
Nor did his dauntless heart, I know,
Beat first above Siberian snow;

And yet an arctic bird he seems
Though nurtured near our southern streams,
The tip of his small tail may be
A snow-storm in epitome.

A MEADOW SONG

O come to the meadow, with me,
  For the lark is hovering high,
To bathe in the light of the sun
  And the south winds wandering by!
A thrush by the rivulet's rim
  Grows gay from the breath of the grass,
And sings to his sweetheart, the brook,
  That mirrors his love like a glass!

O come to the meadow with me—
  Bird-music is gleeful and good
With Nature's full chorus of winds
  From the wonderful heart of the wood!
Forget-me-nots gleam in the grass,
  For the morning is mirthful with love—
From robins that roam in the glen
  To the palpitant wings of the dove.

O come to the meadow with me,
To the rivulet's emerald edge,
And hear the low lilt of the stream
Where the dew-drops encircle the sedge;
The young leaves look up to the sky,
And the red-birds come hither to roam—
They love the brook's lyrical flow
And its delicate fret-work of foam!

O come to the meadow with me
While the music of morning is heard,
And the rapture of fetterless song
Is sent from the heart of a bird!
Come hither and wander with me
For Nature is breathing of love
From violets veiled in the grass
To the tremulous wings of the dove!

CANNOT SING WITH THE ROBINS

The feathered throng
Make soft with song
The barbèd holly-trees—
Along the stream
Their red breasts gleam
Light-hearted as the breeze!

Their music floats
From gentle throats
Set to the self-same tune,
Whose joyance seems
Like winter dreams
Of resurrected June!

They fill with cheer
The new-born year
And chirp on bough and stem—
My heart forlorn
Feels sorrow's thorn
And cannot sing with them!

A LOVER'S DOUBT

If we but knew that Love and Life were one
On heights that rise beyond the baffling blue,
How bravely would the heart's swift seasons run,
If we but knew!

Ah, should continuance of Love be true,
How vain the webs that mystery has spun
In Sphinx-like silence o'er the spirit's view!

Does Nature foster hope through sky and sun
On mornings bountiful with light and dew?
Was Love made endless when the world begun?—
If we but knew!

THE DIFFERENCE

I

She stood beside the summer sea
As radiant as the morn—
I read in her enraptured eyes
That Love was born.

II

She crouched beside the winter sea
As though all hope had fled—
I saw within her haggard eyes
That Love was dead.

TIME AND I

We are two travelers, Time and I,
Through gay or gloomy weather,
And since he hailed me at my birth,
We've always been together!

He led me through the land of youth,
He journeys onward ever,
And helped my toiling footsteps climb
The hills of high endeavor.

We are two travelers, Time and I,
Through harsh or happy weather
Unsolved the secrets of his soul,
Though we have walked together!

He guards the mysteries of the world,
Life, Death, Disease and Sorrow;
He knows so much, so little I,
And we must part to-morrow.

THE CUP-BEARER

Suggested by Canova's Hebe.

Motion that seems in ecstacy of ease,
Unfettered as the movement of a breeze,
With firm fair limbs in whose unrivalled grace
Perennial youth has found a dwelling-place.

Her hand upholds the life-compelling draught,
That clear keen nectar which the gods have quaffed,
While roseate tints from high Olympus meet
Around the curvature of faultless feet.

THE ANGEL AND MY FATHER

"The Angel men called Death."—*Face to Face.*

The tender angel that he knew
Came to him from the starlit blue,
And when his last life-force had sped
Soft heavenly fingers touched his head.

The angel spake: "Behold in me
God's herald from eternity!
On earth thy spirit saw in mine
Clear guidance to the Love Divine,

"Therefore I bless thee, ere we go
To realms no mortal man may know,
To heights beyond the utmost reach
Of yearning human thought and speech."

My father's voice grew clear and sweet;
He knelt beside the angel's feet—
"All hail!" said he. "Show me the goal
Where sin is lifted from the soul.

"Oh, take me through the void of space
To meet God's mercy 'face to face!'
Long have I heard thy sacred call,
Lead me to Christ: *He died for all!*

"But heal, dear angel, this deep woe,
From wounds of parting, ere I go;
Let those who love me when unseen
Keep in their hearts my memory green."

The angel answered: "O'er thy dust
True love abides and changeless trust."
Then, clad in faith's unfaltering light,
They journeyed upward through the night.

THE HEAD OF NIOBE

In the Uffizi Gallery.

Lips that withhold the anguish she had known,
Perpetual pathos in the voiceless stone—
The eyes decreed in dead Olympian years
A mournful immortality of tears.

THE BUST OF KRONOS

In the Vatican Museum.

A half-veiled head, a sad, unfurrowed face,
Titanic power and more than mortal grace;
Across wan lips and eyes bereft of light
The awful shadow of unending night.

TO MY FATHER

Written on his fifty-sixth birthday.

It matters not that Time has shed
His thawless snow upon your head,
For he maintains, with wondrous art,
Perpetual summer in your heart.

DUALITY

Some hearts that seem as candid as the sky
Are burnished by a bland hypocrisy,
While others like rude ore within the mould
Need but assayer's skill to prove them gold.

A SEA LYRIC

From *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1903. Copyright by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and used by permission of the publishers.

There is no music that man has heard
  Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
Whose major and minor chords are fraught
  With infinite mystery;
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
  Like the love of the deep-souled Sea,
Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft light
  With marvelous melody;
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
  Like the grief of the worldless Main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
  With an untranslated pain;

For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

THE MYSTIC POLE

From *Century Magazine*, May, 1904. Copyright by The Century Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

Ah! shall we see at Death's dark pole
A halcyon Passage of the Soul?
From Arctic awe and mystery free
Shall we behold Life's Open Sea,
Where sunlit billows laugh and leap,
And not one heart is numbed with sleep?

WORDS AND FLOWERS

From *The Smart Set*. Copyright by Smart Set Publishing Company, and used by permission of the publishers.

If words could turn to flowers
  From sunny garden-plots,
Then would I cheer your hours
  With fair forget-me-nots.

If words could grow like flowers,
  And shed their perfumes sweet,
Then would I throw in showers
  Fresh roses at your feet.

If words could soothe like flowers,
  And burgeon as they please,
I'd build for you rare bowers
  Of pansies and heartsease.

If words could woo like flowers,
  Undimmed with doubt or fear,
Blessed by the vernal powers,
  Then I would win you, dear!

SCANDAL

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Far blacker than a raven's wings,
It croaks and feeds on unclean things,
Nor lets the shadow of a doubt
Soften the lie it burrows out.

With tongue-blades keener than a knife,
It probes the bleeding wounds of life—
Lays bare the motive and the deed,
And carrion makes from flower-seed.

It mangles love, and smears with lust
Lilies of purity and trust—
Battens on sins of king or slave,
And fouls with slime a new-made grave.

A SONG OF MEMORY

From *Harper's Bazar*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission of the publishers.

In the tumult of cities she slips away,
  But wherever the woods are green
My half closed petals of life expand
  At the touch of the tender queen;
    For she comes from the land of Youth,
    Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
    And the light of the vanished years.

She shed the rays of her sun-bright face
  When my soul was in deep eclipse,
And has blown the dust of my thoughts afar,
  With the rose breath of her lips;
    For she comes from the land of Youth,
    Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
    And the light of the vanished years.

She led me back to the hills of home,
By Arcadian woods and streams,
And has clothed the grace of the days gone by
In a vesture born of dreams;
For she comes from the land of Youth,
Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
And the light of the vanished years.

WHEN DOGWOOD BRIGHTENS THE GROVES OF SPRING

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When dogwood brightens the groves of spring
And the gold of jasmine gleams,
When mating birds in the forest sing,
Ah! that is the time for dreams,
For thoughts of love that are always new—
Though as old as the ancient world—
Forever fresh as the May-time dew
In the breast of the rose impearled.

When timid green on the thorn-tree grows—
Like love at the verge of hate—
And air from the apple orchard flows
Through the springtide's open gate,
When drowsy winds o'er the lilies pass,
And the wings of the thrush are shy;
When violets bloom in the new-born grass,
With the tints of a tropic sky;

When jonquils borrow the sun's warm ray,
And the woodbine lures the bee;
When the heart that was once a waif and stray
Returns like a ship from sea—
Ah! that is the time that no man grieves
Who woos with the wooing dove,
For the hearts of men and the hearts of leaves
Are throbbing with hope and love!

THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE

From *Harper's Weekly*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission of the publishers.

We walk in a world where no man reads
The riddle of things that are;
From a tiny fern in the valley's heart
To the light of the largest star;
Yet we know that the pressure of life is hard
And the silence of death is deep,
As we fall and rise on the tangled way
That leads to the gates of Sleep.

We know that the problems of Sin and Pain,
And the passions that lead to crime,
Are the mysteries locked from age to age
In the awful vault of Time;
Yet we lift our weary feet and strive
Through the mire and mist to grope
And find a ledge on the mount of Faith
In the morning land of Hope.

LINES ON THE DEDICATION OF THE GEORGIAN-CAROLINIAN FAIR

O, sisters, so close to each other—
Divided, yet never apart,
With the great river rolling between you,
Like the throb of a rhythmical heart—
Be true to the past and its prowess,
Yet arise with the future new-born,
The stars shine receding above you
In the limitless light of the morn!

You seem like twin mothers elated
By the joy which the present reveals—
The triumphs of toil and patience
In the fruitage of far-reaching fields,

And you see, with a vision prophetic,
Full harvests in acres now bare—
The wealth and the warmth of the future
From the blending of earth and of air.

For looming benignly above you,
The Goddess of Industry stands,
With a girdle of roses around her,
And a grain-sheaf upheld in her hands,
She points to the hill-slopes and valleys—
The verdure of furrow and tree,
To the strength of majestic endeavor,
And the conquests of Commerce to be.

POEM

For the unveiling of the bust of Sidney Lanier, at Macon, Georgia, October 17, 1884

Unveil the noble brow, the deep-souled eyes,
Wherein melodious unities
Of Music and of Poetry were born,
For undeterred by care's half sluggish thorn—
Barbed oft with suffering—he bravely brought
To Song's full bloom his lyric buds of thought.

Here love and homage shall alike proclaim
The undying whiteness of our poet's fame;
Wed to the marble, yet exempt from the cold
As winter clouds blessed by the sun's warm gold.
And now I hear
Far off yet clear
Two voices that are one—
For drawing close to Music's feet
'Tis thus her Lyric sister sweet
Sings of their cherished son!

Strong-winged and free each mood of me
Thrilled through his heart and brain—
His soul was lit by lights that flit
Across the wavering grain!

The marshes drear he made a prayer
With words whose wondrous flight
Bore thoughts that reach, through rhythmic speech,
To sunlands out of sight!

He let no seed from Doubt's dark weed
Fall in the holy shrine
Where song was bred, by music led
To beckoning heights divine!
And seldom mute his silver flute
Invoked with matchless art
Each wave of sound by Silence bound
Within her vestal heart!

Death's arctic fear—"a cordial rare"
To his enraptured dream—
Came from the blue his spirit knew
Of love and faith supreme!
His "Sunrise" song, with rapture strong,
Rose like a lark in light
Who feels the sway of sovereign Day
Reign o'er the mists of Night!

He loved the flow of the winds that blow
To "odor-currents" set—
The gem-like hue of fleeting dew,
Frail rose and violet—
The soul in trees whose litanies
His reverent spirit heard;
The corn-blades rife with vernal life,
The rune of bee or bird!

Strong-winged and free each mood of me
Thrilled through his heart and brain—
His soul was lit by lights that flit
Across the wavering grain.
The marshes drear he made a prayer
With words, whose wondrous flight
Bore thoughts that reach, through rhythmic speech,
To sunlands out of sight!

THOMAS JEFFERSON

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VOLUME VI

HEARN—JOHNSTON

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LAFCADIO HEARN

[1850—1904]

CHARLES W. KENT

BROTHER in impressionistic prose to Pierre Loti—producing a style instinct with sensation, color and melody—Lafcadio Hearn first saw the light of day on the Island of Santa Maura, off the eastern coast of Greece, June 27, 1850. Anciently the deeply wooded, mountainous Ionian Isle had been called Leucadia (in modern Greek Levkas or Lefcada), and hence the name given the gifted son of Rose Cerigote, a beautiful Greek girl, and Surgeon-major Charles Bush Hearn, of the Seventy-sixth Foot, who were married according to Greek rites in Santa Maura. Here, where Sappho is reputed to have flung herself to death from the "rock of woe," little Lafcadio spent his earliest years, until England ceded the Ionian Isle to Greece, which necessitated the return of Dr. Hearn and his family to Dublin, Ireland. Afterwards, in his "Dream of a Summer Day," Hearn recalled that faraway birthplace of tragedies and romance: "I have memory of a place and a magical time, in which the sun and the moon were larger and brighter than now. Whether it was of this life or of some life before I cannot tell, but I know the sky was very much more blue and nearer the world. . . . The sea was alive and used to talk and the wind made me cry out for joy when it touched me."

Though Irish skies and scenes had suited the Hearns for three generations—the original head of the family having passed over from Dorsetshire to Meath in 1693 as private chaplain to a Lord Lieutenant—they offered a cheerless setting to the sun-loving Greek girl. Misunderstanding and unhappiness followed apace, and when Lafcadio was in his seventeenth year, with a brother three years his junior, the miserable mother fled to Smyrna, leaving her dark-eyed, odd-looking children to the care of their indifferent father. The marriage was annulled and in time both parents contracted other nuptial ties. From this sensational break the sensitive elder son never recovered, and it probably sowed the seeds of that morbid distrust of closest friends, which became a fixed trait in his mature character.

Lafcadio, a passionate, sickly boy, was adopted by his grand-aunt, Mrs. Brenans, the widow of a wealthy Irishman, and taken to live in Wales, where he passed a strange childhood. Mrs. Brenans was

a convert to the Roman Catholic Church and was extremely bigoted, being surrounded by fawning priests and converted *protégés*. One of these, however, known as "Cousin Jane," bequeathed him a number of classics and very soon he began to delight in mythology. His pious protectress, realizing his extraordinary devotion to "pagan gods," had him put under religious tutelage. Catechism and confession took the place of his beloved deities, and from even that early period he cherished his resentment against Romanism.

Little is known of his life between seven and nineteen, but the glimpses caught suffice to prove it an area of almost unrelieved dissatisfaction and wretchedness. Two years are supposed to have been spent in a Jesuit College in the northern part of France, which would account for his intimate and unusual knowledge of the French language. Certain it is that he was near Durham, where his student days evidently ended 1865, in all probability due to the distressing accident there which ruined the sight of one eye and impaired that of the other. A knot at the end of a rope used in a boyish game caused the dire misfortune, which thereafter was a source of perpetual distress to him. About the same time he became estranged from his grand-aunt and their connection was severed for good and all. Doubtless her crowd of parasites helped the cause along; for when she died, a few years later, they had sucked dry her substance, and little remained of her estate.

These were dark days for Lafcadio Hearn, tramping through the endless London streets, ill and half-blind. Details are happily lost, but it is stated in a letter of his that he was penniless, friendless, and sick in the great metropolis. Once he took service as a servant and once he was an inmate of the workhouse! Fragments of autobiographic papers, found after his death, shed these bits of crepuscular light upon his clouded early career.

Some time in 1869—the exact date remains obscure—he came to the new world to seek betterment. How he managed the trip is also unrecorded; but he arrived in New York City, and for almost two years wandered hither and thither with nothing to recommend him to an employer. Odd jobs fell in his way, however, and while buffeting the blows of fate he made a friend in an Irish carpenter, a fellow-exile, who allowed him to sleep on the shavings, together with other privileges. In return Lafcadio ran errands and performed some simple bookkeeping. But these pursuits, together with hours spent in public libraries, could not continue forever. Unrest urged him farther west, and at the end of two years he journeyed on an emigrant train to Cincinnati, Ohio, where indulging in mean employments, among which was that of assistant to a Syrian street peddler, he secured regular work as type-setter and proof-reader

with the Robert Clark Company. While here he endeavored to introduce a punctuation reform which gained him among his fellows the soubriquet of "Old Semicolon."

Mechanical labor could not long satisfy his artistic nature, and he gave up his position with the publishers to become the private secretary of Thomas Vickers, then a librarian of the Cincinnati public library. Here his insatiable appetite for erudite matters was somewhat appeased, and he made the most of the opportunity; but early in 1874 he was engaged as a general reporter on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Forthwith market reports and kindred things were ground out until a chance opened a more congenial field to him in an assignment on an atrocious murder, which he wrote up with such gruesome power that the town experienced a nine days' thrill of horror. Colonel John A. Cockerill, then in charge of the *Enquirer,* was not slow to see the advantage of making Hearn a descriptive and sensational writer on his paper. That year of 1874 also found the young journalist combining forces with H. F. Farney, the artist, on an amorphous Sunday publication called *Ge Giglampz*, which met an early and well-earned death within nine weeks. During the following year he resigned from the *Enquirer* and went on the *Gazette,* but in 1876 became a regular reporter for the *Commercial.* Foremost among the friends he made in Cincinnati at this time were Joseph Timison and H. E. Krehbiel, the latter well-known musical critic becoming his favorite companion in many curious explorations of the polyglot slums in search for "material," particularly that which was strange and exotic.

Outside of this journalistic wear and tear he devoted his time to the study of the French Romantic school, and their passion for *le mot juste* became his. Hours stolen from sleep would be given to the transliteration of Theophile Gautier, whose works, replete with the fantastic and bizarre, were his daily diet. Poor eyesight could not deter his purpose, no more than a poor purse could prevent the buying of dictionaries and thesauri. And it will be remembered that his maiden volume contained inimitable translations of six tales by Gautier, under the general title of 'One of Cleopatra's Nights' (1882).

Cincinnati eventually wearied him, and Southern scenes powerfully appealing to his senses, as they had ever done, he went to New Orleans in the year 1877. Poverty and self-sacrifice again awaited him, but it was during his sojourn in Louisiana that he developed into one of the great literary stylists of the Nineteenth Century. At first he read proof, clipped exchanges and wrote editorials for a minor journal called the *Daily Item.* Occasionally he contributed a translation, usually something weird or wonderful, and again he

would fashion the original story or essay which subsequently were known as his "fantastics." Despite carpet-bagger misrule and an epidemic of yellow fever which greeted him in the new environment, he enjoyed living among the people of New Orleans; the half-tropical life of the town had a peculiar appeal for him. Always anxious to free himself from the drudgery of daily journalism, he exercised economy, putting his small savings into several literary schemes, but all such ventures were failures and he came out of them poorer than ever. Chief among his fond dreams was that of opening a second-hand bookshop, but it never became a reality.

Instead, in 1881, by good fortune he was brought into contact with the personnel of the reorganized *Times-Democrat,* upon which he was given employment. The staff included such unusual men as Charles Whitney, Honoré Burthe, and John Augustin, while Page M. Baker was editor-in-chief. Amid these choice spirits Lafcadio Hearn found true appreciation of his genius, and thus encouraged he produced his unique translations from the French writers Gautier, De Maupassant, and Loti—together with editorials on the oddest subjects, revealing his love of recondite research. These beautiful bits of *belles-lettres* were eagerly sought and read by a small but enthusiastic *clientèle.* In this fashion appeared the contents of three of his earlier works: 'One of Cleopatra's Nights,' 'Stray Leaves from Strange Literature,' and 'Some Chinese Ghosts.' To this period also belongs his collection of Creole proverbs published in 1885, under the title of 'Gombo Zhêbes,' which was the result of laborious study of oral literature.

A visit paid in the summer of 1884 to Grande Isle, one of the islands lying in the Gulf of Mexico, resulted in his successful novelette 'Chita, A Story of Last Island,' which was originally published in the *Times-Democrat* under the name of "Torn Letters." It won wider recognition than had been accorded to any previous efforts, and 'Chita' enabled him to carry out his cherished ambition of penetrating farther into the tropics. The Harpers, the publishers of his last tale, commissioned him to undertake the journey for them, and in 1887 he left New Orleans to sail for the Windward Islands. He went as far south as British Guiana, and during his sojourn wrote a number of travel-sketches, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine.* The tropical world infatuated him, and after finishing the work assigned to him by the Harpers, he returned to live in Martinique. His next book, 'Two Years in the French West Indies,' was the outcome of his experiences and presented a minute and brilliant record of his vivid impressions.

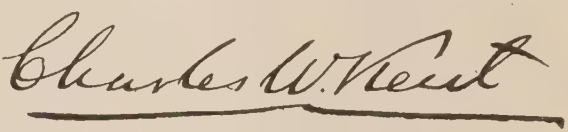
New York, after a lapse of almost twenty years, again saw Lafcadio Hearn in 1889, when he returned there to correct the final

proofs of 'Chita' before its issuance in book form. Money was not plentiful, however, and only by dint of extraordinary labor—the translation of Anatole France's 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard' in a couple of weeks—did he manage to keep his head above water. Finally he made an arrangement with the Harpers to go to Japan and write articles from there, after the same manner as his West Indian essays. The route chosen was by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and on May 8, 1890, Lafcadio Hearn left for the East never to return to America.

During the voyage he discovered that the artist with him was to receive more than double the pay allowed him. Abruptly he severed his contract. Fortunately he had a letter of introduction to Paymaster Mitchell McDonald, a young American naval officer stationed at Yokohama, and the letter opened the way for the stranger. In August, 1890, Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain secured him a position in a school at Matsue, and here he began making those now well-known studies of the Japanese people, their customs, manners and civilization, which continued for an uninterrupted period of fourteen years, and of which 'Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan' (1894) was the first volume, and 'Japan; an Interpretation' (1904) the last. Lafcadio Hearn became a favorite with his pupils and with the Japanese people at large. In January, 1891, he married Setsu Koizumi, a lady of high Samurai rank. Thereupon he renounced his English allegiance to become a subject of the Mikado, that his children might never suffer a doubtful position. He was adopted into his wife's family, and assumed their name together with the personal title "Yakumo," which signifies "Eight-clouds."

Matsue proved too severe a climate for him and he was transferred to the Great Government College at Kumamoto, the town in which his first child was born. Three years later, in 1895, he again changed his place of residence by removing to Kobe, where he engaged in journalistic work on the *Chronicle*. But the work told upon his weak eyesight, and he was compelled to abandon it. Through the influence of Professor Chamberlain he was given the position of Professor of English in the Imperial University of Tokio, where he remained a number of years. His salary was comparatively large, but not enough to support his increasing family. Constant ill-health, too, depleted his literary energies, and so hindered that source of income. During 1902, he wrote to American friends invoking their aid in securing work among them, and a course of lectures was arranged for Cornell University. Fate was against him, however, in the form of refusal to leave Tokio University even for a lecture-season, and this led to resignation. Then an epidemic of typhoid at Ithaca depleted Cornell funds and the authorities with-

drew from their contract. The gloomy prospect was somewhat relieved by negotiations with the University of London for a series of lectures and by his securing the chair of English at the Weseda Univérsity; but violent illness intervened which left him broken. On the twenty-sixth of September, 1904, while walking on his veranda, he died suddenly, and his burial was effected according to Buddhistic rites. A critic, speaking of him, said he was "the one alien who is the true adopted child of the Japanese mysteries."



THE TRADITION OF THE TEA-PLANT

From 'Some Chinese Ghosts.' Copyright by Little, Brown and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

"Good is the continence of the eye;
Good is the continence of the ear;
Good is the continence of the nostrils;
Good is the continence of the tongue;
Good is the continence of the body;
Good is the continence of speech;
Good is all. . . ."

Again the Vulture of Temptation soared to the highest heaven of his contemplation, bringing his soul down, down, reeling and fluttering, back to the World of Illusion. Again the memory made dizzy his thought, like the perfume of some venomous flower. Yet he had seen the bayadere for an instant only, when passing through Kasí upon his way to China, —to the vast empire of souls that thirsted after the refreshment of Buddha's law, as sun-parched fields thirst for the life-giving rain. When she called him, and dropped her little gift into his mendicant's bowl, he had indeed lifted his fan before his face, yet not quickly enough; and the penalty of that fault had followed him a thousand leagues—pursued after him even into the strange land to which he had come to bear the words of the Universal Teacher. Accursed beauty! surely framed by the Tempter of tempters, by Mara himself, for the perdition of the just! Wisely had Bhagavat warned his disci-

ples: "O ye Çramanas, women are not to be looked upon! And if ye chance to meet women, ye must not suffer your eyes to dwell upon them; but, maintaining holy reserve, speak not to them at all. Then fail not to whisper unto your own hearts, 'Lo, we are Çramanas, whose duty it is to remain uncontaminated by the corruptions of this world, even as the Lotos, which suffereth no vileness to cling unto its leaves, though it blossom amid the refuse of the wayside ditch.'" Then also came to his memory, but with a new and terrible meaning, the words of the Twentieth-and-Third of the Admonitions:—

"Of all attachments unto objects of desire, the strongest indeed is the attachment to form. Happily, this passion is unique; for were there any other like unto it, then to enter the Perfect Way were impossible."

How, indeed, thus haunted by the illusion of form, was he to fulfil the vow that he had made to pass a night and a day in perfect and unbroken meditation? Already the night was beginning! Assuredly, for sickness of the soul, for fever of the spirit, there was no physic save prayer. The sunset was swiftly fading out. He strove to pray:—

"O the Jewel in the Lotos!

"Even as the tortoise withdraweth its extremities into its shell, let me, O Blessed One, withdraw my senses wholly into meditation!

"O the Jewel in the Lotos!

"For even as rain penetrateth the broken roof of a dwelling long uninhabited, so may passion enter the soul uninhabited by meditation.

"O the Jewel in the Lotos!

"Even as still water that hath deposited all its slime, so let my soul, O Tathâgata, be made pure! Give me strong power to rise above the world, O Master, even as the wild bird rises from its marsh to follow the pathway of the Sun!

"O the Jewel in the Lotos!

"By day shineth the sun, by night shineth the moon; shineth also the warrior in harness of war; shineth likewise in meditations the Çramana. But the Buddha at all times, by night or by day, shineth ever the same, illuminating the world.

"O the Jewel in the Lotos!

"Let me cease, O thou Perfectly Awakened, to remain as an Ape in the World-forest, forever ascending and descending in search of the fruits of folly. Swift as the twining of serpents, vast as the growth of lianas in a forest, are the all-encircling growths of the Plant of Desire.

"O the Jewel in the Lotos!"

Vain his prayer, alas! vain also his invocation! The mystic meaning of the holy text—the sense of the Lotos, the sense of the Jewel—had evaporated from the words, and their monotonous utterance now served only to lend more dangerous definition to the memory that tempted and tortured him. *O the jewel in her ear!* What lotos-bud more dainty than the folded flower of flesh, with its dripping of diamond-fire! Again he saw it, and the curve of the cheek beyond, luscious to look upon as beautiful brown fruit. How true the Two Hundred and Eighty-fourth verse of the Admonitions!—"So long as a man shall not have torn from his heart even the smallest rootlet of that liana of desire which draweth his thought toward women, even so long shall his soul remain fettered." And there came to his mind also the Three Hundred and Forty-Fifth verse of the same blessed book, regarding fetters:

"In bonds of rope, wise teachers have said, there is no strength; nor in fetters of wood, nor yet in fetters of iron. Much stronger than any of these is the fetter of *concern for the jewelled earrings of women.*"

"Omniscient Gotama!" he cried—"all-seeing Tathâgata! How multiform the consolation of Thy Word! how marvellous Thy understanding of the human heart! Was this also one of Thy temptations?—one of the myriad illusions marshalled before Thee by Mara in that night when the earth rocked as a chariot, and the sacred trembling passed from sun to sun, from system to system, from universe to universe, from eternity to eternity?"

O the jewel in her ear! The vision would not go! Nay, each time it hovered before his thought it seemed to take a warmer life, a fonder look, a fairer form; to develop with his weakness; to gain force from his enervation. He saw the eyes, large, limpid, soft, and black as a deer's; the pearls in the dark hair, and the pearls in the pink mouth; the lips curling to

a kiss, a flower-kiss; and a fragrance seemed to float to his senses, sweet, strange, soporific—a perfume of youth, an odor of woman. Rising to his feet, with strong resolve he pronounced again the sacred invocation; and he recited the holy words of the *Chapter of Impermanency:*

"Gazing upon the heavens and upon the earth ye must say, *These are not permanent.* Gazing upon the mountains and the rivers, ye must say, *These are not permanent.* Gazing upon the forms and upon the faces of exterior beings, and beholding their growth and their development, ye must say, *These are not permanent.*"

And nevertheless! how sweet illusion! The illusion of the great sun; the illusion of the shadow-casting hills; the illusion of waters, formless and multiform; the illusion of—Nay, nay! what impious fancy! Accursed girl! yet, yet! why should he curse her? Had she ever done aught to merit the malediction of an ascetic? Never, never! Only her form, the memory of her, the beautiful phantom of her, the accursed phantom of her! What was she? An illusion creating illusions, a mockery, a dream, a shadow, a vanity, a vexation of spirit! The fault, the sin, was in himself, in his rebellious thought, in his untamed memory. Though mobile as water, intangible as vapor, Thought, nevertheless, may be tamed by the Will, may be harnessed to the chariot of Wisdom—must be!—that happiness be found. And he recited the blessed verses of the "Book of the Way of the Law":—

"All forms are only temporary." When this great truth is fully comprehended by any one, then is he delivered from all pain. This is the Way of Purification.

"All forms are subject unto pain." When this great truth is fully comprehended by any one, then is he delivered from all pain. This is the Way of Purification.

"All forms are without substantial reality." When this great truth is fully comprehended by any one, then is he delivered from all pain. This is the way of . . .

Her form, too, unsubstantial, unreal, an illusion only, though comeliest of illusions? She had given him alms! Was the merit of the giver illusive also—illusive like the grace

of the supple fingers that gave? Assuredly there were mysteries in the Abhidharma impenetrable, incomprehensible! . . . It was a golden coin, stamped with the symbol of an elephant—not more of an illusion, indeed, than the gifts of Kings to the Buddha! Gold upon her bosom also, less fine than the gold of her skin. Naked between the silken sash and the narrow breast-corslet, her young waist curved glossy and pliant as a bow. Richer the silver in her voice than in the hollow *pagals* that made a moonlight about her ankles! But her smile!—the little teeth like flower-stamens in the perfumed blossom of her mouth!

O weakness! O shame! How had the strong Charioteer of Resolve thus lost his control over the wild team of fancy! Was this languor of the Will a signal of coming peril, the peril of slumber? So strangely vivid those fancies were, so brightly definite, as about to take visible form, to move with factitious life, to play some unholy drama upon the stage of dreams! "O Thou Fully Awakened!" he cried aloud, "help now Thy humble disciple to obtain the blessed wakefulness of perfect contemplation! let him find force to fulfil his vow! suffer not Mara to prevail against him!" And he recited the eternal verses of the Chapter of Wakefulness:—

"*Completely and eternally awake are the disciples of Gotama!* Unceasingly, by day and night, their thoughts are fixed upon the Law.

"*Completely and eternally awake are the disciples of Gotama!* Unceasingly, by day and night, their thoughts are fixed upon the Community.

"*Completely and eternally awake are the disciples of Gotama!* Unceasingly, by day and night, their thoughts are fixed upon the Body.

"*Completely and eternally awake are the disciples of Gotama!* Unceasingly, by day and night, their minds know the sweetness of perfect peace.

"*Completely and eternally awake are the disciples of Gotama!* Unceasingly, by day and night, their minds enjoy the deep peace of meditation."

There came a murmur to his ears; a murmuring of many voices, smothering the utterances of his own, like a tumult of

waters. The stars went out before his sight; the heavens darkened their infinities: all things became viewless, became blackness; and the great murmur deepened, like the murmur of a rising tide; and the earth seemed to sink from beneath him. His feet no longer touched the ground; a sense of supernatural buoyancy pervaded every fiber of his body: he felt himself floating in obscurity; then sinking softly, slowly, like a feather dropped from the pinnacle of a temple. Was this death? Nay, for all suddenly, as transported by the Sixth Supernatural Power, he stood again in light—a perfumed, sleepy light, vapory, beautiful—that bathed the marvellous streets of some Indian city. Now the nature of the murmur became manifest to him; for he moved with a mighty throng, a people of pilgrims, a nation of worshippers. But these were not of his faith; they bore upon their foreheads the smeared symbols of obscene gods! Still, he could not escape from their midst; the mile-broad human torrent bore him irresistibly with it, as a leaf is swept by the waters of the Ganges. Rajahs were there with their trains, and princes riding upon elephants, and Brahmins robed in their vestments, and swarms of voluptuous dancing-girls, moving to chant of *kabit* and *damâri*. But whither, whither? Out of the city into the sun they passed, between avenues of banyan, down colonnades of palm. But whither, whither?

Blue-distant, a mountain of carven stone appeared before them—the Temple, lifting to heaven its wilderness of chiselled pinnacles, flinging to the sky the golden spray of its decoration. Higher it grew with approach, the blue tones changed to gray, the outlines sharpened in the light. Then each detail became visible: the elephants of the pedestals standing upon tortoises of rock; the great grim faces of the capitals; the serpents and monsters writhing among the friezes; the many-headed gods of basalt in their galleries of fretted niches, tier above tier; the pictured foulnesses, the painted lusts, the divinities of abomination. And, yawning in the sloping precipice of sculpture, beneath a frenzied swarming of gods and Gopia—a beetling pyramid of limbs and bodies interlocked—the Gate, cavernous and shadowy as the mouth of Siva, devoured the living multitude.

The eddy of the throng whirled him with it to the vastness of the interior. None seemed to note his yellow robe, none even to observe his presence. Giant aisles intercrossed their heights above him; myriads of mighty pillars, fantastically carven, filed away to invisibility behind the yellow illumination of torch-fires. Strange images, weirdly sensuous, loomed up through haze of incense. Colossal figures, that at a distance assumed the form of elephants or garuda-birds, changed aspect when approached, and revealed as the secret of their design an interplaiting of the bodies of women; while one divinity rode all the monstrous allegories—one divinity or demon, eternally the same in the repetition of the sculptor, universally visible as though self-multiplied. The huge pillars themselves were symbols, figures, carnalities; the orgiastic spirit of that worship lived and writhed in the contorted bronze of the lamps, the twisted gold of the cups, the chiselled marble of the tanks. . . .

How far had he proceeded? He knew not; the journey among those countless columns, past those armies of petrified gods, down lanes of flickering lights, seemed longer than the voyage of a caravan, longer than his pilgrimage to China! But suddenly, inexplicably, there came a silence as of cemeteries; the living ocean seemed to have ebbed away from about him, to have been engulfed within abysses of subterranean architecture! He found himself alone in some strange crypt before a basin, shell-shaped and shallow, bearing in its centre a rounded column of less than human height, whose smooth and spherical summit was wreathed with flowers. Lamps similarly formed, and fed with oil of palm, hung above it. There was no other graven image, no visible divinity. Flowers of countless varieties lay heaped upon the pavement; they covered its surface like a carpet, thick, soft; they exhaled their ghosts beneath his feet. The perfume seemed to penetrate his brain—a perfume sensuous, intoxicating, unholy; an unconquerable languor mastered his will, and he sank to rest upon the floral offerings.

The sound of a tread, light as a whisper, approached through the heavy stillness, with a drowsy tinkling of *pagals,* a tintinnabulation of anklets. All suddenly he felt glide about his neck the tepid smoothness of a woman's arm. *She, she!*

his Illusion, his Temptation; but how transformed, transfigured!—preternatural in her loveliness, incomprehensible in her charm! Delicate as a jasmine-petal the cheek that touched his own; deep as night, sweet as summer, the eyes that watched him. "*Heart's-thief,*" her flower-lips whispered—"*heart's-thief, how have I sought for thee! How have I found thee! Sweets I bring thee, my beloved; lips and bosom; fruit and blossom. Hast thirst? Drink from the well of mine eyes! Wouldst sacrifice? I am thine altar! Wouldst pray? I am thy God!*"

Their lips touched; her kiss seemed to change the cells of his blood to flame. For a moment Illusion triumphed; Mara prevailed! . . . With a shock of resolve the dreamer awoke in the night—under the stars of the Chinese sky.

Only a mockery of sleep! But the vow had been violated, the sacred purpose unfulfilled! Humiliated, penitent, but resolved, the ascetic drew from his girdle a keen knife, and with unfaltering hands severed his eyelids from his eyes, and flung them from him. "O Thou Perfectly Awakened!" he prayed, "Thy disciple hath not been overcome save through the feebleness of the body; and his vow hath been renewed. Here shall he linger, without food or drink, until the moment of its fulfilment." And having assumed the hieratic posture—seated himself with his lower limbs folded beneath him, and the palms of his hands upward, the right upon the left, the left resting upon the sole of his upturned foot—he resumed his meditation.

Dawn blushed; day brightened. The sun shortened all the shadows of the land, and lengthened them again, and sank at last upon his funeral pyre of crimson-burning cloud. Night came and glittered and passed. But Mara had tempted in vain. This time the vow had been fulfilled, the holy purpose accomplished.

And again the sun arose to fill the world with laughter of light; flowers opened their hearts to him; birds sang their morning hymn of fire worship; the deep forest trembled with delight; and far upon the plain, the eaves of many-storied temples and the peaked caps of the city-towers caught aureate

glory. Strong in the holiness of his accomplished vow, the Indian pilgrim arose in the morning glow. He started for amazement as he lifted his hands to his eyes. What! was everything a dream? Impossible! Yet now his eyes felt no pain; neither were they lidless; not even so much as one of their lashes was lacking. What marvel had been wrought? In vain he looked for the severed lids that he had flung upon the ground; they had mysteriously vanished. But lo! there where he had cast them two wondrous shrubs were growing, with dainty leaflets eyelid-shaped, and snowy buds just opening to the East.

Then, by virtue of the supernatural power acquired in that mighty meditation, it was given the holy missionary to know the secret of that newly created plant—the subtle virtue of its leaves. And he named it, in the language of the nation to whom he brought the Lotos of the Good Law, *"TE";* and he spake to it, saying:—

"Blessed be thou, sweet plant, beneficent, life-giving, formed by the spirit of virtuous resolve! Lo! the fame of thee shall yet spread unto the ends of the earth; and the perfume of thy life be borne unto the uttermost parts by all the winds of heaven! Verily, for all time to come men who drink of thy sap shall find such refreshment that weariness may not overcome them nor languor seize upon them; neither shall they know the confusion of drowsiness, nor any desire for slumber in the hour of duty or of prayer. Blessed be thou!"

And still, as a mist of incense, as a smoke of universal sacrifice, perpetually ascends to heaven from all the lands of earth the pleasant vapor of TE, created for the refreshment of mankind by the power of a holy vow, the virtue of a pious atonement.

O. HENRY

[1862—1910]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

I

IF the work of William Sidney Porter, better known as O. Henry, was the most noteworthy contribution made to American literature during the first decade of the twentieth century, the expanding vogue of that work has no less characterized the succeeding decade. He was hardly a national author at the time of his death in 1910, but in 1920 he seems securely national and international. The largest class of midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy was recently asked to name in writing the author whose complete works, if placed in the library of every American battleship, would be most often called for. O. Henry led by two hundred votes, Mark Twain coming second. It will be recalled also that at the autograph sales held in New York at the American Art Galleries early in 1918 a twelve-page letter from O. Henry, already published, sold for $810, while an unpublished autobiographical manuscript by Mark Twain, consisting of fourteen pages, brought only $540. "If I had discovered him before his death," wrote Sir James M. Barrie, "I should have considered a trip to the United States well worth while to make his acquaintance." But nothing ever said of O. Henry would have pleased him more than a sentence from a London paper during the great war: "We ought to be reading our casualty lists, for God knows they are heavy enough; but, instead, we are all reading O. Henry." The appreciation of O. Henry came to England, however, only after effort. "It was not easy for the British public to 'get' O. Henry at first," said Sir Ernest Hodder Williams during his recent visit to New York. "They had to try. But they've got him now, and all over England you hear O. Henry being quoted."

The World War, by the way, was a severe test to the popularity of writers, living and dead, American and European. It brought in a new audience, with new interests, with changed or changing ideals, with a refashioned outlook. Ordinary appeals seemed exhausted, for the world had been reduced to the bare elementals again. But the elemental facts of human nature, the essential traits of the human heart, are precisely those that gave O. Henry both theme and arena. O. Henry entered Europe *via* the French trenches because the French trenches spelled the common denominator of human nature. "O. Henry was our greatest

literary discovery during the war," writes John o'London.[1] "He was medicinal. He distracted us from intolerable things. His name is as familiar as that of Kipling, Conan Doyle, or Jacobs." Writing of actual life in the trenches Frank A. Lewis[2] reports that, when *Options* was received, "an hour of insane jubilation ensued." The book was torn at once into its seventeen separate stories, the pages were pinned together, and seventeen soldiers feasted synchronously on seventeen stories instead of successively on one volume. Of course the war served to postpone the translation of O. Henry into foreign tongues; but he can now be read in German, Swedish, Dano-Norwegian, French, Spanish, and Japanese. When we add to this that five million volumes of his stories have been sold and that his vogue is steadily increasing among readers of all classes, it need hardly be reaffirmed that the chief current in American literature from 1910 to 1920 has been that issuing from the stories written by O. Henry in the ten years preceding.

II

O. Henry's life falls into four clearly marked stages, each stage contributing a definite quota to his training and a distinctive flavor to his writing.

(1) He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, September 11, 1862 (not 1867), where he remained until 1882, and where the O. Henry Hotel now testifies to the local esteem in which his memory is held. His schooling was limited, but his reading was wide and avid. "I did more reading," he said, "'between my thirteenth and nineteenth years than I have ever done in all the years since, and my taste at that time was much better than it is now, for I used to read nothing but the classics. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Lane's translation of *The Arabian Nights* were my favorites." A count of all the books and authors referred to by him in his stories shows that the great Perso-Arabian classic stands well among the first. The Bible leads with sixty-three references. Shakespeare follows with thirty-four; Tennyson with twenty-one; *The Arabian Nights* with fourteen; Kipling with twelve; Byron and Dickens with seven each; Omar Khayyam with six; Conan Doyle with five; Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius, Keats, and Henry James each with four. The total number of authors alluded to directly or indirectly is one hundred and twenty-three, the number of references being three hundred and thirty-six. But O. Henry took with him from Greensboro not only a love of good books but an ability as a humorous cartoonist that gave evidence, before the age of ten, of rare constructive and interpretative talent. The man who was later to be acclaimed as the short story historian of New York City began by being the annalist of Greensboro through his cartoons.

(2) From 1882 to 1896 he lived in Texas, first on a ranch, then in

[1] See *The New York Times Book Review*, May 16, 1920.
[2] *The Publishers' Weekly*, Philadelphia, December 8, 1917.

Austin, then in Houston, with occasional visits to San Antonio. His out-of-doors life on the plains gave material that was afterwards to appear not only in pictorial description and vivid narrative but in a wealth of first-hand observation, in a widening of personal experience, and in a breaking away from mere bookishness, that find illustration in every page of his *Heart of the West*. It was not a summer visitor that wrote that book. It was one who had lived the life and loved it; it was one who needed just this wider horizon to give him margin for comparison with what had gone before and basis for contrast with what was to come later. His reading partook now more of the nature of study. He mastered Spanish, pored over the great historians that he found in a ranch library, pitted his narrative art against theirs, and learned in constant comradeship with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary an accuracy and freedom in the use of words that random reading could not give. During these seven years also he practised the cartoonist's art as before, not, so far as I can learn, with a view to utilizing it, but merely for the pleasure that he found in some form of disciplined self-expression. In Austin he edited *The Rolling Stone* and in Houston he contributed *Postscripts and Pencillings* to the *Daily Post*.

(3) The third stage, that from July, 1896, to July, 1901, made him what he became, not only a master of the short story, but a thinker about human life, a delver into its mysteries, an appraiser of its conflicts, a noble exemplar of its hidden but unconquerable reserves. Out of these five years was wrought the philosophy that makes *The World and the Door* a permanent contribution to the literature of humanitarian reform. For more than six months of this time he was a wanderer, "a fugitive from justice"—so the indictment runs—in Central and South America. The charge was that, while acting as paying and receiving teller in the First National Bank of Austin, he had misappropriated funds, a charge not only baseless but susceptible of easy disproof had not a whim of the moment sped him on his fateful and compromising tour among the Latin-Americans. Returning to Austin to nurse his dying wife, O. Henry surrendered himself to the authorities, asserted his innocence of the charge made against him, and after a brief trial was sentenced to the federal prison in Columbus, Ohio. He entered the prison on April 25, 1898, and without a demerit against him was released on July 24, 1901. It was here that he wrote his first twelve stories and assumed the now famous pseudonym, O. Henry. The name was taken without change from the *United States Dispensatory* which he used when he was a drug clerk in Greensboro, Austin, and Columbus. It is the abbreviation of the name of a famous French pharmacist, Etienne-Ossian Henry.[1]

(4) From Columbus O. Henry went at once to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where his daughter and her grandparents were then living. But

[1] See *The Nation*, New York, May 11, 1918; *The State Journal*, Raleigh, North Carolina, May 31, 1918; *Nouvelles de France*, Paris, July 25, 1918; *The Daily News*, Greensboro, North Carolina, "O. Henry Edition," July 2, 1919.

in the spring of 1902 he moved to New York City, where he died on June 5, 1910. He was buried in Asheville, North Carolina, the home of his second wife, where he had sought and seemingly found restoration to health and where his grave is visited annually by many thousands of devoted tourists. It was in New York that O. Henry's genius culminated, though he did not devote himself wholeheartedly to the absorption and reproduction of the great city until he had harvested his Latin-American experiences by the publication in November, 1904, of *Cabbages and Kings*. His real flowering period began in December, 1903, when he signed a contract with *The New York World* for a story a week. The price was a hundred dollars a story. The responsibility thus imposed, with all that it promised of release from need and uncertainty, was a challenge that evoked for the first time in his life every ounce of energy and determination that he possessed. His training had been varied and thorough, and the passion for self-expression that had burned in him from childhood found now a happy and adequate outlet. "The city teaches the man," said Simonides. It not only taught O. Henry, but released in him the powers and appetencies that had before been cramped or caged. During the first month of his contract he contributed not only the required four stories to *The Sunday World*, but one each to *Ainslee's*, *McClure's*, and *Everybody's*. This amazing quota of seven stories he repeated in February, May, and December of the following year. A marked falling off in the number but not in the quality of his stories becomes noticeable early in 1907. Ill health had gripped him and inspiration lagged. His total output of stories, if we omit fragments and early extravaganzas, is two hundred and fifty.

III

"Grammar, to O. Henry," says an English critic,[1] "was only one way of saying a thing. He had others equally efficient when he wanted, for he was a master, and not a servant, of words. For two years in Texas his favourite companion was a dictionary—which he studied as lovingly as some men study poetry." O. Henry was a conformist and a non-conformist; but conformity and non-conformity were governed by the same law, the law of effect. Few writers knew words better than he or felt more instinctively their limitations as well as their possibilities. Words had more than meaning to O. Henry: they had flavor, a flavor unknown to Noah Webster, but recognized by every poet and prose writer who has enriched the resources of our speech. To most writers the dictionary says "You must," to O. Henry it said "You may," and the freedom thus imparted has contributed no little of the sparkle and humor and suggestiveness of O. Henry's vocabulary.

He had no pet words, at least no pet coinages, if we except "accusive." The word is not found in any dictionary, but it is so aptly used by

[1] See *The Spectator*, London, April 7, 1917.

O. Henry—in "accusive eyes," "accusive talk", "accusive silence"—that it deserves a place in the dictionaries of the future. His mastery is seen, however, not only in new formations but in new uses. He writes of "the petitionary music of a violin," the rattle of cabs and "the snarling of the electric cars," "the stale infestivity of a table d'hôte," "a flashy fellow with a predatory eye," a tramp obeying his surly master "with propitiatory alacrity," "the priceless and induplicable flag," a woman tiding over "the vast chasms of nicotinized silence" with music from her guitar, an atmosphere "international with cigarette smoke," "cheap fellows, sonorously garbed," a man "with salamandrous thumbs, serving the scalding viands." These words are all in the lexicographer's stable but the harnessing is O. Henry's.

When O. Henry takes liberties with the form of words rather than with their meanings, his so-called audacities suggest comparison with those that Sheridan immortalized in the speech of Mrs. Malaprop. But there is a fundamental difference. Mrs. Malaprop says: You must "illiterate him quite from your memory"; don't try "to extirpate yourself"; he is "a progeny of learning"; a certain woman does not "reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying"; I laid "my positive conjunctions on her never to think on the fellow again"; someone is as headstrong as "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," etc. These are blunders adroitly chosen by Sheridan, but they are nothing more than blunders. They cause laughter, but they do not quicken thought. They belong in the same class with the verbal mutilations of Mrs. Slipslop in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*.

But O. Henry's audacities mark a distinct advance. Instead of making nonsense they suggest sense. Apart from their humor they often drive home the intended idea with a vividness impossible to any other words. Compare the malapropisms already cited with these O. Henryisms: There was an Indian Territory feud of which I was press-agent, camp-follower, and "inaccessory during the fact"; it was a large, conglomerate building, "presided under by a janitor"; the third day of the rain, Andy walked out to the edge of the town "to view the mudscape"; he was a fierce little old man who "regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists"; the duty of the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World is "to offer a cast-ironical welcome to the oppressed of other lands"; for table-talk and fireside companions, sheep "rank along with five-o'clock teazers"; if you know anything about the thief, "you are amiable to the law in not reporting it"; it [a town named Guayaquerita] is a clear case where Spelling Reform "ought to butt in and disenvowel it"; Clara, the negro servant, spoke in tones "half-contemptuous, half-Tuskegeenial."

O. Henry's made or misused words, like Sheridan's and Fielding's, resemble in sound the canonical words, but instead of having no meaning they are made to carry a new meaning. We laugh not merely because standardized forms have been unceremoniously shattered, but because out of the fragments there suddenly emerges a new and un-

expected idea. In Sheridan we admire the brilliant consistency with which Mrs. Malaprop's arrows fall wide of the mark. In O. Henry we admire the added cleverness that speeds the arrow not to its conventional target, it is true, but not to the ground; it glances from its goal and strikes squarely another target which we did not know was in that neighborhood. Mrs. Malaprop mutilates; O. Henry transmutes.

A similar difference is seen between O. Henry's cleverest misquotations and the misquotations of other humorists. A study of the question would show, I think, three general stages in the art of humorous misquotation. The first stage is illustrated by Chaucer's rooster who flatters and pacifies his wife at the end of a long controversy by telling her:

> For, also siker as *In principio,*
> *Mulier est hominis confusio.*
> Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—
> Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.

Here there is no tampering with the quoted words. They are given accurately by Chauntecleer, liberty being taken with the translation rather than with the quotation proper. O. Henry rarely attempts this kind of inversion, though his most notable example happens to be drawn, as was Chaucer's, from a Latin quotation. Thus Henry Horsecollar is made to say: "Then we'll export canned music to the Latins; but I'm mindful of Mr. Julius Cæsar's account of 'em where he says: 'Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est'; which is the same as to say, 'We will need all of our gall in devising means to tree them parties.'" The second stage in the evolution of effective misquotation brings Mrs. Malaprop again to the fore. She differs from Chauntecleer in quoting inaccurately but, as before, no new meaning or application is superadded to the quotation as a whole. As in the case of individual words, Sheridan makes her blunder and blunder egregiously, but there is no scintillation from the blunder. It is mere mutilation. "Then his presence," she says, "is so noble! I protest when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—'Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—an eye, like March, to threaten at command!—a station, like Harry Mercury, new—'? Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly."

In the third stage, O. Henry's priority and primacy seem to me equally assured. Jeff Peters, for example, in explanation of how he and another gentle grafter lost their booty, remarks: "We were self-curbed. It was a case of auto-suppression. There was a rift within the loot, as Albert Tennyson says." In another passage Jeff tells how a mine owner, having lost his fortune, climbs to the top of a house and jumps off on a spot "where he now requiescats in pieces." Andy Tucker, Jeff's partner, wants to go to the Riviera for leisure and meditation: "I want to loaf and indict my soul, as Walt Whittier says." A con-

noisseur in the ordering of fashionable dinners is described as one "to the menu born." Spenser's famous warning in *The Faerie Queene,* "Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde. Be not too bolde," is changed into "Be bold; everywhere be bold, but be not bowled over." "A straw vote," says O. Henry, "only shows which way the hot air blows." "Strong drink," we are assured, "is an adder and subtractor, too." A perfect example of the difference between autocracy and democracy is seen in O. Henry's metamorphosis of Tennyson's line into "the fierce light that beats upon the thrown-down." Many other examples might be given, but enough have been cited to show that in forays of this sort O. Henry's endeavor was to bring home a new message from time worn expressions. He pours new wine into old bottles. This is essentially different from Chaucer's practice and from Sheridan's. O. Henry tries to be re-constructive where they are usually content to be negative or destructive.

But O. Henry's humor is not at bottom verbal. It does not inhere in tricks of style or in mannerisms of phrase. He had only one mannerism, a way of massing alliteration. With the poets alliteration is chiefly a matter of euphony; but O. Henry uses it to condense, to heighten, to intensify, to lift quantity or quality into quick and vivid saliency. It takes the place of more elaborate description as well as of more detailed enumeration. When he says the outing was to include "parks, picnics, and Pilsener," I detect an almost parsimonious economy of words. When he describes the cattlemen of an older day as "grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone," I feel that nouns cunningly marshaled have beat adjectives even at the adjectival game. When he declares that "the Madness of Manhattan, the Frenzy of Fuss and Feathers, the Bacillus of Brag, the Provincial Plague of Pose seized upon Towers Chandler," I know that Towers is in for a fall. When he pits an empty-headed Apollo against a suave tongue and adds: "It's the larynx that the beauty doctors ought to work on. It's words more than warts, talk more than talcum, palaver more than powder, blarney more than bloom that counts—the phonograph instead of the photograph," I am convinced as by a deluge of cogent argumentation. When Mrs. Widdup is introduced as "fair, flustered, forty, and foxy," I know her and know her unforgettably both exteriorly and interiorly.

But O. Henry's humor is only marginally a thing of words and phrases. Coruscation, in other words, was with O. Henry merely the by-product of creation. It was never central or controlling. His characters are not humorous because they say funny things. They say funny things because they are humorous. O. Henry's humor has been acclaimed by a world of grateful readers because, like the humor of Shakespeare and Molière and Cervantes, it rises naturally and spontaneously from the situations in which his characters are placed. The situations become themselves creative; they belong to the elemental nature of comedy. They are matrix rather than mould, and the humor

is born rather than made. Review the situations in *The Handbook of Hymen, A Cosmopolite in a Café, The Brief Début of Tildy, A Lickpenny Lover, Two Renegades, The Gift of the Magi, The Cop and the Anthem, Makes the Whole World Kin, The Lady Higher Up, The Pendulum, The Making of a New Yorker.* In each of these the stage is set by a master. There is subtle thought, even profound thought, not so much in the working out of the plots as in the selection and forestaging of such humorous situations as make the plots work themselves out. Humor is released rather than manufactured. It plays hide and seek with pathos in many of these stories and not infrequently both humor and pathos come before the footlights hand in hand to receive the plaudits of an audience that finds it hard to say which is which.

A special distinction of O. Henry's humor is that it is never divisive. On the contrary, it fuses and re-unites. As soon as you read one of his stories you want to read it aloud to others. But you do not have to pick your audience for fear that feelings will be hurt. Rich or poor, educated or illiterate, employer or employee, black or white, man or woman—all will find their common heritage of humanity reached and enriched. Much of the stage humor of today, certainly that of the school of Wilde and Shaw, derives most of its sparkle from what has been called "the neat reversal of middle-class conceptions." There is no such reversal in O. Henry. Instead of pitting class against class he reveals class to class. In *Mammon and the Archer,* for example, it would be hard to say which is the more human and lovable, Aunt Ellen, who is gentle and sentimental and spiritual, or Anthony Rockwall, the retired manufacturer and proprietor of Rockwall's Eureka Soap, who "bets his money on money every time." Read the story and try to make the award. In *The Handbook of Hymen,* the matter-of-fact man is contrasted with the ultra-imaginative man, the statistical with the poetical mind. In its two leading characters the story is a sort of miniature *Don Quixote:* Sanderson Pratt, like Sancho Panza, is the factualist; Idaho Green, like the Knight de la Mancha, is the romanticist. But the balances swing impartial at the end. Neither devotee is derided. The theme is illuminated, but the two contestants are awarded equal honors by the reader. Both characters are extremists, but they are too human, too much like you and me, for O. Henry's ridicule to fall on either.

In *The Duplicity of Hargraves, Best Seller, The Rose of Dixie,* and *Thimble, Thimble,* O. Henry sets himself the task of staging the traditional differences between the Southerner and the Northerner. The subject was a delicate one, but there is no tincture of prejudice in the portrayal. Is not O. Henry the only one of our fictionists in whose hands regional differences never curdle into sectional differences? He finds his differential and makes it clear as day, but Yankee and Southerner join equally in the laughter. The differential is seen to be but a rill in the river of our common humanity; it discloses but it neither dis-

severs nor discredits. *Makes the Whole World Kin* is the title of only one of O. Henry's stories, but it sums the service of them all.

One element in O. Henry's art seems not to have been touched on by the critics, an element that is as distinctive as his humor. I mean the way in which he saturates his stories with the atmosphere of the background. The French call it *milieu,* the Germans *stimmung,* but O. Henry has added something to both. I do not refer now to the larger geographical backgrounds. It goes without saying that his Latin-American stories are accurately Latin-American, that his New York stories have the New York atmosphere, that his Western stories are distinctively Western, and that his Southern stories have the flavor of the South. But O. Henry goes further than this. He circumscribes his *locale* and makes it a perceptible force in the development of the story. Rooms, boarding houses, hotels, stores, cafés, restaurants, ranches, parks, squares, streets, and street intersections are almost human in O. Henry. If they do not speak, they have life, character, temperament. Stories are commonly divided into three parts, background or setting, character or characters, plot or plan; and the first is thought of as the stationary *locale* where the story takes place. In many stories the *locale* is mentioned at the beginning and then dismissed. Not so in O. Henry's pages. His backgrounds are no more initial than terminal. They are continuous. They constitute a felt presence in the conduct of the characters. O. Henry was not only a student of environment; he was an interpreter of character in its relations to environment. He read men and women in their context. This is why it is so difficult to re-tell an O. Henry story effectively. We name the characters, we summarize the plot, we explain the point of it all, we say where the story takes place. But something has gone out of it. That something is the encompassing and vitalizing background. When we have mentioned or described the *locale,* we are done with it. But in the story it was inwrought into the very texture of the style. It conditioned the talk; it flavored the adjectives; it nominated the nouns; it moved with the verbs. Try to re-tell *The Brief Début of Tildy,* a perfectly simple plot, but so shot through with the restaurant atmosphere that to omit it is to omit the integration of the plot itself.

O. Henry touches upon this theme in *A Matter of Mean Elevation:* "It has been named 'environment,' which is as weak a word as any to express the unnamable kinship of man to nature, that queer fraternity that causes stones and trees and salt water and clouds to play upon our emotions. Why are we made serious and solemn and sublime by mountain heights, grave and contemplative by an abundance of overhanging trees, reduced to inconstancy and monkey capers by the ripples on a sandy beach?" But the environments into which O. Henry pushes his prow are man-made rather than nature-made. Run through a dozen or more of his stories with this thought of environment as one of the co-operant characters in the unfolding of the incidents. If you do not crown O. Henry as the laureate of the background, you will at least

be put in the way of having your own powers of correlate observation enriched as by a sixth sense. If you have time for but one story in this quest, go at once to *The Furnished Room* (in *The Four Million*). To my mind it is O. Henry's greatest story, though there is no humor in it. But it is environment probed to its ultimate depth; it is Poe in all his "totality of effect"; it is Hawthorne when he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables;* it is Shakespeare when he set the weird sisters upon the heath to croak the curtained doom of Macbeth.

But notice that in O. Henry environment never, as so often in Thomas Hardy, compels character. It co-operates with it, it releases it, it trains it, at times it checks it. But man is still the master of his fate. Environment may help or hinder; it may not subjugate. O. Henry's own life is a radiant example of how adversity may be reversed, how a stumbling block may be transmuted into a stepping stone. Like the good witch, O. Henry read the spell of an unjust prison sentence backwards and made a fairy appear instead of a goblin. If in *Roads of Destiny,* written in 1903, he seems to lean to the theory of the immalleable environment, remember that three years later he grapples again with the theme in *The Roads We Take* and has Bob Tidball sum it all up in the words: "It ain't the roads we take; it's what's inside of us that makes us turn out the way we do."

In the matter of technique proper, much has been written of the art with which O. Henry holds in suspense the full meaning of his stories till the very end. "On the technical side of his craft," writes the English critic already quoted,[1] "he has probably never been surpassed either in fertility or ingenuity." But the critics have overlooked the art of O. Henry's beginnings. It is the masterly beginning that makes possible the masterly ending, and the ending cannot be properly appraised unless viewed in relation to the beginning. "The flower was unexpected," says Goethe, "even surprising, if you will; but it had to come. The green leaves existed only for it, and without it the leaves would not have been there." Craftsmanship with O. Henry was largely a relation between first words and last words. It had to do, far more than has been thought, with the proper placing of expository matter. Should it come first or last? This was the subject of one of O. Henry's latest conversations about his craft. In one of his stories, after a page and a half of initial explanation, he says, "All this recitative by the chorus is only to bring us to the point where you may be told why," etc. The real purpose of the "recitative by the chorus" is to release a clean, unincumbered ending. When the job is done, he wants neither shavings nor dust left over. "A story with a moral appended," he remarks at the beginning of *The Gold That Glittered,* "is like the bill of a mosquito. It bores you, and then injects a stinging drop to irritate your conscience. Therefore let us have the moral first and be done with it." But why have it at all? Because the end requires

[1] *The Spectator,* London, April 7, 1917.

it. In *The Gift of the Magi,* the moral comes last. The real surprise in this wonderful story is not in what the lovers do at the last; it is in what O. Henry says about what they do. He congratulates them. They acted wisely. Their gifts were prompted by love, and the love shines all the more resplendent because the gifts as gifts could not be used. They could be treasured as memorials of a devotion that was selfless in its purpose and unsparing in its effort. But all this belongs to the moral rather than to the plot, and it could not have come first without depriving the plot of its terminal unexpectedness. The projected surprise was latent in the title. The theme is not the *gifts* of the magi: it is love, the *gift* of the magi, and the last paragraph tells us so.

O. Henry's usual practice, however, is to place the moral, the nature of the theme, the expository matter, first, so that the story may end without the *anhang* of concluding remarks. Note the ending in *A Municipal Report,* "I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!" This would be meaningless unless O. Henry had with pre-visioning care given the clue at the beginning. The story is meant to show that not only New York and New Orleans and San Francisco but all other cities have narrative and dramatic possibilities. Where there is actual life there is potential literature. Turn again to *An Unfinished Story,* one of those that made Colonel Roosevelt say: "All the reforms that I attempted in behalf of the working girls of New York were suggested by the writings of O. Henry." The dynamic ending is made possible only by the most careful charging of the battery at the beginning. In fact the story proper is thrust between the beginning and the ending of a dream, and the reverberation at the close is merely the quick coming together of the two parts after the lightning has flashed between. In *Roads of Destiny* there is a different ending for each of the three roads traversed, but each ending couches in the great question with which the story begins:

> I go to seek on many roads
> What is to be.
> True heart and strong, with love to light—
> Will they not bear me in the fight
> To order, shun or wield or mould
> My Destiny?

In the stories, therefore, that discuss or illumine a definite theme, as most of O. Henry's stories do, the carefully concealed surprise at the end is to be credited more to skill in ordered exposition than to any trick of narration or artificiality of structure. The strategy employed belongs more to the expositor in O. Henry than to the narrator. He had not so much a tale to tell as a truth to expound, a new point of view to impress, a novel suggestion to make, a complexity of human nature to unravel, an obscure motive to illumine, a daring reach of imaginative sympathy to achieve, and the story partakes of the nature of a modern parable. Surprise, therefore, is hardly the right word to ex-

press the reader's sensation when he finishes a story of this sort. Recognition would be a better word, recognition of the bearing of part upon part, of totality in place of mere successiveness, of convergence instead of parallelism, of the end as the child of the beginning. Surprise is usually an accompaniment of this kind of recognition, but the pleasure is more in the recognition of the author's masterly adaptation than in the surprise itself.

IV

No sketch of O. Henry is complete without a reference to the man that was in the artist. It was my privilege to know him intimately till at the age of twenty he left North Carolina for Texas. We fished together, seined, hunted, camped out, and serenaded together, and the memory of his personality is as rich a heritage as the treasury of his genius. A few letters from him in Texas, some intermittent copies of *The Rolling Stone,* a long interview in New York when he was at the height of his fame—these are almost my only first-hand memorials after he had exchanged our common birthplace, Greensboro, for the Texas ranch. But there was no essential change. O. Henry was still Will Porter. As I waited for him in the lobby of a New York hotel in 1908, I doubted whether I should even know him. Twenty-six years had passed and to him they had brought tragedy as well as triumph. But the smile was the same—the soft voice, the slow gait, the quick gaze that sought to disguise its own penetration—there was no change here. But he was tired and looked it. He did not complain but asked eagerly about our boyhood friends, recalling incidents and sayings and little funny things as if they had happened yesterday. Of his own achievement he spoke deprecatingly. No man of equal distinction ever lived who shunned laudation and publicity more than O. Henry. He enjoyed his art in exact proportion as it received his own inner commendation. "Write to please yourself," he said. Do not be swerved by the presupposed tastes or expectations of any magazine or newspaper or reading public. The advice has been called worthless, but it is the only advice that genius, if true to itself, can give.

He kept to the last a gentleness, a sympathy, a cleanness of bearing, a reverence for womanhood, and an equal reverence for childhood that bespoke a nature ineradicably pure and wholesome. He was never even remotely effeminate, but there was much about him that one associates with healthy boyhood and unspoiled girlhood. One of his critics complains because O. Henry "slaps his reader on the back and laughs loudly as if in a barroom." O. Henry probably never in his life slapped anyone on the back or laughed boisterously. To see these traits in his writings you must contribute them yourself. The briefest acquaintance with him as boy or man would have convinced the critic that he might as well ascribe roystering to Dante or rowdyism to Whittier as to lay them at O. Henry's door. Is it possible that other readers so misinterpret the man from his works?

I do not believe that anyone ever came to know him in Greensboro, Texas, Columbus, or New York, who did not find love taking precedence of mere admiration. He was certainly the best loved boy in Greensboro, and all the interviews that I have had with those who were thrown intimately with him in later years tell the same story. Snobbishness he detected instantly and despised, for in every fiber of his being he was a democrat, a lover of his kind, especially of those seemingly down and out. A woman in New York said that she had almost despaired of making a living by her pen when, to her great surprise, O. Henry's card was brought in. She had never seen him, but had worshiped at a distance. He had heard of her plight, had learned that her stories had been rejected as regularly as they had been submitted, and had called to talk matters over. "This story is not at all bad," he said, when she had been prevailed upon to let him see her latest offering. "It's excellent. Let me suggest a change, a few minor changes, here and there." The story as thus modified was sent again on its rounds and a check for $750 was the immediate response. He loved to do things of this sort even when he had not a dollar in his pocket.

No story that he ever composed brings him back so vividly to me as do the lines that he wrote about himself to a stranger: "I was born and raised in 'No'th Ca'llina' and at eighteen went to Texas and ran wild on the prairies. Wild yet, but not so wild. Can't get to loving New Yorkers. Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place three doors from Wash. Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit down on the porch—not on a chair —on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say 'presently' up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her; and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Swanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the use of wishing?"

That is Will Porter as we knew him and loved him. It is O. Henry, too. But one note is lacking. We knew that in the Greensboro days childhood and womanhood evoked all the knightliness of his nature. But we did not know and the world did not know that, through all the sequent years of struggle and testing, the heart of a child and the heart of a woman had been the court of final appeal to which he had silently but resolutely shaped the issues of his life. He has told us in a few stanzas found on his desk when he died. He called his lines *The Crucible.* In the technique of his life, this bit of unexpected poetry is the surprise at the end. But, as in the endings of his stories, recognition takes precedence of surprise, recognition of a personality that kept faith with itself and from morning song to evening song held high the banner of a pure and potent idealism.

Hard ye may be in the tumult,
Red to your battle hilts,
Blow give for blow in the foray,
Cunningly ride in the tilts;
But when the roaring is ended,
Tenderly, unbeguiled,
Turn to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

Test of the man if his worth be
In accord with the ultimate plan,
That he be not to his marring,
Always and utterly man;
That he bring out of the tumult,
Fitter and undefiled,
To a woman the heart of a woman,
To children the heart of a child.

Good when the bugles are ranting
It is to be iron and fire;
Good to be oak in the foray,
Ice to a guilty desire.
But when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while)
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

C. Alphonso Smith

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TWO RENEGADES

From *Roads of Destiny*. Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday, Page and Company. By permission. The story appeared first in *Everybody's Magazine*, August, 1904.

In the Gate City of the South the Confederate Veterans were reuniting; and I stood to see them march, beneath the tangled flags of the great conflict, to the hall of their oratory and commemoration.

While the irregular and halting line was passing I made onslaught upon it and dragged forth from the ranks my friend Barnard O'Keefe, who had no right to be there. For he was a Northerner born and bred; and what should he be doing hallooing for the Stars and Bars among those gray and moribund veterans? And why should he be trudging, with his shining, martial, humorous, broad face, among those warriors of a previous and alien generation?

I say I dragged him forth, and held him till the last hickory leg and waving goatee had stumbled past. And then I hustled him out of the crowd into a cool interior; for the Gate City was stirred that day, and the hand-organs wisely eliminated "Marching Through Georgia" from their repertories.

"Now, what deviltry are you up to?" I asked of O'Keefe when there were a table and things in glasses between us.

O'Keefe wiped his heated face and instigated a commotion among the floating ice in his glass before he chose to answer.

"I am assisting at the wake," said he, "of the only nation on earth that ever did me a good turn. As one gentleman to another, I am ratifying and celebrating the foreign policy of the late Jefferson Davis, as fine a statesman as ever settled the financial question of a barrel of money for a barrel of flour—a pair of $20 bills for a pair of boots—a hatful of currency for a new hat—say, ain't that simple compared with W. J. B.'s little old oxidized plank?"

"What talk is this?" I asked. "Your financial disgression

is merely a subterfuge. Why were you marching in the ranks of the Confederate Veterans?"

"Because, my lad," answered O'Keefe, "the Confederate Government in its might and power interposed to protect and defend Barnard O'Keefe against immediate and dangerous assassination at the hands of a blood-thirsty foreign country after the United States of America had overruled his appeal for protection, and had instructed Private Secretary Cortelyou to reduce his estimate of the Republican majority for 1905 by one vote."

"Come, Barney," said I, "the Confederate States of America has been out of existence nearly forty years. You do not look older yourself. When was it that the deceased government exerted its foreign policy in your behalf?"

"Four months ago," said O'Keefe promptly. "The infamous foreign power I alluded to is still staggering from the official blow dealt it by Mr. Davis's contraband aggregation of states. That's why you see me cake-walking with the ex-rebs to the illegitimate tune about 'simmon-seeds and cotton. I vote for the Great Father in Washington, but I am not going back on Mars' Jeff. You say the Confederacy has been dead forty years? Well, if it hadn't been for it, I'd have been breathing to-day with soul so dead I couldn't have whispered a single cuss-word about my native land. The O'Keefes are not overburdened with ingratitude."

I must have looked bewildered. "The war was over," I said vacantly, "in——"

O'Keefe laughed loudly, scattering my thoughts.

"Ask old Doc Millikin if the war is over!" he shouted, hugely diverted. "Oh, no! Doc hasn't surrendered yet. And the Confederate States! Well, I just told you they bucked officially and solidly and nationally against a foreign government four months ago and kept me from being shot. Old Jeff's country stepped in and brought me off under its wing while Roosevelt was having a gunboat repainted and waiting for the National Campaign Committee to look up whether I had ever scratched the ticket."

"Isn't there a story in this, Barney?" I asked.

"No," said O'Keefe; "but I'll give you the facts. You know I went down to Panama when this irritation about a canal began. I thought I'd get in on the ground floor. I did, and had to sleep on it, and drink water with little zoos in it; so, of course, I got the chagres fever. That was in a little town called San Juan on the coast.

"After I got the fever hard enough to kill a Port-au-Prince nigger, I had a relapse in the shape of Doc Millikin.

"There was a doctor to attend a sick man! If Doc Millikin had your case, he made the terrors of death seem like an invitation to a donkey-party. He had the bedside manners of a Piute medicine-man and the soothing presence of a dray loaded with iron bridge-girders. When he laid his hand on your fevered brow you felt like Cap John Smith just before Pocahontas went his bail.

"Well, this old medical outrage floated down to my shack when I sent for him. He was built like a shad, and his eyebrows was black, and his white whiskers trickled down from his chin like milk coming out of a sprinkling-pot. He had a nigger boy along carrying an old tomato-can full of calomel, and a saw.

"Doc felt my pulse, and then he began to mess up some calomel with an agricultural implement that belonged to the trowel class.

" 'I don't want any death-mask made yet, Doc,' I says, 'nor my liver put in a plaster-of-Paris cast. I'm sick; and it's medicine I need, not frescoing.'

" 'You're a blame Yankee, ain't you?" asks Doc, going on mixing up his Portland cement.

"I'm from the North,' says I, 'but I'm a plain man, and don't care for mural decorations. When you get the Isthmus all asphalted over with that boll-weevil prescription, would you mind giving me a dose of pain-killer, or a little strychnine on toast to ease up this feeling of unhealthiness that I have got?'

" 'They was all sassy, just like you,' says old Doc, 'but

we lowered their temperature considerable. Yes, sir, I reckon we sent a good many of ye over to old *mortuis nisi bonum.* Look at Antietam and Bull Run and Seven Pines and around Nashville! There never was a battle where we didn't lick ye unless you was ten to our one. I knew you was a blame Yankee the minute I laid eyes on you.'

" 'Don't re-open the chasm, Doc,' I begs him. "Any Yankeeness I may have is geographical; and, as far as I am concerned, a Southerner is as good as a Filipino any day. I'm feeling too bad to argue. Let's have secession without misrepresentation, if you say so; but what I need is more laudanum and less Lundy's Lane. If you're mixing that compound gefloxide of gefloxicum for me, please fill my ears with it before you get around to the battle of Gettysburg, for there is a subject full of talk.'

"By this time Doc Millikin had thrown up a line of fortifications on square pieces of paper; and he says to me: 'Yank, take one of these powders every two hours. They won't kill you. I'll be around again about sundown to see if you're alive.'

"Old Doc's powders knocked the chagres. I stayed in San Juan, and got to knowing him better. He was from Mississippi, and the red-hottest Southerner that ever smelled mint. He made Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee look like Abolitionists. He had a family somewhere down near Yazoo City; but he stayed away from the States on account of an uncontrollable liking he had for the absence of a Yankee government. Him and me got as thick personally as the Emperor of Russia and the dove of peace, but sectionally we didn't amalgamate.

" 'Twas a beautiful system of medical practice introduced by old Doc into that isthmus of land. He'd take that bracket-saw and the mild chloride and his hypodermic, and treat anything from yellow fever to a personal friend.

"Besides his other liabilities Doc could play a flute for a minute or two. He was guilty of two tunes—'Dixie' and another one that was mighty close to the 'Suwanee River'—

you might say one of its tributaries. He used to come down and sit with me while I was getting well, and aggrieve his flute and say unreconstructed things about the North. You'd have thought the smoke from the first gun at Fort Sumter was still floating around in the air.

"You know that was about the time they staged them property revolutions down there, that wound up in the fifth act with the thrilling canal scene where Uncle Sam has nine curtain-calls holding Miss Panama by the hand, while the bloodhounds keep Senator Morgan treed up in a cocoanut-palm.

"That's the way it wound up; but at first it seemed as if Colombia was going to make Panama look like one of the $3.98 kind, with dents made in it in the factory, like they wear at North Beach fish fries. For mine, I played the straw-hat crowd to win; and they gave me a colonel's commission over a brigade of twenty-seven men in the left wing and second joint of the insurgent army.

"The Colombian troops were awfully rude to us. One day when I had my brigade in a sandy spot, with its shoes off doing a battalion drill by squads, the Government army rushed from behind a bush at us, acting as noisy and disagreeable as they could.

"My troops enfiladed, left-faced, and left the spot. After enticing the enemy for three miles or so we struck a brier-patch and had to sit down. When we were ordered to throw up our toes and surrender we obeyed. Five of my best staff-officers fell, suffering extremely with stone-bruised heels.

"Then and there those Colombians took your friend Barney, sir, stripped him of the insignia of his rank, consisting of a pair of brass knuckles and a canteen of rum, and dragged him before a military court. The presiding general went through the usual legal formalities that sometimes cause a case to hang on the calendar of a South American military court as long as ten minutes. He asked me my age, and then sentenced me to be shot.

"They woke up the court interpreter, an American named

Jenks, who was in the rum business and vice versa, and told him to translate the verdict.

"Jenks stretched himself and took a morphine tablet.

" 'You've got to back up against th' 'dobe, old man,' says he to me. 'Three weeks, I believe, you get. Haven't got a chew of fine-cut on you, have you?'

" 'Translate that again, with foot-notes and a glossary,' says I. 'I don't know whether I'm discharged, condemned, or handed over to the Gerry Society.'

" 'Oh,' says Jenks, 'don't you understand? You're to be stood up against a 'dobe wall and shot in two or three weeks—three, I think, they said.'

" 'Would you mind asking 'em which?' says I. 'A week don't amount to much after you are dead, but it seems a real nice long spell while you are alive.'

" 'It's two weeks,' says the interpreter, after inquiring in Spanish of the court. 'Shall I ask 'em again?'

" 'Let be,' says I. 'Let's have a stationary verdict. If I keep on appealing this way they'll have me shot about ten days before I was captured. No, I haven't got any fine-cut.'

"They sends me over to the *calaboza* with a detachment of coloured postal-telegraph boys carrying Enfield rifles, and I am locked up in a kind of brick bakery. The temperature in there was just about the kind mentioned in the cooking recipes that call for a quick oven.

"Then I gives a silver dollar to one of the guards to send for the United States consul. He comes around in pajamas, with a pair of glasses on his nose and a dozen or two inside of him.

" 'I'm to be shot in two weeks,' says I. 'And although I've made a memorandum of it, I don't seem to get it off my mind. You want to call up Uncle Sam on the cable as quick as you can and get him all worked up about it. Have 'em send the *Kentucky* and the *Kearsarge* and the *Oregon* down right away. That'll be about enough battleships; but it wouldn't hurt to have a couple of cruisers and a torpedo-boat

destroyer, too. And—say, if Dewey isn't busy, better have him come along on the fastest one of the fleet.'

"'Now, see here, O'Keefe,' says the consul, getting the best of a hiccup, 'what do you want to bother the State Department about this matter for?'

"'Didn't you hear me?' says I; 'I'm to be shot in two weeks. Did you think I said I was going to a lawn-party? And it wouldn't hurt if Roosevelt could get the Japs to send down the *Yellowyamtiskookum* or the *Ogotosingsing* or some other first-class cruisers to help. It would make me feel safer.'

"'Now, what you want,' says the consul, 'is not to get excited. I'll send you over some chewing tobacco and some banana fritters when I go back. The United States can't interfere in this. You know you were caught insurging against the government, and you're subject to the laws of this country. Tell you the truth, I've had an intimation from the State Department—unofficially, of course—that whenever a soldier of fortune demands a fleet of gunboats in a case of revolutionary *katzenjammer,* I should cut the cable, give him all the tobacco he wants, and after he's shot take his clothes, if they fit me, for part payment of my salary.'

"'Consul,' says I to him, 'this is a serious question. You are representing Uncle Sam. This ain't any little international tomfoolery, like a universal peace congress or the christening of the *Shamrock IV.* I'm an American citizen and I demand protection. I demand the Mosquito fleet, and Schley, and the Atlantic squadron, and Bob Evans, and General E. Byrd Grubb, and two or three protocols. What are you going to do about it?'

"'Nothing doing,' says the consul.

"'Be off with you, then,' says I, out of patience with him, 'and send me Doc Millikin. Ask Doc to come and see me.'

"Doc comes and looks through the bars at me, surrounded by dirty soldiers, with even my shoes and canteen confiscated, and he looks mightily pleased.

" 'Hello, Yank,' says he, 'getting a little taste of Johnson's Island, now, ain't ye?'

" 'Doc,' says I, 'I've just had an interview with the U. S. consul. I gather from his remarks that I might just as well have been caught selling suspenders in Kishineff under the name of Rosenstein as to be in my present condition. It seems that the only maritime aid I am to receive from the United States is some navy-plug to chew. Doc,' says I, 'can't you suspend hostilities on the slavery question long enough to do something for me?'

" 'It ain't been my habit,' Doc Millikin answers, 'to do any painless dentistry when I find a Yank cutting an eye-tooth. So the Stars and Stripes ain't landing any marines to shell the huts of the Colombian cannibals, hey? Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light the star-spangled banner has fluked in the fight? What's the matter with the War Department, hey? It's a great thing to be a citizen of a gold-standard nation, aint' it?'

" 'Rub it in, Doc, all you want,' says I. 'I guess we're weak on foreign policy.'

" 'For a Yank,' says Doc, putting on his specs and talking more mild, 'you ain't so bad. If you had come from below the line I reckon I would have liked you right smart. Now since your country has gone back on you, you have to come to the old doctor whose cotton you burned and whose mules you stole and whose niggers you freed to help you. Ain't that so, Yank?'

" 'It is,' says I heartily, 'and let's have a diagnosis of the case right away, for in two weeks' time all you can do is to hold an autopsy and I don't want to be amputated if I can help it.'

" 'Now,' says Doc, business-like, 'it's easy enough for you to get out of this scrape. Money'll do it. You've got to pay a long string of 'em from General Pomposo down to this anthropoid ape guarding your door. About $10,000 will do the trick. Have you got the money?'

" 'Me?' says I. 'I've got one Chili dollar, two *real* pieces, and a *medio.*'

" 'Then if you've any last words, utter 'em,' says that old reb. 'The roster of your financial budget sounds quite much to me like the noise of a requiem.'

" 'Change the treatment,' says I. 'I admit that I'm short. Call a consultation or use radium or smuggle me in some saws or something.'

" 'Yank,' says Doc Millikin, 'I've a good notion to help you. There's only one government in the world that can get you out of this difficulty; and that's the Confederate States of America, the grandest nation that ever existed.'

"Just as you said to me I says to Doc: 'Why, the Confederacy ain't a nation. It's been absolved forty years ago.'

" 'That's a campaign lie,' says Doc. 'She's running along as solid as the Roman Empire. She's the only hope you've got. Now, you, being a Yank, have got to go through with some preliminary obsequies before you can get official aid. You've got to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. Then I'll guarantee she does all she can for you. What do you say, Yank?—it's your last chance.'

" 'If you're fooling with me, Doc,' I answers, 'you're no better than the United States. But as you say it's the last chance, hurry up and swear me. I always did like corn whisky and 'possum anyhow. I believe I'm half Southerner by nature. I'm willing to try the Ku-Klux in place of the khaki. Get brisk.'

"Doc Millikin thinks awhile, and then he offers me this oath of allegiance to take without any kind of a chaser:

" 'I, Barnard O'Keefe, Yank, being of sound body but a Republican mind, hereby swear to transfer my fealty, respect, and allegiance to the Confederate States of America, and the government thereof in consideration of said government, through its official acts and powers, obtaining my freedom and release from confinement and sentence of death brought about by the exuberance of my Irish proclivities and my general pizenness as a Yank.'

"I repeated these words after Doc, but they seemed to me a kind of hocus-pocus; and I don't believe any life-insurance company in the country would have issued me a policy on the strength of 'em.

"Doc went away saying he would communicate with his government immediately.

"Say—you can imagine how I felt—me to be shot in two weeks and my only hope for help being in a government that's been dead so long that it isn't even remembered except on Decoration Day and when Joe Wheeler signs the voucher for his pay-check. But it was all there was in sight; and somehow I thought Doc Millikin had something up his old alpaca sleeve that wasn't all foolishness.

"Around to the jail comes old Doc again in about a week. I was flea-bitten, a mite sarcastic, and fundamentally hungry.

" 'Any Confederate ironclads in the offing?' I asks 'Do you notice any sounds resembling the approach of Jeb Stewart's cavalry overland or Stonewall Jackson sneaking up in the rear? If you do, I wish you'd say so.'

" 'It's too soon yet for help to come,' says Doc.

" 'The sooner the better,' says I. 'I don't care if it gets in fully fifteen minutes before I am shot; and if you happen to lay eyes on Beauregard or Albert Sidney Johnston or any of the relief corps, wig-wag 'em to hike along.'

" 'There's been no answer received yet,' says Doc.

" 'Don't forget,' says I, 'that there's only four days more. I don't know how you propose to work this thing, Doc,' I says to him; 'but it seems to me I'd sleep better if you had got a government that was alive and on the map—like Afghanistan or Great Britain, or old man Kruger's kingdom, to take this matter up. I don't mean any disrespect to your Confederate States, but I can't help feeling that my chances of being pulled out of this scrape was decidedly weakened when General Lee surrendered.'

" 'It's your only chance,' said Doc; 'don't quarrel with it. What did your own country do for you?'

"It was only two days before the morning I was to be shot, when Doc Milliken came around again.

" 'All right, Yank,' says he. 'Help's come. The Confederate States of America is going to apply for your release. The representatives of the government arrived on a fruit-steamer last night.'

" 'Bully!' says I—'bully for you, Doc! I suppose it's marines with a Gatling. I'm going to love your country all I can for this.'

" 'Negotiations,' says old Doc, 'will be opened between the two governments at once. You will know later on to-day if they are successful.'

"About four in the afternoon a soldier in red trousers brings a paper round to the jail, and they unlocks the door and I walks out. The guard at the door bows and I bows, and I steps into the grass and wades around to Doc Millikin's shack.

"Doc was sitting in his hammock playing 'Dixie,' soft and low and out of tune, on his flute. I interrupted him at 'Look away! look away!' and shook his hand for five minutes.

" 'I never thought,' says Doc, taking a chew fretfully, 'that I'd ever try to save any blame Yank's life. But, Mr. O'Keefe, I don't see but what you are entitled to be considered part human, anyhow. I never thought Yanks had any of the rudiments of decorum and laudability about them. I reckon I might have been too aggregative in my tabulation. But it ain't me you want to thank—it's the Confederate States of America.'

" 'And I'm much obliged to 'em,' says I. 'It's a poor man that wouldn't be patriotic with a country that's saved his life. I'll drink to the Stars and Bars whenever there's a flag-staff and a glass convenient. But where,' says I, 'are the rescuing troops? If there was a gun fired or a shell burst, I didn't hear it.'

"Doc Millikin raises up and points out the window with his flute at the banana-steamer loading with fruit.

" 'Yank,' says he, 'there's a steamer that's going to sail

in the morning. If I was you, I'd sail on it. The Confederate Government's done all it can for you. There wasn't a gun fired. The negotiations was carried on secretly between the two nations by the purser of that steamer. I got him to do it because I didn't want to appear in it. Twelve thousand dollars was paid to the officials in bribes to let you go.'

"'Man!' says I, sitting down hard—'twelve thousand—how will I ever—who could have—where did the money come from?'

"'Yazoo City,' says Doc Millikin; 'I've got a little saved up there. Two barrels full. It looks good to these Colombians. 'Twas Confederate money, every dollar of it. Now do you see why you'd better leave before they try to pass some of it on an expert?'

"'I do,' says I.

"'Now let's hear you give the password,' says Doc Millikin.

"'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' says I.

"'Correct,' says Doc. 'And let me tell you something: The next tune I learn on my flute is going to be "Yankee Doodle." I reckon there's some Yanks that are not so pizen. Or, if you was me, would you try "The Red, White, and Blue"?'"

AN UNFINISHED STORY

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We no longer groan and heap ashes upon our heads when the flames of Tophet are mentioned. For even the preachers have begun to tell us that God is radium, or ether or some scientific compound, and that the worst we wicked ones may expect is a chemical reaction. This is a pleasing hypothesis; but there lingers yet some of the old, goodly terror of orthodoxy.

There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse

with a free imagination, and without the possibility of being controverted. You may talk of your dreams; and you may tell what you heard a parrot say. Both Morpheus and the bird are incompetent witnesses; and your listener dare not attack your recital. The baseless fabric of a vision, then, shall furnish my theme—chosen with apologies and regrets—instead of the more limited field of pretty Polly's small talk.

I had a dream that was so far removed from the higher criticism that it had to do with the ancient, respectable, and lamented bar-of-judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump; and those of us who could not follow suit were arraigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind; but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles; and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous-looking spirits arraigned for judgment.

"Do you belong with that bunch?" the policeman asked.

"Who are they?" was my answer.

"Why," said he, "they are—"

But this irrevelant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received six dollars per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else's account in the ledger kept by G—— Oh, primal energy, you say, Reverend Doctor— Well then, in the Ledger of Primal Energy.

During her first year in the store, Dulcie was paid five dollars per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don't care? Very well; probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger

amount. I will tell you how she lived on six dollars per week.

One afternoon at six, when Dulcie was sticking her hat-pin within an eighth of an inch of her *medulla oblongata,* she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side:

"Say, Sade, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy."

"You never did!" exclaimed Sadie admiringly. "Well, ain't you the lucky one? Piggy's an awful swell; and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they have swell music, and you see a lot of swells. You'll have a swell time, Dulce."

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life's—real life's—approaching dawn. It was Friday; and she had fifty cents left of her last week's wages.

The streets were filled with the rush-hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing—calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Men in accurate clothes, with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors' homes, turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheeding, past them. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odoured petals.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap and bought an imitation lace collar with her fifty cents. That money was to have been spent otherwise—fifteen cents for supper, ten cents for breakfast, ten cents for lunch. Another dime was to be added to her small store of savings; and five cents was to be squandered for licorice drops—the kind that made your cheek look like the toothache, and last as long. The licorice was an extravagance—almost a carouse—but what is life without pleasures?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference

between a furnished room and a boarding-house. In a furnished room, other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Dulcie went up to her room—the third floor back in a West Side brownstone front. She lit the gas. Scientists tell us that the diamond is the hardest substance known. Their mistake. Landladies know of a compound beside which the diamond is as putty. They pack it in the tips of gas-burners; and one may stand on a chair and dig at it in vain until one's fingers are pink and bruised. A hairpin will not remove it; therefore let us call it immovable.

So Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth-candle-power glow we will observe the room.

Couch-bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair—of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie's. On the dresser were her treasures—a gilt china vase presented to her by Sadie, a calendar issued by a pickle works, a book on the divination of dreams, some rice powder in a glass dish, and a cluster of artificial cherries tied with a pink ribbon.

Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster of Paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon-coloured child assaulting an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art; but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen copes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at seven. While she swiftly makes ready, let us discretely face the other way and gossip.

For the room, Dulcie paid two dollars per week. On week-days her breakfast cost ten cents; she made coffee and cooked an egg over the gaslight while she was dressing. On Sunday mornings she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at "Billy's" restaurant, at a cost of twenty-five cents—and tipped the waitress ten cents. New York presents so many temptations for one to run into extravagance.

She had her lunches in the department-store restaurant at a cost of sixty cents for the week; dinners were $1.05. The evening papers—show me a New Yorker going without his daily paper!—came to six cents; and two Sunday papers—one for the personal column and the other to read—were ten cents. The total amounts to $4.76. Now, one has to buy clothes, and—

I give it up. I hear of wonderful bargains in fabrics, and of miracles performed with needle and thread; but I am in doubt. I hold my pen poised in vain when I would add to Dulcie's life some of those joys that belong to woman by virtue of all the unwritten, sacred, natural, inactive ordinances of the equity of heaven. Twice she had been to Coney Island and had ridden the hobby-horses. 'Tis a weary thing to count your pleasures by summers instead of by hours.

Piggy needs but a word. When the girls named him, an undeserving stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine. The words-of-three-letters lesson in the old blue spelling book begins with Piggy's biography. He was fat; he had the soul of a rat, the habits of a bat, and the magnanimity of a cat. . . . He wore expensive clothes; and was a connoisseur in starvation. He could look at a shop-girl and tell you to an hour how long it had been since she had eaten anything more nourishing than marshmallows and tea. He hung about the shopping districts, and prowled around in department stores with his invitations to dinner. Men who escort dogs upon the streets at the end of a string look down upon him. He is a type; I can dwell upon him no longer; my pen is not the kind intended for him; I am no carpenter.

At ten minutes to seven Dulcie was ready. She looked at herself in the wrinkly mirror. The reflection was satisfactory. The dark blue dress, fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but-slightly-soiled gloves —all representing self-denial, even of food itself—were vastly becoming.

Dulcie forgot everything else for a moment except that she was beautiful, and that life was about to lift a corner

of its mysterious veil for her to observe its wonders. No gentleman had ever asked her out before. Now she was going for a brief moment into the glitter and exalted show.

The girls said that Piggy was a "spender." There would be a grand dinner, and music, and splendidly dressed ladies to look at, and things to eat that strangely twisted the girls' jaws when they tried to tell about them. No doubt she would be asked out again.

There was a blue pongee suit in a window that she knew —by saving twenty cents a week instead of ten, in—let's see —Oh, it would run into years! But there was a second-hand store in Seventh Avenue where—

Somebody knocked at the door. Dulcie opened it. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing for cooking by stolen gas.

"A gentleman's downstairs to see you," she said. "Name is Mr. Wiggins."

By such epithet was Piggy known to unfortunate ones who had to take him seriously.

Dulcie turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief; and then she stopped still, and bit her under lip hard. While looking in her mirror she had seen fairyland and herself, a princess, just awakening from a long slumber. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful, stern eyes—the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did. Straight and slender and tall, with a look of sorrowful reproach on his handsome, melancholy face, General Kitchener fixed his wonderful eyes on her out of his gilt photograph frame on the dresser.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady.

"Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick, or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

After the door was closed and locked, Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie's ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful moustache was a dream,

and she was a little afraid of that stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house sometime, and ask for her, with his sword clanking against his high boots. Once, when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamp-post she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener was away over in Japan, leading his army against the savage Turks; and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

When her cry was over Dulcie got up and took off her best dress, and put on her old blue kimono. She wanted no dinner. She sang two verses of "Sammy." Then she became intensely interested in a little red speck on the side of her nose. And after that was attended to, she drew up a chair to the rickety table, and told her fortune with an old deck of cards.

"The horrid, impudent thing!" she said aloud. "And I never gave him a word or a look to make him think it!"

At nine o'clock Dulcie took a tin box of crackers and a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk, and had a feast. She offered General Kitchener some jam on a cracker; but he only looked at her as the sphinx would have looked at a butterfly—if there are butterflies in the desert,

"Don't eat it if you don't want to," said Dulcie. "And don't put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. I wonder if you'd be so superior and snippy if you had to live on six dollars a week."

It was not a good sign for Dulcie to be rude to General Kitchener. And then she turned Benvenuto Cellini's face downward with a severe gesture. But that was not inexcusable; for she had always thought he was Henry VIII, and she did not approve of him.

At half-past nine Dulcie took a last look at the pictures on the dresser, turned out the light, and skipped into bed. It's an awful thing to go to bed with a good-night look at

General Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini.

This story really doesn't get anywhere at all. The rest of it comes later—sometime when Piggy asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way; and then—

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous-looking angels, and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged with them.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working-girls, and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?"

"Not on your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum, and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

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One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home.

A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face

had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim

and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only

twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not

among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away

and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

PATRICK HENRY

[1736—1799]

FREDERICK WILMER SIMS

BORN of Scotch-Irish descent (Scotch through his father, John Henry, a Scotch emigrant from Aberdeen, "of a very liberal and extensive education," and Welsh through his mother, the widow Syme, *née* Sarah Winston, daughter of Isaac Winston, a Welsh emigrant), Patrick Henry was fortunate in his birth. Neither of his parents belonged to the aristocracy of Virginia, but to the middle class; identified in thought, habits and mode of life with the great body of the people, fast growing into strength and importance at this time, not only in Virginia but throughout the extent of the colonies—especially in the newer settled portions of the country, toward the frontier, where the constant efforts to subdue Nature and the savage produced a hardy race of freemen, disdaining artificial restraints of every kind, whether in social life, in the affairs of government or of religion. And by heredity the blood in his veins flowed from who knows what ancient Highland seer, or Welsh minstrel, which gave him, perchance, that rhapsody of the imagination and that gift of divination and of foresight of "coming events" which seemed inspired.

Until the age of ten years he attended a common English school near "Mount Brilliant," his second home in Hanover County, to which his parents had removed from his birthplace. Here he learned to read and write and acquired a little knowledge of arithmetic. Thereafter his father was his only teacher, by whom he was well grounded in Latin, mathematics, history, both ancient and modern, and given a "smattering of the Greek." At the age of fifteen his school life ceased; he was, however, devoted to reading, and while not an extensive reader at any time, had the faculty of retaining all he read.

At this time he began his business life as a clerk in a country store in Hanover (1752), and during 1753 he and his brother William conducted a store in the same county as partners. The business was not found profitable, because of too much credit extended to their customers, and it was closed. Patrick was married, when but little over eighteen years old, to Sarah Shelton, daughter of John Shelton, of the Forks of Hanover, and after trying in vain to run a farm

and a country store at the same time—neither proving successful —he began to read law, and soon afterward sold out his store, though continuing to work his farm.

After reading 'Coke on Littleton' and a digest of the Virginia Acts several months, Patrick Henry rode to Williamsburg in his rustic garb, in the spring of 1760, to appear before the board of examiners as an applicant for a license to practice law. Only one of the board, the accomplished Peyton Randolph, afterwards Attorney-general, seems to have examined him at all. His questions soon exposed the candidate's deficiency in municipal law, but disclosed that he was well grounded in the common law, the laws of Nature and of nations, and with respect to the policy of the feudal system and in general history, "which last was found to be his stronghold."

There was yet a little further time of preparation. He began the practice of law in the fall of 1760, and for three years lived with his wife's father, who then kept the tavern at Hanover Court House. While for three years he did not lack for practice in Hanover and Louisa counties, they were small cases which did not occupy all of his time. He assisted Mr. Shelton at odd times as host, and mingled with the people on the Court green and in their home lives, as keenly observant as ever; often reading, as his habit was, doubtless now from law books; and frequently studying the great book of Nature, with dog and gun, in the brown fields and great forests.

On December 1, 1763, he appeared for the defendant in the famous Parsons' cause. His father sat in the chair as presiding justice. His appearance on that occasion has been described as follows:

"He rose very awkwardly and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks at each other, and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat; but these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. Now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed for the first time developed, and now was witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviæ* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty; the spirit of his genius awakened all his features; his countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which

seemed to rivet the spectator; his action became bold and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which anyone who ever heard him will speak, as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart in a manner which language cannot tell. Add to all these his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed his images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, 'he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end.'"

Then followed a large increase of legal practice, and on the first day of its session in the spring of 1765 the House of Burgesses elected Mr. Henry as a delegate from Louisa County to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of William Johnson, the former delegate, he having accepted the office of coroner. Mr. Henry took his seat in the House of Burgesses May 20, 1765, and was at once placed on the Committee of Courts of Justice. Three days after taking his seat he made his maiden legislative speech on the bill, fostered by Mr. Robinson, the Speaker and Treasurer, with personal motives unknown to Mr. Henry at the time, to establish a public loan office.

In opposition to this bill "he displayed not only his great powers of eloquence, but his courage in maintaining his convictions of public duty against the united efforts of the aristocratic leaders of the body. He at once threw himself athwart their path and aroused their enmity, which was none the less bitter because mixed with dread." On May 29, 1765, his twenty-ninth birthday, Mr. Henry offered his famous resolutions on the Stamp Act. It was in this debate that Mr. Henry made the famous declaration "in voice and gesture that startled the House":

" . . . Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"— "Treason! Treason!" shouted the Speaker. "Treason! Treason!" echoed from every part of the House. Without faltering for an instant, but rising to a loftier attitude and fixing on the Speaker an eye that seemed to flash fire, Mr. Henry added, with the most thrilling emphasis— "may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it."

Mr. Henry himself considered this the most important concern of his life, and preserved the evidence of this alone from among his almost innumerable actions for the public weal.

Mr. Henry took the fearless stand that taxation without representation was tyranny and should be resisted, and thus planted the

standard around which all who desired to be free might rally, and soon, in America, did rally. And this became the great American doctrine, the chief basis for the War of the Revolution and the achievement of the independence of the American Colonies.

A notable achievement indeed; and the winner of it had won for himself a name among the immortals, even had he then ceased all labor for the public good!

From 1765 to 1794—a period of thirty years—Mr. Henry, with the exception of the five years of his governorship, was continuously a member of Burgesses and of the House of Delegates of the Virginia Assembly, besides holding many other important civil and military offices. He declined in three successive years (1794-1796) the offices of United States Senator, Secretary of State, Chief Justice of the United States, and Governor of Virginia—the latter offered him the seventh time. He was again elected to the Virginia Assembly in 1799, following his last and famous public appearance, at Charlotte Court House, March 4, 1799.

The limited space allotted to this sketch will not permit of noticing many interesting details of Mr. Henry's life, and we can therefore refer but briefly to a few of its more salient features.

Mr. Henry's greatest political speech was delivered in the second Revolutionary Convention of Virginia, in old St. John's Church, Richmond, on Thursday, March 23, 1775, on the resolutions moved by him for arming the Colony. His genius was never more resplendent; and the clarion call to arms was heard by all America.

In his exordium he said:

"Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.

* * * * * *

"In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be

obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

* * * * * *

"Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible to any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. . . . Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!"

He then, in a magnificent peroration, which has never yet been equaled, exclaimed:

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we idle here? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

As Governor of Virginia, Mr. Henry performed Herculean labors in support of the patriot cause, and in the protection of the western frontiers of Virginia from British and savage attack. His connection with the "winning of the West," in the Northwest Territory—the humane, yet far-sighted statesmanship displayed—was in itself sufficient to have given him imperishable fame.

With the session of the Virginia Assembly of 1790 Mr. Henry closed his long and illustrious public career, declining reëlection the next spring. He soon regained his position of preëminence at the bar of his native State. His famous argument in the British debts case was his greatest effort as a lawyer. John Randolph of Roanoke was present at the argument of this celebrated case, and afterward described the scene:

"Mr. Henry presented the appearance of an old man, very much wrapped up, and resting his head on the bar. As he arose he began to complain that it was too great a hardship to put the laboring oar in the hands of a decrepit old man, trembling, with one foot in

the grave, weak in his best days, and far inferior to the able associates by him."

Randolph said, although he knew it was all put on, still such was the power of his manner and voice that he would in a moment forget and find himself enraged with the Court for their cruelty. He then gave a brilliant outline of Mr. Henry's progress in his argument, and compared him to the practicing of a race-horse, sometimes displaying his whole power and speed for a few laps, and then slacking up again. At last, Randolph said, he got up to full speed, and took a rapid view of what England had done when she had been successful in arms, and what would have been our fate, had we been unsuccessful. The color began to come and go in the face of the Chief Justice, while Iredell sat with his eyes and mouth stretched open in perfect wonder. Finally Henry arrived at his utmost height and grandeur. He raised his hands in one of his grand and solemn pauses. Randolph said his hands seemed to cover the whole house. There was a tumultuous applause, and Judge Iredell exclaimed: "Gracious God! He is an orator indeed!"

In his retirement Mr. Henry matured and had leisure to make use of that capacity for business success which he always possessed (given the opportunity), and he amassed a considerable fortune for that day. The charge that Mr. Henry was guilty of improper conduct in the Yazoo speculation has been utterly refuted by investigation, and likewise has every other act of his private life been proven to have been clean and above reproach. He continued to take an active interest in political affairs, both state and national. It has been charged that he changed his political principles in his old age; but there is no sufficient evidence of this. It is true that the spread of infidelity, the excesses of the French Revolution, and the intemperance of the Republicans of the day did not meet with the approval of Mr. Henry. The abuse of Mr. Washington was most painful to him, and he did not hesitate to express his condemnation of it, and of the action of Mr. Madison and other Republican leaders.

Mr. Henry died on June 6, 1799—just past the age of sixty-three. His body was laid to rest in the quiet graveyard at Red Hill, at the foot of the garden. A plain marble slab covers his grave, on which are inscribed his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the words: "His fame is his best epitaph."

In taking a survey of Patrick Henry's life as a whole, it may perhaps be thus summarized:

His industry, his business capacity, his close application to the discharge of prosaic duties, from early youth throughout life, have

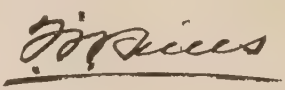
been much underrated. His single recreation, that of outdoor sports, which the press of public and professional duties compelled him to abandon in later life, has been greatly magnified. There is no evidence that for this he ever neglected any duty or shirked any labor, however arduous. It would be difficult, indeed, in casting up the sum of his life's efforts, to compute which contributed more to his success, the transcendence of his genius as an orator or his actual accomplishments by hard work; certain it is that without the latter he would not have succeeded. So that, after all, his life furnishes no exception to the definition that "genius is an infinite capacity for work."

It is true that the impartial critic must point out that Mr. Henry's mind was not methodical in its operation; while he could be logical in his deductions, it was the complaint and the despair of his opponents in debate that he would not be so. His grasp was of the whole. His mind rebelled against a minute, microscopic examination of any subject. He felt that the force of his presentation to his auditors would be thereby weakened and destroyed. And when we consider the nature of his subjects and the auditors which his age furnished him, we are convinced that he was right.

The marvelous impression made on his contemporaries by his oratory seems to have been due to his entire sincerity and identity of feeling with the great body of the people, whose life he had led and was still leading; in whose labors and hardships he had a part; to his great ability to reason from fundamental principles and apply them to the question at issue; to voice, indeed, the inward convictions and the very thoughts (perchance as yet but imperfectly formed) of the great body of his hearers, but in a manner most superb, with action the most striking and ever absolutely true to Nature, impelled by the very fulness of his impassioned feeling and utterance, and in perfect harmony with his thought; and to his matchless tones, suited to every emotion, whether of humor, of pity, of terror, or of command.

With respect to his place in the legal profession, the impartial student of his life is compelled to conclude that he was never an accomplished lawyer such as were a number of his contemporaries. Here, too, his mind could not be "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the technical thought and narrow deductions of a legal argument, based upon citation of authority and of precedent. With irresistible force he burst asunder all such feeble restraints, and appealed to great fundamental principles underlying all law and all precedent, antedating and superseding them all. Nor did he disdain to appeal to the elemental emotions and passions to sustain his position, with an incarnation of emotion and passion that was irresistible.

As a man, Patrick Henry lived a pure and blameless life; dominated by high ideals, but using practical common-sense means to accomplish results; a life filled throughout with unselfish service in the faithful discharge of his duty to his God, his neighbor and himself. Ending his days upon earth at the comparatively early age of sixty-three, few men have been able to look back, as he did, upon so little of time idly wasted or misspent, and perhaps none upon a life-work of greater or more lasting benefit to mankind.



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PATRICK HENRY TO COLONEL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

Dec. 12, 1778.

You are to retain the Command of the troops now at the several posts in the county of Illinois and on the Wabash, which fall within the limits of the County now erected and called Illinois County, which troops marched out with, and have been embodied by you. You are also to take the Command of five other Companies, raised under the act of Assembly which I send herewith, and which if completed, as I hope they will be speedily, will have orders to join you without loss of time, and are likewise to be under your command.

With your whole force you are to protect the Inhabitants of the County, &, as occasions may serve, annoy the enemy.

It is thought that the Indian Nations may be overawed and inclined to peace with us, by the Adoption of proper measures with you. Or, if that can not be effected, that such of them as send out parties towards our Frontiers on this side of the Ohio, may be chastised by detachments from your quarter. For this purpose it will behoove you to watch their motions, and to consider, that one great advantage expected from your situation is to prevent the Indians from warring on this side of Ohio.

In order more effectually to prevent this, you are to establish such posts in different parts of the Country as you judge best for your troops to occupy.

I consider your further success as depending upon the goodwill and friendship of the Frenchmen and Indians who inhabit your part of the Commonwealth. With their concurrence great things may be accomplished. But their animosity will spoil the fair prospect which your past successes have opened. You will therefore spare no pains to conciliate the affections of the French and Indians. Let them see and feel the advantage of being fellow citizens and freemen. Guard most carefully against every infringement of their property, particularly with respect to land, as our enemies have alarmed them as to that. Strict, and even severe, discipline with your soldiers may be essential, to preserve from injury those whom they were sent to protect and conciliate. This is a great and capital matter, and I confide that you will never lose sight of it, or suffer your troops to injure any person without feeling the punishment due to the offence. The honor and interest of the state are deeply concerned in this, and the attachment of the French and Indians depends upon a due observance of it.

John Todd Esquire being appointed County Lieutenant according to law, during pleasure, with ample powers chiefly confined to the Civil Department, will have directions to act in concert with you wherever it can be done. On your part, you will omit no opportunity to give him the necessary cooperation of the troops, where the case necessarily requires it. Much will depend upon the mutual assistance you may oc-

casionally afford each other in your respective departments, and I trust that a sincere cordiality will subsist between you. The contrary will prove highly detrimental. Some measures will be fallen on for carrying on a trade to supply goods for the inhabitants of your County. You will afford the agents such aid or protection from time to time as affairs require, and your circumstances will permit.

I send you forthwith some copies of the act of Government and Bill of Rights, together with the French alliance. These will serve to show our new friends the ground upon which they are to stand, and the support to be expected from their countrymen of France. Equal liberty and happiness are the objects to a participation of which we invite them.

Upon a fair presumption that the people about Detroit have similar inclinations with those at Illinois and Wabash, I think it possible that they may be brought to expel their British Masters, and become fellow citizens of a free State. I recommend this to your serious consideration, and to consult with some confidential persons on the subject. Perhaps Mr. Gibault, the Priest (to whom this country owes many thanks for his zeal and services), may promote this affair. But I refer it to you to select the proper persons to advise with and to act as occasion offers. But you are to push at any favorable occurrences which Fortune may present to you. For our peace and safety are not secure while the enemy are so near as Detroit.

I wish you to testify to all the subjects of Spain upon every occasion, the high regard and sincere friendship of this Commonwealth towards them. And I hope it will soon be manifest, that mutual advantages will derive from the Neighborhood of the Virginias and the subjects of his Catholic Majesty. I must observe to you that your situation is critical.

Far detached from the body of your country, placed among French, Spaniards, and Indian Nations, strangers to our people, anxiously watching your actions and behavior, and ready to receive impressions favorable, or not so, of our Commonwealth and its Government, which impressions will be hard to remove, and will produce lasting good or ill effects to your country. These considerations will make you cautious and circumspect. I feel the delicacy and difficulty

of your situation, but I doubt not your virtue will accomplish the arduous work with honor to yourself, and advantage to the Commonwealth. The advice and assistance of discreet good men will be highly necessary. For at the distance of your country, I cannot be consulted. General discretionary powers therefore are given you, to act for the best in all cases where those instructions are silent and the law has made no provision.

I desire your particular attention to Mrs. Rocheblave and her children and that you suffer them to want for nothing. Let Mr. Rocheblave's property, which was taken, be restored to his lady so far as it can be done. You have the sum of sixty pounds sent for her use, in case you can't find her husband's effects to restore.

Prudence requires that provisions be laid in to subsist the Troops you have, & those to be expected to arrive with you. Colonel Bowman has contracted to deliver 35,000 lbs. Bear Bacon at Kentucky. But bread must be had at Illinois. You will provide it, if possible, before the arrival of the Troops, or the necessity to buy it becomes general known, as perhaps advantages may be taken by raising the price. Lay up also a good stock of powder and Lead, etc.

There is a cargo of goods at a Spanish post near you, belonging either to the Continent or this state. Rather than let your Troops be naked you are to take a supply for them out of these goods. But this is not to be done but in case of absolute necessity. Let an exact account be kept of what is used and let me receive it.

In your negotiations or treatys with the Indians, you will be assisted by Mr. Todd. Let the treatys be confined to the subject of amity and peace with our people, and not to touch the subject of lands. You may accept of any services they offer for expelling the English from Detroit or elsewhere. In case you find presents to the savages necessary, make them sparingly as possible, letting them know our stock of goods is small at present, but by means of our trade with the French and other nations, we expect plenty of Goods before it is long.

Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery will convey to you ten thousand pounds for payment of the troops, and for other

matters requiring money. In the distribution of the money you will be careful to keep exact accounts from time to time, and take security where it is proper.

Yours, etc.,

P. HENRY.

COL. GEO. ROGERS CLARK,
Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia Troops,
In the County of Illinois.

PATRICK HENRY TO THE DELEGATES FROM VIRGINIA IN CONGRESS

VIRGINIA COUNCIL CHAMBERS, Aug. 12, 1785.

GENTLEMEN: On considering the disadvantage suffered by this state on account of the unsettled condition of our continental account, I have thought it necessary to enquire into the business, and if possible to remove the obstacles that have prevented the final accomplishment of it.

In order to give you some general knowledge on the subject, I herewith send you a letter from Mr. Solicitor Woods, by which you will perceive his embarrassments and some of those of the Continental agent. How they are to be removed, Congress alone can determine. It is true perhaps that in many instances we may have departed from system. But suppose exact system had been preserved, and proper vouchers kept for every article previous to Arnold's visit in 1781, we know these vouchers would have been lost with the other public Archives and papers at the seat of government which the chance of war threw into the hands of the enemy. The truth is that if the destruction of our public papers had not happened, but little of the present difficulty would have arisen, and I trust it is not possible for Congress to decide that no abatement is to be made in the rigorous demand of vouchers of which we are deprived by *coup de main* of the enemy. In the case of an individual this would never be practised, and wherefore it ought, or can, in a case circumstanced as the present, no good reason can be assigned. It is well known that the great burden of the war towards its later stages fell on the Southern States, and among these upon Virginia as the most considerable. The many and great efforts made by

our country both to the South and West, cannot be forgot and need not be repeated by me. Besides these it is well known that on account of the accessible situation of our country, we were liable to attacks so sudden as to prevent the observance of that system of accounting for expenses, which would have taken place had these attacks been made in a measure less sudden and unexpected. And further I beg leave to observe, that in a state of exhaustion of this country in the time succeeding the loss of our papers, it was absolutely necessary to carry on the military operations by impressments, and in these you can easily see it is often times impossible to produce such vouchers as will discriminate the articles taken to be for Continental use. I do not make these observations with a view to obtain allowance of our claims as if they were altogether unsupported by proper vouchers, for it will be seen that in many instances such are ready to be produced. But I urge that from the nature of the case exactness ought not to be expected. Although it may be said truly, that in the beginning of the war expenses were incurred here in building galleys, etc. for purposes not Continental, yet it must be admitted that in the more advanced periods of the contest, all our operations were directly aimed at the common enemy, whose efforts called for increasing opposition and expense.

I take the liberty just to mention that if no better mode of reckoning can be found, recourse may be had to certain historical facts, by which it will appear that at sundry times this country was attacked by numerous bodies of Indians, against whom great numbers of militia were called out; that at other times we were invaded by British Troops, to repel whom, we were obliged to raise, arm and embody great numbers of our people; that over and above our Continental requisition, frequent demands were made on the state for occasional aids which were always complied with, to the utmost of our abilities. Explanations and detail can be afforded in most instances, but I only sketch out in general some such plan of settlement, which you will urge or not according to your better judgment and understanding of the matter.

From a view of the whole affair, I am led to wish that Congress will take up our claims, upon a footing more liberal than that to which their present commissioners are restricted.

To refuse this is to reject our claims to such an extent as will greatly injure Virginia. It is not for me to describe the powers with which the Continental commissioners ought to be invested. The wisdom of Congress, while guarding against injustice to the United States, will easily suggest the means of doing justice to the exertions of a state, that on all occasions gave proofs of the most zealous attachment to the general good.

I doubt not you will take the earliest opportunity of bringing this affair before Congress, in order that the result may be laid before the Assembly at the first of their meeting.

I am, etc.,

P. Henry.

To the Honorable Delegates from Virginia in Congress.

SPEECH ON THE PRESENT UNEASINESS

Delivered in the Virginia Convention, June 4, 1788.

The public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government. Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation—and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say, that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security which they enjoyed, to the present delusive appearance of things. A year ago the minds of our citizens were at perfect repose. Before the meeting of the late Federal convention at Philadelphia, a general peace, and an universal tranquillity prevailed in this country—but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted. When I wished for an appointment to this convention, my mind was extremely agitated for the situation of public affairs. I conceived the republic to be in extreme danger. If our situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy? It arises from this fatal system—it arises from a proposal to

change our government—a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the states, a proposal of establishing nine states into a confederacy to the eventual exclusion of four states. It goes to the annihilation of those solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. The present circumstances of France, the good offices rendered us by that kingdom, require our most faithful and most punctual adherence to our treaty with her. We are in alliance with the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Prussians; those treaties bound us as thirteen states, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that confederacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements?—And for what? I expected to have heard the reasons of an event so unexpected to my mind and to many others. Was our civil polity, or public justice, endangered or sapped? Was the real existence of the country threatened—or was this preceded by a mournful progression of events? This proposal of altering our Federal government is of a most alarming nature: make the best of this new government—say it is composed by anything but inspiration—you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever. If a wrong step be now made, the republic may be lost forever. If this new government will not come up to the expectation of the people, and they should be disappointed—their liberty will be lost, and tyranny must and will arise. I repeat it again, and I beg gentlemen to consider, that a wrong step made now will plunge us into misery, and our republic will be lost. It will be necessary for this convention to have a faithful historical detail of the facts that preceded the session of the Federal convention, and the reasons that actuated its members in proposing an entire alteration of government—and to demonstrate the dangers that awaited us; if they were of such awful magnitude as to warrant a proposal so extremely perilous as this, I must assert that this convention has an absolute right to a thorough discovery of every circumstance relative to this great event. And here I would make this enquiry of those worthy characters who composed a part of the late Federal convention. I am sure they were fully impressed with the necessity of forming a great consolidated government, instead of a con-

federation. That this is a consolidated government is demonstrably clear; and the danger of such a government is, to my mind, very striking. I have the highest veneration for those gentlemen; but, sir, give me leave to demand, what right had they to say, *We, the People?* My political curiosity, exclusive of my anxious solicitude for the public welfare, leads me to ask, who authorized them to speak the language of *We, the People*, instead of *We, the States?* States are the characteristics and soul of a confederation. If the states be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great consolidated national government of the people of all the states. I have the highest respect for those gentlemen who formed the convention, and were some of them not here, I would express some testimonial of esteem for them. America had on a former occasion put the utmost confidence in them, a confidence which was well placed; and I am sure, sir, I would give up anything to them; I would cheerfully confide in them as my representatives. But, sir, on this great occasion, I would demand the cause of their conduct. Even from that illustrious man, who saved us by his valor, I would have a reason for his conduct—that liberty which he has given us by his valor, tells me to ask this reason—and sure I am, were he here, he would give us that reason; but there are other gentlemen here, who can give us that information. The people gave them no power to use their name. That they exceeded their power is perfectly clear. It is not mere curiosity that actuates me, I wish to hear the real, actual, existing danger, which should lead us to take those steps so dangerous in my conception. Disorders have arisen in other parts of America, but here, sir, no dangers, no insurrection, nor tumult, has happened—everything has been calm and tranquil. But notwithstanding this, we are wandering on the great ocean of human affairs. I see no landmark to guide us. We are running we know not whither. Difference in opinion has gone to a degree of inflammatory resentment in different parts of the country—which has been occasioned by this perilous innovation. The Federal convention ought to have amended the old system—for this purpose they were solely delegated: the object of their mission extended to no other consideration. You must therefore forgive the solicitation of one unworthy member to know what danger

could have arisen under the present confederation, and what are the causes of this proposal to change our government.

SPEECH ON RESPONSIBILITY

Delivered in the Virginia Convention, June 14, 1788.

It is now confessed that this is a National Government. There is not a single federal feature in it. It has been alleged within these walls during the debates, to be national and federal, as it suited the arguments of the gentlemen. But now when we have heard the definition of it, it is purely national. The honorable member is pleased to say that the sword and purse included everything of consequence; and shall we trust them out of their hands without checks and barriers? The sword and purse are essentially necessary for the government. Every essential requisite must be in Congress. Where are the purse and sword of Virginia? They must go to Congress. What is become of your country? The Virginian government is but a name. It clearly results from his last argument that we are to be consolidated. We should be thought unwise indeed to keep two hundred legislators in Virginia when the government is in fact gone to Philadelphia or New York. We are as a State to form no part of the government. Where are your checks? The most essential objects of government are to be administered by Congress. How then can the State governments be any check upon them? If we are to be a republican government it will be consolidated, not confederated.

The means, says the gentleman, must be commensurate to the end. How does this apply? All things in common are left with this government. There being an infinitude in the government, there must be an infinitude of means to carry it on. This is a sort of mathematical government that may appear well on paper, but cannot sustain examination, or be safely reduced to practice. The delegation of power to an adequate number of representatives, and an unimpeded reversion of it back to the people at short periods, form the principal traits of a republican government. The idea of a republican government in that paper is something superior to the poor people.

The governing persons are the servants of the people. There the servants are greater than their masters; because it includes infinitude, and infinitude excludes every idea of subordination. In this the creature has destroyed and soared above the creator. For if its powers be infinite, what rights have the people remaining? By that very argument despotism has made its way in all countries, where the people unfortunately have been enslaved by it. We are told the sword and purse are necessary for the national defence. The junction of these without limitations in the same hands, is, by logical and mathematical conclusions, the description of despotism.

The reasons adduced here to-day have long ago been advanced in favor of passive obedience and non-resistance. In 1688 the British nation expelled their monarch for attempting to trample on their liberties. The doctrine of divine right and passive obedience—said to be commanded by heaven—was inculcated by his minions and adherents. He wanted to possess, without control, the sword and the purse. The attempt cost him his crown. This government demands the same powers. I see reason to be more and more alarmed, I fear it will terminate in despotism. As to his objection of the abuse of liberty, it is denied. The political enquiries and promotions of the peasants is a happy circumstance. A foundation of knowledge is a great mark of happiness. When the spirit of enquiry after political discernment goes forth among the lowest of the people, it rejoices my heart. Why such fearful apprehensions? I defy him to show that liberty has been abused. There has been no rebellion here, though there was in Massachusetts. Tell me of any country which has been so long without a rebellion. Distresses have been patiently borne in this country which would have produced revolutions in other countries. We strained every nerve to make provision to pay off our soldiers and officers. They, though not paid and greatly distressed at the conclusion of the war, magnanimously acquiesced. The depreciation of the circulating currency very much involved many of them, and thousands of other citizens, in absolute ruin; but the same patient fortitude and forbearance marked their conduct. What would the people of England have done in such a situation? They would have resisted the government and murdered the tyrant. But in this country

no abuse of power has taken place. It is only a general assertion, unsupported, which suggests the contrary. Individual licentiousness will show its baneful consequences in every country, let its government be what it may.

But the honorable gentleman says, responsibility will exist more in this than in the British Government. It exists here more in name than in anything else. I need not speak of the executive authority. But consider the two houses—the American Parliament. Are the members of the Senate responsible? They may try themselves, and if found guilty on impeachment, are to be only removed from office. In England the greatest characters are brought to the block for their sinister administration. They have a power there, not to dismiss them from office, but from life, for malpractice. The king himself cannot pardon in this case. How does it stand with respect to your lower house? You have but ten; whatever number may be there, six is a majority. Will your country afford no temptation, no money to corrupt them? Cannot six fat places be found to accommodate them? They may, after the first Congress, take any place. There will be a multiplicity of places. Suppose they corruptly obtain places. Where will you find them to punish them? At the farthest parts of the Union; in the ten miles square; or within a state where there is a stronghold. What are you to do when these men return from Philadelphia? Two things are to be done: To detect the offender and bring him to punishment. You will find it difficult to do either. In England the proceedings are openly transacted. They deliver their opinions freely and openly. They do not fear all Europe. Compare it to this. You cannot detect the guilty. The publication from time to time is merely optional in them. They may prolong the period, or suppress it altogether under pretence of its being necessary to be kept secret. The yeas and nays will avail nothing. Is the publication daily? It may be a year, or once in a century? I know this would be an unfair construction in the common concerns of life. But it would satisfy the words of the Constitution. It would be some security were it once a year, or even once in two years. When the new election comes on, unless you detect them what becomes of your responsibility? Will they discover their guilt when they wish

to be reëlected? This would suppose them to be not only bad but foolish men. In pursuit of responsibility have you a right to scrutinize into the conduct of your representatives? Can any man who conceives himself injured go and demand a sight of their journals? But it will be told that I am suspicious. I am answered to every question, that they will be good men. In England they see daily what is doing in Parliament. They will hear from their Parliament in one thirty-ninth part of the time that we will hear from Congress in this scattered country. Let it be proposed in England to lay a poll-tax, or enter into any measures that will injure one part and produce emoluments to another, intelligence will fly quickly as the rays of light to the people. They will instruct their representatives to oppose it, and will petition against it, and get it prevented or redressed instantly. Impeachment follows quickly a violation of duty. Will it be so here? You must detect the offence, and punish the defaulter. How will this be done when you know not the offender, even though he had a previous design to commit the misdemeanor? Your parliament will consist of sixty-five. Your share will be ten out of the sixty-five. Will they not take shelter by saying they were in the minority—that the men from New Hampshire and Kentucky outvoted them? Thus will responsibility, that great pillar of a free government, be taken away.

The honorable gentleman wished to try the experiment. Loving his country as he does, he would surely not wish to trust its happiness to an experiment, from which much harm, but no good may result.

I will speak another time, and will not fatigue the committee now. I think the friends of the opposition ought to make a pause here; for I can see no safety to my country if you give up this power.

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ

[1800—1856]

CAROLINE MAYS BREVARD

CAROLINE LEE WHITING, youngest child of Colonel John Whiting of the Revolutionary Army, was born at Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1800. The Whiting family was well known in New England, and a certain ancestor, the Rev. Samuel Whiting, was prominent in early colonial times. Colonel John Whiting is said to have been a man of strong personality, cultured mind, and refined literary tastes. His traits impressed themselves strongly upon his children. He died in 1810. Three of his sons followed his profession, and they bore their part in the War of 1812. One rose, in time, to the rank of general.

We may be sure that the great events of the time had their influence upon the mind and character of the young girl, remote from scenes of strife, but with three brothers in the American Army. Letters from the young soldiers were read and read again, war became a reality, patriotism was developed, and imagination was quickened.

About this time she began writing stories, poems, and plays that delighted the members of her family and her schoolmates. Before she was twelve years old, she had written an oriental fairy drama, "Gessimentia; or, The Enchanted Ring," and "Eveline, a Tragedy." Thus, from childhood, she found pleasure in writing as the natural expression of fancy. Yet her pleasure was not all found in writing or in studying, for her life was entirely natural and healthful. We are told that she was a favorite with her companions, taking part in their games and amusements. She delighted in woodland rambles, and was influenced to an extent that she did not realize until later years, by the aspects of Nature. The peak, Wachusett, that rose in ruggedness among the mountains on the border of New Hampshire, was endowed by her with personality, and was loved by her as a friend.

On September 30, 1824, she was married to Mr. Nicholas Marcellus Hentz, a French gentleman whose father was a lawyer of Metz and a member of the French National Convention. Mr. Hentz was a man of culture and of varied talents. He was deeply interested in the study of science, especially of entomology, and was a

contributor to the scientific literature of the time. His work as an instructor, however, was generally in other departments of learning. He was at the time of his marriage associated with Mr. George Bancroft in conducting a school at Round Hill, Northampton, Massachusetts. After two years spent there, he was offered the chair of Modern Languages and *Belles-Lettres* at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and removed to that seat of learning.

Mrs. Hentz had never before been farther South than Boston, and found much to interest her in the new scenes. With ready tact she adapted herself to her surroundings, made friends, and identified herself with the interest of the small, cultured community of Chapel Hill. She brought with her from New England no prejudices against Southern people or Southern institutions. Though never wavering in attachment to her native section, she learned to love the South with a deep and sincere affection, so that it is not without reason that Southerners claim her as one of themselves.

In 1830 Mr. Hentz was persuaded to remove to Covington, Kentucky, to establish a school there under the joint superintendence of Mrs. Hentz and himself. It was during her residence at Covington that Mrs. Hentz produced the first dramatic effort of her mature years, "De Lara; or, The Moorish Bride; A Tragedy"; this was awarded a prize of five hundred dollars offered by Mr. Pelley of the Boston Theatre for the best original tragedy founded on the conquest of the Moors in Spain. However, Mr. Pelley, on account of business difficulties, was unable to pay the award, and he restored the copyright to the author. The tragedy, afterward published, was successfully produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Mrs. Hentz was encouraged to write another play, "Lamorah," a tragedy of Indian frontier life, and a dramatic poem, "Constance of Werdenburg." But neither play nor poem was published until some years later.

After two years at Covington, they decided to go to Cincinnati and to open a school there similar to the one founded at Covington. The sojourn at Cincinnati, though but of two years' duration, was of great importance in developing the literary powers of Mrs. Hentz. She found herself in the congenial society of literary men and women, and was stimulated to further production. With the cares of motherhood and the duties of teaching, there was little time for literary work; yet she accomplished much. She wrote magazine articles, poems, and a novel 'Lovell's Folly.' She was trying her powers, but had not yet learned how to construct a plot or sustain the interest of a long story. The novel was not successful and was soon forgotten.

There was another move in 1834, this time to Florence, Alabama, where nine years were passed. Here Mrs. Hentz lived a retired life. She had now four children, the youngest an infant at the time of removal to Florence. Never before had the family demands upon her time and thought been so great, nor had her duties as a teacher been so exacting. Sometimes she would write a short poem at the suggestion of occasion. There was no other literary work during her life at Florence.

At this time Tuscaloosa was the center of much intellectual influence, and Mr. Hentz, believing it would be a favorable place for a school, removed there with his family in 1843. It was at Tuscaloosa that Mrs. Hentz wrote "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," during a school vacation in 1844. Here she wrote also many poems. One of her friends has described her as he first saw her at Tuscaloosa, "moving among a throng of devoted school-girls, commanding the respect, as she won the affectionate esteem, of those who were her assistants in the labors of instruction as well as those who were committed to her care; as the light and center of a united family; and only as an author when an hour found at her disposal between other duties, or snatched from the watches of the night, was pressed into service."

After two years at Tuscaloosa, another change was made and another school was opened at Tuskegee, Alabama, then a mere village, with traditions of Indian warfare still fresh in the minds of the inhabitants. Here three years were passed, during which time Mrs. Hentz published nothing. There were changes now in the family circle. The eldest daughter was married, and soon afterward the eldest son was sent away to attend a professional school.

The year 1848 was marked by removal to Columbus, Georgia, and the opening of a school at that place. During the year, 'The Mob-Cap' was published. About the beginning of the second year at Columbus Mr. Hentz's health failed entirely. Mrs. Hentz also fell ill. After her recovery she carried on the school alone for a few months, at the same time writing whenever she could find time to do so. But after the spring of 1851 she taught no more, relying entirely upon her pen for the support of the family. 'Linda' had appeared in 1850, and it was followed the next year by 'Rena; or, The Snow Bird.'

The story of 'Linda' had been told the author by the captain of a steamer on the Alabama River. He told the story well, for he had seen the *Belle Creole* when she was blown to pieces, and he had seen Linda just before she escaped into the woods along the river bank. At the captain's suggestion, Mrs. Hentz undertook to

write the story. A daughter of Mrs. Hentz has told us how she used to sit beside her mother's writing table, "on which was always a vase of flowers," eagerly reading each page as soon as it was finished. It was Mrs. Hentz's custom, as she would finish the several chapters of her books, to read them aloud to the family, of whose full sympathy and interest she was always sure. After she gave up teaching, she set apart the morning hours for writing. Her friends, knowing this, would not interrupt her; but sometimes strangers, or persons not realizing the value of those uninterrupted hours, would call. Then Mrs. Hentz would lay aside her pen, go into the drawing room, and entertain her visitors as pleasantly as if she had no concern of greater importance than to receive morning callers. When they took their leave she would resume her work, as calm and unruffled as though she had not been disturbed.

Four years were passed at Columbus. Then, since the two elder children had made choice of Marianna, Florida, for their home, she decided to join them there. In 1852, the year of the removal to Marianna, Mrs. Hentz published two books, 'Marcus Warland; or, The Long Moss Spring,' and 'Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale.' These were written at the bedside of her husband, who was now very ill. Her literary activities at a time when the cares and anxieties of her life were so great recall the touching account Anthony Trollope gives of his mother under similar circumstances, while others rested or slept, writing the stories that were to give entertainment to many, and the means of living to those dear to her.

One book followed another in quick succession. 'Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel,' 'Jack,' and 'Helen and Arthur' were published in 1853. 'The Planter's Northern Bride,' in two volumes, appeared the next year. In the spring of 1853 Mrs. Hentz made a visit to her old home in New England—a visit of pleasure mingled with sadness, for the years had brought many changes. After her return to Florida she began writing another novel, 'Robert Graham,' which was finished the next winter. Then she prepared for publication two volumes of earlier written tales, also a volume of dialogues, poems, and sketches that she had written from time to time for the use of her pupils. She seems to have given herself no time for rest. Yet, as ever, ready to give pleasure to others, she found time to write, for an amateur dramatic club of Quincey, a play, "Don Carlos de Castra," founded on an amusing incident in the social life of Tallahassee.

The measure of work was almost full. Her last book, and her best, according to the opinion of many, was 'Ernest Lynwood,' published in 1856. The news of the author's death was received in

Boston on the day this work was issued from the press. The editor of the Boston *Transcript* wrote of the book as "a lingering hand-grasp from one we love." Many years after, Mrs. Hentz's daughter said, "I can never read the book through without blinding tears, for I can hear through its pages the minor chords of life vibrating." Mr. Hentz died a few months after his wife. Both are buried at Marianna, one marble shaft marking their resting place.

One who knew Mrs. Hentz well has thus described her: "She is tall, graceful, dignified, with that high bred manner that ever betokens gentle blood. She has infinite talent and tact in conversation, and never speaks without awakening interest. . . . She has great enthusiasm, the enthusiasm described by Madame de Staël as 'God within us'—the love of the good, the holy, and the beautiful. She has neither pretension nor pedantry, and, although admirably accomplished, she has all the sweet simplicity of an elegant woman." Those now living who knew her have much to say of the gentleness, the cheerfulness, the charm of manner that made her a general favorite.

Her books, widely read in their day, represent the tastes and standards of the society she knew, and they picture conditions long since passed away. They are characterized by definite moral and religious teaching, are marked by purity and refinement, and leave no heart the worse for the reading. One can but feel, however, that she wrote no story so fine as that we may read between the lines of the bare record of her own life. A life of untiring industry, of cheerful devotion to duty, of willing sacrifice, and of brave facing whatever the day might bring—a life altogether sweet, and strong, and noble.

THE CRUCIAL HOUR

From 'Linda; or, the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole.'

They met face to face—these two young men—on the deck of the *Belle Creole*. The hot blood rushed with a crimson glow to the face of Roland, but Robert remained colourless as marble. He was conscious of a noble purpose—and magnanimity is always calm. Advancing a few steps, and holding out his hand, he said, in a low voice:

"Captain Lee, I ask forgiveness for the past, and, if possible, confidence for the future."

There was something so truthful and dignified in his manner, so simple and manly in his address, that it appealed powerfully to the ingenuous nature of Roland. He involuntarily extended his hand, but averted his face to conceal the moistened eye and quivering lip, which might expose him to a rival's pity.

"I have much that I wish to say," said Robert. "Could I see you a few moments in private?"

Roland led the way in silence to his own apartment, where, closing the door, he turned towards Robert his agitated countenance.

"You wear the badge of mourning," said Robert. "May I ask, if it is for one we both have loved these sable weeds are worn?"

"Stop," exclaimed Roland; "my grief should be sacred from intrusion, and most of all from you. Have loved! Your words are mockery, sir."

"I have much to say," continued Robert; "but I tremble for the effect of my communication. Yet I know myself how much joy the human heart can bear."

"Speak—quick, and tell me what you mean," cried Roland, turning upon him with a flashing eye.

"What if I should tell you that she whom you mourn as dead still lives, and lives for you. Nay, stay and hear me, and believe me. I would not dare trifle with your sorrow. Linda lives, and, reserving only a brother's rights, I yield to you every claim upon her love."

Roland gazed upon Robert for a moment, with a strange

bewildered expression, then pressing both hands upon his forehead, turned of ashy paleness.

Fearful that he had been too abrupt in his communication, Robert laid his hand gently on his arm, and said:

"Let me say to thee, my brother, as a holy friend did to me, when my soul fainted under the burden of its joy, let religion chasten thy felicity. Remember the great Giver of so much happiness."

As Robert uttered these words in a calm, impressive voice, Roland's countenance lost its wild expression, his head gradually bent down, then throwing his arm around Robert's neck, he wept, even as passionate and tender woman weeps.

Robert's glistening eyes attested the depth of his sympathy. No feeling of jealousy now mingled its bitterness with the pure fountain of his thoughts. He found a noble, self-sacrificing spirit its own reward. The hour he had been so long dreading, as the test of his sincerity and truth, was come, and he had strength to yield Linda to another—nay, he felt a joy in the sacrifice, so pure and exalted, he would not have exchanged it for all that passion and self-indulgence in their most prodigal moods could offer.

Roland and Linda met: but we will imitate the delicacy of Robert, and not intrude on the sacredness of the interview. It is difficult to describe joy, rising, Lazarus-like, from the tomb of despair. The artist can paint the black cloud of the gathering tempest, but when a glorious sun-burst comes flashing out from the gloom, he drops his pencil, conscious of the impotence of his genius,

> Unless to mortal it were given
> To dip his brush in dyes of heaven.

BY THE LONG MOSS SPRING

From 'Marcus Warland; or, The Long Moss Spring.'

The water! the water!
  Where I have shed salt tears;
In loneliness and friendliness,
  A thing of tender years.
The water! the water!
  How bless'd to me thou art,
Thus sounding in life's solitude
  The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
  With dreamings of departed gladness.

—*Motherwell.*

Marcus sat beside the Long Moss Spring, the morning sunbeams glancing through the broad leaves of the magnolia and the brilliant foliage of the holly, and playing on his golden hair. He held in his hand a fishing-rod, whose long line floated on the water; and though his eye was fixed on the buoyant cork, there was no hope or excitement in its gaze. His face was pale and wore a severe expression, very different from the usual joyousness and thoughtlessness of childhood. Even when the silvery trout and shining perch, lured by the bait, hung quivering on the hook, and were thrown, fluttering like wounded birds through the air, to fall panting, then pulseless, at his side, he showed no consciousness of success, no elation at the number of his scaly victims. Tears, even, large and slowly gathering tears, rolled gradually and reluctantly down his fair oval cheeks; they were not like the sudden, drenching shower, that leaves the air purer and the sky bluer, but the drops that issue from the wounded bark formed of the life-blood of the tree.

Beautiful was the spot where the boy sat, and beautiful the vernal morning that awakened Nature to the joy and the beauty of youth. The fountain, over whose basin he was leaning, was one of those clear, deep, pellucid springs, that gush up in the green wilds of southern Georgia, forming a feature of such exquisite loveliness in the landscape, that the traveler pauses on the margin, feeling as if he had found one of

those enchanted springs of which we read in fairy land, whose waters are too bright, too pure, too serene for earth.

The stone which formed the basin of the fountain was smooth and calcareous, hollowed out by the friction of the waters, and gleaming white and cold through their diaphanous drapery. In the centre of this basin, where the spring gushed in all its depth and strength, it was so dark it looked like an opaque body, impervious to the eye, whence it flowed over the edge of its rocky receptacle in a full, rejoicing current, sweeping over its mossy bed, and bearing its sounding tribute to the Chattahoochee, "rolling rapidly." The mossy bed to which we have alluded was not the verdant velvet that covers with a short, curling nap the ancient rock and the gray old tree, but long, slender, emerald-green plumes, waving under the water, and assuming through its mirror a tinge of deep and irradiant blue. Nothing can be imagined more rich and graceful than this carpet for the fountain's silvery tread, and which seems to bend beneath it, as the light spray rustling in the breeze. The golden water-lily gleamed up through the crystal, and floated along the margin on its long and undulating stems.

THE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED

From 'The Planter's Northern Bride.'

Moreland's blood began to seethe in his veins when he saw Vulcan, far more embruted and animal in appearance than when he defied him over the ashes of the dead, ascend the platform and sit down side by side with his own father-in-law; when he saw the vile impostor, whose path had been marked with the slime of the snake, the brand of the incendiary, and the steel of the assassin, standing in that elevated position, the centre of every gazing eye, assuming to be the champion of truth and humanity, while violating their most sacred rights. He announced himself as a traveler recently returned from the South, that beautiful, but accursed region, "where all save the spirit of man was divine." He had had the most abundant opportunities of studying and examining its social and domestic institutions, and he was prepared to lay the result before an intelligent and enlightened community.

He began with the utmost calmness and deliberation, describing the delicious climate, the luxuriant vegetation, the gardens of roses, the bowers of jessamine, and groves of orange trees, which made an Eden of that smiling land. He dwelt with enthusiastic admiration on the grace and loveliness of its daughters, the brave and gallant bearing of its sons. One would have supposed that to praise was his only task; but he was making a flowering groundwork, to enhance by contrast the effect of the hideous structure he was about to rear upon it. Anon the hand that had been gently scattering roses, began to hurl the hissing thunderbolt, and in the wild and thrilling eloquence which succeeded, Moreland found no difficulty in recognizing the splendid orator of the African Church. He heard himself (for in what other planter's home had he been so closely domesticated?) described as a demon of cruelty, his slaves the subjects of the most atrocious barbarity, his plantation the scene of horrors that baffled the power of imagination to conceive. The clanking chain, the excoriating manacle, the gashing scourge, the burning brand, were represented as tortures in daily, nay, even in hourly use; the shrieks of womanhood, the cries of infancy, and the lamentations of age, as no more regarded than the yelling of wild beasts or the whistling of the wind. The audience was becoming painfully excited. Ladies were passing little bottles containing the spirits of ammonia from one to the other, and covering their faces with their white handkerchiefs; men groaned audibly, and many a dark and sinister glance was turned to the dim corner, where the Southern planter sat, unseen as yet by the orator of the night.

"Hush, hush!" whispered Dr. Darley to the excited and indignant Moreland. "Not for worlds would I have you prematurely interrupt this scene. Wait, and you shall have a signal triumph."

It was a terrible struggle with Moreland to keep from rushing forward and hurling the wretch from the platform, exposing him at once to the crowd, whom he was deluding by his falsehoods and magnetizing by his electrical eloquence.

"Behold," said Brainard, after having exhausted, for the time, the vocabulary of horrors, "behold one of the poor victims of Southern barbarity—behold his mutilated fingers, his

branded and disfigured body. Hold out your hand, long-suffering son of Africa—and show the awful mark of your master's cruelty."

Vulcan stretched out his left hand, in which the two central fingers were wanting, making a sickening chasm. We have already related the accident which caused this loss, as well as the burn which had left such an enduring cicatrice.

"Look at this poor disfigured shoulder," continued Brainard, folding back the negro's shirt-collar and displaying a terrible-looking scar (probably embellished by a few touches of reddish paint). "This is but a small portion of the scars which seam and corrugate his whole body."

Groans and faint shrieks were now heard from every part of the house, and again Dr. Darley's restraining hand was laid on Moreland's quivering arm.

"Not yet, not yet! We must hear the negro's story. The climax is to come."

But just as Vulcan opened his huge lips to speak, in obedience to a gesture of Brainard, and people were pressing forward, half standing in their eagerness to catch every word of the hideous speaker, a young man forced his way through the crowd in the doorway and rushed to the centre of the hall. So sudden was his entrance, so rapid his movements, that no one recognized his colour till, slackening his pace and looking wildly round him, he disclosed the bright yellow hue and dark-beaming eyes of the mulatto.

"Master, master, Mars Russell!" he exclaimed, breathlessly, pantingly; "where are you? Why don't you speak, and tell 'em they're all lies? Why don't you tell 'em it's Vulcan, that tried to kill you, and Master Brainard, that tried to make everybody kill you? You may kill me if you want to!" cried he, shaking his clenched fist at the astonished Brainard. "I don't care if you do! I'll call you a story-teller and a rogue. I'd a heap rather be killed than stand still and hear the best master that ever lived made out a monster and a brute!"

It is impossible to give the faintest conception of the effect of this impassioned appeal. The young republicans in the windows brought down their sticks like rattling thunder, while, high above the din, several voices were heard exclaiming—

"Put him out, put him out!" and many leaped forward to execute the order.

"Stop!" exclaimed a voice of command, and Moreland, without waiting to make a passage through the people, sprang from bench to bench, till he reached the spot where Albert stood, directly opposite the platform, in the full glare of the lamplight. With glowing cheek and flashing eye, he faced the bold, but now pale impostor and cowering slave, then turning to the people:

"Let no one," he cried, "on their peril, touch this boy. He is under my protection, and I will defend him with my life. He has spoken the truth. This man is a vile impostor. Pretending to be a minister of God, he introduced himself into my household, and, under the cloak of religion, plotted the most damning designs. I received him as a friend, cherished him as a brother, and obtained for him the confidence of a generous and trusting community. I blush for my own weakness; I pity the delusion of others. As to the horrible charges he has brought against me and my Southern brethren, I scorn to deny them. If you could believe such atrocities of *any* man, your good opinion would be valueless to me. That you can believe them of *me,* knowing me, as most of you now do, I know it is impossible. Had he been less malignant, he had done me more evil."

"I have spoken the truth, and nothing but the truth," interrupted Brainard, grinding his teeth with suppressed rage; "our black brother can bear witness to all I have declared."

But "our black brother" did not seem disposed to back his falsehoods with the boldness he had anticipated. Though brute force, roused by long continued excitement, had once triumphed over moral cowardice, it gave him no sustaining influence now, and he shrank and quailed before the thrilling eye of his deserted and injured master. The influence of early habits and feelings resumed its sway, and gleamings of his better nature struggled through the darkness of falsehood and treachery. Notwithstanding the bluntness of his perceptions, he felt the power of Moreland's moral superiority over Brainard, and when he found himself called upon to confirm his unblushing lies in the pure light of his master's countenance, a sudden loathing for the white man who could

stoop to such degradation filled his mind; and a strong desire for the favor he had forfeited and the place he had lost, stirred his heart.

"Speak, Vulcan!" cried Moreland, who had marked the changes of his dark face with intense interest, "speak! and in the presence of an all-hearing God, say if this man utters the truth, or I."

"You, massa, you!" burst spontaneously from the lips of the negro; and it seemed as if a portion of blackness rolled away from his face, with the relieving consciousness of having borne testimony to the truth.

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL

[1823—1882]

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT

WRITTEN with prominence on the roster of Georgia's illustrious sons is the name of Benjamin Harvey Hill, who was born on September 14, 1823, in Hillsborough, Jasper County, right in the heart of that "old red belt which encircles the State from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee." He was the seventh son of nine children that blessed the marriage of Sarah Parham and John Hill, whose ancestors were respectively Welsh and Irish. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century John Hill, a sturdy Methodist, had removed from North Carolina and settled in Jasper County, but when Benjamin was a boy the family went to live at La Grange, Troup County, close to the Alabama border.

Because he possessed a slender education himself the father fully realized the value of culture, and at sixteen years of age Benjamin was singled out from his brothers and sisters as best fitted to receive a higher education than could be afforded to all. Accordingly he was sent to the Rev. Mr. Corbin, of Yale, under whose tutelage he made rapid progress. Interest in his promising pupil led the teacher to urge a college course at his own *alma mater,* but the loyal young Georgian preferred his State's University at Athens, whither he went in 1841, after his mother and an aunt had contributed their little incomes to the money his father could spare toward the necessary expenses. But these self-sacrificing relatives were amply repaid, for the rustic boy in long jeans coat and scant trousers quickly developed into a brilliant student who, three years later, was graduated with the highest honors. Among his classmates he had already won renown as an invincible debater, and as the valedictorian his oration, with fullest promise of his remarkable eloquence, was enthusiastically applauded by William C. Preston, of South Carolina, and by Judge Berrien, of Georgia, both of whom happened to be present at the exercises.

Upon leaving college he entered the law office of William Dougherty, and after a year's study was admitted to the bar. In November, 1845, he married Miss Caroline E. Holt, the daughter of Cicero Holt, then a prominent lawyer of Athens, Georgia, and the youthful couple settled in La Grange, where Benjamin Harvey

Hill began the practice of his profession. Distinction in the chosen field came soon, and in February, 1848, he was admitted to the Supreme Court of his native State.

The Missouri Compromise measures stirred him, as indeed they did many others, into political activity, and he entered the public arena at twenty-eight years of age, over six feet one in height, and with eyes "oratorically grey." In 1851 he was elected to the Lower House of the General Assembly, from Troup County. Between that year and 1854 he declined reëlection to the Legislature, and refused nomination for Congress, but the repeal of the Compromise roused his wrath, and he became one of the most powerful champions of the Union and the Constitution. During the period of storm and stress his followers affectionately dubbed him "Our Ben," a soubriquet which stuck to him all through his career. A staunch Union man, his philippics against all radicalism, especially that concerned with the slavery agitation, rang through the length and breadth of Georgia. When the old Whig party was dissolved in the State, he allied himself with the American or Know-Nothing party, though his sympathies were not entirely given up to it. However, in 1856, he was an elector-at-large for Fillmore and Donelson, on that ticket, and the next year he became its candidate for Governor. Defeated, he still remained the idol of his party, and in 1859 he was elected a member of the State Senate. All this time his reputation as a lawyer had been growing, and he was acknowledged the foremost advocate in his State. Before a jury he had few equals, and many of his speeches in important cases have been preserved, and are still cited by members of the bar.

During the momentous campaign of 1860 he canvassed the State for Bell and Everett, and was chosen a delegate to the Secession Convention held at Milledgeville, on January 16, 1861. Essentially a Union man, he there made magnificent arguments for the preservation of our national unity, and sought to stay the impending dissolution, even as his celebrated *confrère,* Alexander H. Stephens, sought to do at the same convocation. But when secession had been irrevocably resolved upon, he followed the lead of his State, casting his fortunes with her fate. Subsequently he became a member of the provisional Confederate Congress, which met at Montgomery, Alabama, on February 4, 1861, and in the fall of that year was elected by the Georgia Legislature over Toombs, Jackson and Iverson, a member of the Confederate Senate, at Richmond, in which body he served during the whole period of the Civil War. Furthermore, though the youngest mem-

ber of that body, he was elected chairman of the Judiciary Committee, a position which entailed immense labor and great responsibility. Reluctant though he had been to admit the necessity for secession, he was among the last to give up the "Lost Cause," and delivered a number of fiery addresses advocating the maintenance of the Confederacy. This obstinate attitude resulted in his arrest after the South suffered final defeat, and in his imprisonment from May to July, 1865, at Fort Lafayette, in New York Bay, where he remained till paroled by President Johnson. Despite all this notoriety in the North his name was proposed for the United States Senate in 1866, but it was eventually deemed imprudent to elect him under the circumstances. Undoubtedly his seat in the Senate would have been denied him.

For the succeeding decade he held no actual office, but besides his large law practice he gave every attention and energy to the weal of the South, and became her indomitable champion against the measures of Reconstruction. On July 10, 1867, he made a memorable speech against the measures proposed by Congress, and seven days later he delivered in Atlanta another remarkable arraignment of the Government in what is now known as the "Davis Hall speech." From that time the fight for political redemption was joined and in 1869 appeared his scathing "Notes on the Situation," which have been accorded first rank in political literature. They were indited with a pen dipped in the very gall of bitterness, and in alluding to them Henry W. Grady said: "In my opinion they stand alone as the profoundest and most eloquent political essays ever penned by an American." These "Notes" won their author the state leadership, and he may be said to have reorganized the Democratic party in Georgia. Every one of his speeches had a decided effect upon his fellow-citizens, especially the one called the "Bush-Arbor speech," which he delivered on July 23, 1868, in Atlanta. He could not stem the tide of misery, however, which swept over the South, and between 1870 and 1872 he withdrew from the public, and advised the people to "accept the situation," since successful resistance seemed no longer possible.

In 1872 he was a zealous supporter of Horace Greeley for President, and three years later Benjamin Harvey Hill was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Garnett McMillan. So on December 6, 1875, he took his seat in the first Democratic Congress since the war, and in the following January he distinguished himself in the debate on the "Amnesty bill." James G. Blaine's attack on the South as responsible for the alleged "atrocities" at Andersonville brought forth

the famous reply on January 11, 1876. At one blow were silenced the slanderers of the South. Twenty thousand copies of the speech were at once struck off and circulated throughout the North. It contained the oft-quoted, oft-declaimed peroration, a section of which follows: "Is the bosom of the country always to be torn with the miserable sectional debate, whenever a Presidential election is pending? The victory of the North was absolute, and God knows the submission of the South was complete! But, sir, we have recovered from the humiliation of defeat, and we come here among you and ask you to give us the greetings accorded to brothers by brothers. We propose to join you in every patriotic endeavor and to unite with you in every patriotic aspiration that looks to the benefit, the advancement, and the honor of every part of our common country. Let us, gentlemen of all parties, in this centennial year, indeed have a jubilee of freedom. We divide with you the glories of the Revolution and of the succeeding years of our national life, before the unhappy division, that four years' night of gloom and despair; and so shall we divide with you the glories of all the future. We are here; we are in the house of our fathers; our brothers are our companions, and we are at home to stay, thank God! We come charging upon the Union no wrongs to us. The Union never wronged us. The Union has been an unmixed blessing to every section, to every state, and to every man of every color in America. We charge all our wrongs upon that 'higher law' fanaticism, that never kept a pledge nor obeyed a law. Brave Union men of the North—you who fought for the Union for the sake of the Union, you who ceased to fight when the battle ended and the sword was sheathed—we have no quarrel with you, whether Republicans or Democrats. We felt your heavy arm in the carnage of the battle; but above the roar of the cannon, we heard your voice of kindness calling, 'Brothers, come back!' and we bear witness to you this day that that voice of kindness did more to thin the Confederate ranks and weaken the Confederate arm than did all the artillery employed in the struggle."

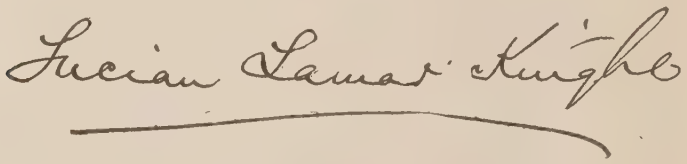
Again, on January 17, 1877, he made a speech in favor of the Electoral Commission, characterizing it as a measure wholly constitutional, wise in every provision, and patriotic in every purpose. At the expiration of his term in Congress he was unanimously reelected, but on March 4, 1877, resigned to take his seat in the Senate, having defeated the Hon. Thomas M. Norwood and ex-Governor James M. Smith for that office. Here he first signalized himself in the great contest over the bill presented by the Judiciary Committee, which proposed to establish a sinking fund to secure

the repayment of a loan made by the United States to the Union Pacific and the Central Railroad companies. He proved the measures unconstitutional, and the bill failed to pass. From that hour the fame of Senator Hill as a constitutional lawyer was firmly established, and many critics have compared him in this capacity with the eminent Englishman, Erskine. Among other noteworthy speeches of his senatorial career was one on the subject of the coinage of silver dollars, February 8, 1878, which exhibited a minute knowledge of the intricacies of finance, and another on "The Union and Its Enemies," May 10, 1879, which Senator Voorhees pronounced the greatest speech delivered in the Senate within a quarter of a century. This was an answer to Blaine, Edmunds and Chandler, and was a comprehensive exposition of the dual system of our Government, together with an impassioned defense of the South and the Democratic party. As Senator he also served on the committees on Privileges and Elections, Revolutionary Claims, and Mines and Mining. Added to these distinguished services are his labors on the Committee on Foreign Relations, and his work as chairman of the Committee on the Contingent Expenses of the Senate.

During 1878-1879 he was annoyed by what he took to be a tiny pimple on the left side of his tongue. Little or no serious attention was given it until the irritation became more aggravated, then he sought medical advice at the hands of a homœpathic physician, who treated it as a "benign ulcer." Eight months passed without relief, and he was compelled to consult the famous Dr. Gross, of Philadelphia, who diagnosed the case as cancer of the tongue. The knife was resorted to, but the cancerous taint could not be eradicated. Dr. Gross declared the case hopeless, and the sufferer went for relief to Eureka Springs, the waters of which were reputed marvelously curative in cancerous affections. Obtaining not the slightest benefit, he determined to return home, saying: "Whatever God may have in the future, I am willing to bear without a murmur. But, if I must die, I will go back to the old State that gave me birth, and die on her soil, and among my own people." Arrived at Atlanta, Georgia, he grew steadily worse, and for a month before his death, articulation having become almost impossible, he was obliged to use pencil and pad. A few hours ere the end came his pastor, the Rev. Clement A. Evans, heard him utter the simple yet significant words, "Almost home," and the last word traced on the pad was "Dearest," addressed to his wife.

His death took place on the sixteenth of August, 1882, and it was felt as a personal bereavement in every part of the State of Georgia. The public funeral in Atlanta was attended by a vast concourse

of mourners, State officials, Congressmen, and delegates from all the principal towns of Georgia. Flags were at half-mast and many business houses were closed during the obsequies. On May 1, 1886, a statue of Senator Hill was unveiled in Atlanta.



A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, February 14, 1864.

THIS day is like my own heart-idol—bright, sweet, and comforting. You ought to be very happy, if to bless others be the best source of happiness. Recently, I have found my thoughts absorbed for hours, studying your character. The subject is certainly not new, but beauties are ever developing—the last always the loveliest.

The dearest of all words are wife, home and child. They mean love, comfort, and hope, when defined by my experience. I have never found but one thought, which your character suggested, which troubled me; and this thought is a perpetual trouble. You are so much better than I that I often feel humbled. I have often strained myself to perform something good and noble that I might feel worthy to be your husband. In qualities that elevate and dignify; in virtues that are pure, sincere, and steadfast, I never saw the equal of my wife. Eighteen years of companionship have been eighteen years of admiration of your ever-increasing worth. If I cannot compensate you with the return of a character equal to your own in intrinsic merit, I have at least the very comforting reflection that it has ever been my business to serve you, my delight to please you, and my ambition to be like you.

It saddens me to turn from your character to the analysis of my own. But I can claim some virtues, though I cannot be what my desires would make me. I would be useful to all men—Heaven knows I would; but alas, alas! how feeble are my efforts and feebler my powers! My sphere is different

from yours. You are equal to your duties. I am utterly unequal to mine. I see the storm which is sweeping over my country, prostrating in its path the glories of the past, the blessings of the present, and almost all the hopes of the future; and I know it is but a hurricane of passion, hate and ambition, and I would lift my voice to stay its fury; but the voice is soundless in the universal roar and I am helpless.

If I had power equal to my wishes, this earth should be a paradise, and no living creature should feel pain. The virtue of universal good-will I can claim. I can also admire good deeds in others. I envy no man, but I would emulate the best. My energies are not equal to my desires, and seeing, as I do, much that ought to be done and yet doing myself so little, I cannot but feel discontented with myself.

But if to appreciate one's companion be the virtue of domestic life, then this is my solid merit; for whether I have a country or not, even a home or not, I expect to die as I have lived—my wife's worshipper.

One week from to-day and I shall be speeding away to the trysting-place—my wife's home and my children's playground. Never did a caged eagle look to the clear, bright heavens with a more earnest longing, nor the famished deer leap to the cooling water-brook with a more cheerful bound. O God, my heart is glad! my heart is glad! Home, sweet home; children, dear children; wife, dear wife. How like the descending dews on the parched grass do thoughts of resting there and with these fall upon my tired spirit.

Blithe are the notes of the singing bluebird, tender the petals of the budding flower, and bright is the dawn of the breaking day, when cold winter ends the frosty reign, and balmy spring blesses the earth with smiling freshness and queenly beauty; but far more blithe and tender and cheerful is the heart of him who, when chilling absence is over, is permitted to return to a home where love and confidence make a perpetual spring-time for the soul.

Unworthy as I am, this happiness is mine; and whatever other favors a kind and wise Providence may withhold or grant, for this alone I may daily and hourly say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Remember me kindly to all the household, and kiss the dear children for the happy returning father.

Your devoted husband,

B. H. Hill.

TRIBUTE TO LEE AND DAVIS

From address delivered before the Southern Historical Society at Atlanta, Georgia, February 18, 1874.

No people, ancient or modern, can look with more pride to the verdict which history will be compelled to render upon the merits and characters of our two chief leaders—the one in military and the other in the civil service. Most other leaders are great because of fortunate results, and heroes because of success. Davis and Lee, because of qualities in themselves, are great in the face of fortune, and heroes in spite of defeat.

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward Heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without a wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar, without his ambition; Frederick, without his tyranny; Napoleon, without his selfishness, and Washington, without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles!

There were many peculiarities in the habits and character of Lee which are but little known and which may be studied with profit. He studiously avoided giving opinions upon subjects which it had not been his calling or training to investigate; and sometimes I thought he carried this great virtue too far. Neither the President, nor Congress, nor

friends could get his views upon any public question not strictly military, and no man had so much quiet, unobtrusive contempt for what he called "military statesmen and political generals." Meeting him once in the streets of Richmond, as I was going out and he going in the executive office, I said to him: "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government, and going further South."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army and you must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General," I said, "but you will have to change that rule, and form and express political opinions; for, if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," he replied, with a firm dignity that belonged only to Lee. "That I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office, with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but General," I insisted, "history does not sustain your view. Cæsar, and Frederick of Prussia, and Bonaparte, were all great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And all great tyrants," he promptly rejoined. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant," I repeated.

And with a beautiful smile, he said: "Washington was an exception to all rule, and there was none like him."

I could find no words to answer, but instantly I said in thought: "Surely Washington is no longer the only exception, for one like him, if not even greater, is here."

Lee sometimes indulged in satire, to which his greatness gave point and power. He was especially severe on news-

paper criticisms of military movements—subjects about which the writers knew nothing.

"We made a great mistake, Mr. Hill, in the beginning of our struggle, and I fear, in spite of all we can do, it will prove to be a fatal mistake," he said to me, after General Bragg ceased to command the Army of Tennessee, an event Lee deplored.

"What mistake is that, General?"

"Why, sir, in the beginning, we appointed all our worst generals to command the armies, and all our best generals to edit the newspapers. As you know, I have planned some campaigns and quite a number of battles. I have given the work all the care and thought I could, and sometimes when my plans were completed, as far as I could see, they seemed to be perfect. But when I fought them through, I discovered defects and occasionally wondered I did not see some of the defects in advance. When it was all over I found, by reading a newspaper, that these best editor-generals saw all the defects plainly from the start. Unfortunately they did not communicate their knowledge to me until it was too late!" Then, after a pause, he added, with a beautiful, grave expression I can never forget: "I have no ambition but to serve the Confederacy, and do all I can to win our independence. I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I could wish. I am willing to yield my place to these best generals and I will do my best for the cause editing the newspaper!"

Jefferson Davis was as great in the Cabinet as Lee in the field. He was more resentful in temper, and more aggressive in his nature than Lee. His position, too, more exposed him to assaults from our own people. He had to make all appointments, and though often upon the recommendation of others, all the blame of mistake was charged to him, and mistakes were often charged by disappointed seekers and their friends which were not made. He also made recommendations for enactments, and though these measures, especially the military portion, invariably had the concurrence of and often originated with Lee, the opposition of malcontents was often directed at Davis. It is astonishing how men

in high positions, and supposed to be great, would make war on the whole administration for the most trivial personal disappointment. Failures to get places for favorites of very ordinary character have inspired long harangues against the most important measures, and they were continued and repeated even after those measures became laws. "Can you believe," he said to me once, "that men—statesmen—in a struggle like this, would hazard an injury to the cause because of their personal grievances, even if they were well founded?" "Certainly," I replied "I not only believe it, but I know it. There are men who regard themselves with more devotion than they do the cause. If such men offer you counsel you do not take, or ask appointments you do not make, however you may be sustained in such action by Lee and all the Cabinet, and even the Congress, they accept your refusal as questioning their wisdom, and as personal war on them." "I cannot conceive of such a feeling," he said. "I have but one enemy to fight, and that is our common enemy. I may make mistakes, and doubtless I do; but I do the best I can with all the lights at the time before me. God knows, I would sacrifice most willingly my life, much more my opinions, to defeat that enemy."

We all remember the fierce war which was made in Georgia against certain war measures of the Congress, and against Mr. Davis for recommending them. Conscription and impressment, especially, were denounced as unconstitutional and void, and not binding on soldiers or people. And then, the limited suspension of *habeas corpus* was made the occasion for a concerted movement on the Legislature, assembled in extra session, to array the State in hostility to the Confederate Administration. It failed. This was in the dark days of 1864. On returning to Richmond after this, I made the usual call of courtesy—no, of duty and of pleasure—on the President. As I arose to leave him, I said: "Mr. President, I am happy to say to you, that, notwithstanding some indications to the contrary, the people of Georgia will cordially sustain you in all your efforts to achieve our independence." "And I thank you, sir, for that information, and I have never doubted the fidelity of Georgia." "The people of Georgia sustain you," I added, "not only

because they have confidence in you, but chiefly because it is the only way to sustain the cause." And with an expression of sincerity glowing all over his countenance, and with a reverential pathos I can never forget, he said, "God knows my heart, I ask ALL, ALL for the cause; NOTHING, NOTHING for myself." Truer words never fell from nobler lips, nor warmed the heart of a more devoted patriot. These words express in language, the soul, the mind, the purpose, ay, the ambition of Jefferson Davis. It was his misfortune, and the misfortune of the Confederacy, that this was not true of all who were in authority. It was his fault, perhaps, that he did not use his authority to deprive such of their power to do evil.

I am speaking in Atlanta, and it is all the more proper, therefore, that I should speak for the first time in public of the removal of General Johnston from the command of the Army of the Tennessee.

I have heard it said that I advised that removal. This is not true. I gave no advice on the subject, because I was not a military man. You have all heard it said that Mr. Davis was moved by personal hostility to General Johnston, in making this removal. This is not only not true, but it is exceedingly false. I do not know much on the subject of this removal. I was the bearer of messages from General Johnston to the President, and was in Richmond, and sometimes present, during the discussions on the subject. I never saw so much agony in Mr. Davis's face as actually distorted it when the possible necessity for this removal was at first suggested to him. I never heard a eulogy pronounced upon General Johnston by his best friends, as a fighter if he would fight, equal to that which I heard from Mr. Davis during these discussions. I know he consulted with General Lee fully, earnestly and anxiously before this removal. I know that those who pressed the removal, first and most earnestly, in the Cabinet, were those who had been most earnest for General Johnston's original appointment to that command. All these things I do personally know. I was not present when the order for removal was determined upon, but I received it immediately after from a member of the Cabinet,

and do not doubt its truth, that Mr. Davis was the very last man who gave his assent to that removal, and he only gave the order when fully satisfied it was absolutely necessary to prevent the surrender of Atlanta without a fight.

The full history of the Hampton Roads commission and conference has never been written. I will not give that history now. Much has been said and published on the subject which is not true. I know why each member of that commission, on our part, was selected. I received from Mr. Davis's own lips a full account of the conversation between himself and the commissioners before their departure from Richmond.

You have heard it said that the President embarrassed the commissioners by giving them positive instructions to make the recognition of independence an ultimatum—a condition precedent to any negotiations. This is not true. Mr. Davis gave the commissioners no written instructions and no ultimatum. He gave them in conversation his views, but leaving much to their discretion. They could best judge how to conduct the conference when they met. His own opinion was, that it would be most proper and wise so to conduct it, if they could, as to receive rather than make propositions. While he did not feel authorized to yield our independence in advance, and should not do so, and while he did not desire them to deceive Mr. Lincoln, or be responsible for any false impressions Mr. Lincoln might have, yet he was willing for them to secure an armistice, although they might be satisfied that Mr. Lincoln, in agreeing to it, did so under the belief that reunion must, as a result, follow. I may add that Mr. Davis had no hope of success, or of securing an armistice, after he learned that Mr. Seward was to accompany Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "is an honest, well-meaning man, but Seward is wily and treacherous."

I could detain you all night correcting false impressions which have been industriously made against this great and good man. I know Jefferson Davis as I know few men. I have been near him in his public duties; I have seen him by his private fireside; I have witnessed his humble Christian devotions; and I challenge the judgment of history when I

say, no people were ever led through the fiery struggle for liberty by a nobler, truer patriot; while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer and more beautiful Christian character.

Those who, during the struggle, prostituted public office for private gain; or used position to promote favorites; or forgot public duty to avenge private griefs; or were derelict or faithless in any form to our cause, are they who condemn and abuse Mr. Davis. And well they may, for of all such he was the contrast, the rebuke and the enemy. Those who were willing to sacrifice themselves for the cause; who were willing to bear trials for its success; who were willing to reap sorrow and poverty that victory might be won, will ever cherish the name of Jefferson Davis, for to all such men he was a glorious peer and a most worthy leader.

I would be ashamed of my own unworthiness if I did not venerate Lee. I would scorn my own nature if I did not love Davis. I would question my own integrity and patriotism if I did not honor and admire both. There are some who affect to praise Lee and condemn Davis. But of all such, Lee himself would be ashamed. No two leaders ever leaned, each on the other, in such beautiful trust and absolute confidence. Hand in hand, and heart to heart, they moved in front of the dire struggle of their people for independence—a noble pair of brothers. And if fidelity to right, endurance of trials, and sacrifice of self for others, can win title to a place with the good in the great hereafter, then Davis and Lee will meet where wars are not waged, and slanderers are not heard; and as heart to heart, and wing to wing, they fly through the courts of Heaven, admiring angels will say, "What a noble pair of brothers!"

THE FLAG OF OUR FATHERS

From an address on accepting a national flag, Atlanta, Georgia, September, 1876.

Fellow-citizens, you cannot too well contemplate these two grand features of this system. When you understand them thoroughly, you comprehend the great general character of our American system of government, and never otherwise. Now, both governments derive their authority from the same source—the people. The government of each state deriving its authority from the people of that state, and the General Government deriving its authority from the people of all states, each state acting through its own people. Now there is no conflict between these two jurisdictions. Each has its own sphere. Each has its own functions. They are coequal; they are coördinate; they are also coindependent, and yet coworkers in the one grand end of preserving the rights and liberties of the same people. There never was a reason on earth why there should have been any conflict between their jurisdictions—if patriotism had controlled all public men. You see, each of these governments also is a perfect government. The General Government is a perfect government, having its own legislature, its own judiciary, and its own executive power. So you see also each state government is a perfect government, having its own legislature, its own judiciary, and its own executive power. Each perfect in its own domain, in the exercise of its own functions. But, then, neither alone is a *complete* government, because a complete government is that which protects its citizens in both their internal and external relations. But as the state government protects the citizen in his internal relations, and the General Government in his external relations, you see, while both governments are perfect in their sphere, it takes both together to make a complete government for the citizen. Now, then, who is the enemy of that government? The state government is a part of the American Union, just as much as the General Government is a part of the American Union. It takes both to complete the great system known as the American Union. Who, then, I repeat, is a disunionist? The man who strikes at the Federal

Government is a disunionist, because he strikes at an essential feature of the system which makes the American Union. But the man who strikes at the state government is also a disunionist, because he strikes at an equally essential feature of the same system. He alone is a perfect Union man who is faithful to the whole system—to both the General Government and the state government, each in its sphere. Blot out the stars from that flag and you have no American flag; blot out the states from this Union and you have no American Union! Cripple the states and you cripple the Union. Invade the states and you invade the Union. Make war on the states and you are a traitor making war on the Union.

Fellow-citizens, this system of government, this American Union, I have always said has no parallel in history. I say here to-day that it is the best, the wisest, the grandest system of government the world ever saw. One mistake our statesmen have made has consisted in trying to judge this Government by previous systems. There is nothing in history like it. The Solons of Greece had as little comprehension of this American system of government as the soldier with his javelin, at Marathon, had of our modern columbiads, or the sailor with his galley, at Salamis, had of our modern iron-clads. The Catos and Ciceros of Rome had as little comprehension of the grandeur and wisdom and beauty of our American system as the dweller upon the banks of the sluggish Tiber had of the length, depth and power of the Mississippi. No, my American friends, you are the heirs under Providence of the greatest system of government the world ever saw. If you destroy it there is no hope beyond. This system is as new to the science of government as was the discovery of America new to the map of the world. And I have sometimes thought that Providence, tired of the wranglings and strifes, and oppressions, and wrongs of the governments in Europe and Asia for thousands of years, had reserved this grand continent, that the wearied and oppressed of all nations might come and form by their mingling a new people on a new continent, and inspired our fathers to provide for them a new system of government, most wisely adapted to their wants and happiness, and thus develop the highest type of the human race.

The greatest enemy this Union has hitherto had has been sectionalism. No one state has ever endangered the General Government, and the General Government could not undertake to endanger any one state without exciting the ire of all. But sectionalism, by which I mean the desire of one section of the country, composed of several states, to either use, abuse, or destroy the General Government for the purpose of promoting ideas or interests peculiar to that section, has proved, in our history, to be the most dangerous enemy to the system of government which makes the American Union. This sectionalism has assumed its most dangerous form whenever it has been organized into geographical parties and distinctions. Washington saw this spirit of sectionalism even in the midst of the Revolution. He saw it during his administration.

It came near destroying the system on several occasions during his administration. And in his farewell address he warned his countrymen, in the strongest terms, against the formation of parties on geographical lines, ideas and distinctions. I am dealing to-day with history and not mere parties. But, necessarily, history involves parties, and I shall state nothing but what history proves to be true and, following up this history with my argument, I state that the first large sectional party ever organized in America upon geographical lines and ideas, and directly contrary to Washington's warning, was the Republican party of the North. That party, twenty-one years ago, organized upon a geographical basis, upon sectional ideas and for sectional purposes. Its organization was confined to the Northern States. It had no organization in any Southern state; it expected none and desired none, because its animating spirit of sectionalism was animosity to Southern institutions. Therefore, it could be no other than a sectional party, organized on a geographical line, to promote ideas peculiar to one section against property peculiar to the other section. That sectional party provoked into existence naturally a Southern sectional party, one antagonizing the other. The last sectional party took its name as the Southern Rights or Secession party. Now, a party is not less sectional because it remains in the Union; because the very worst and most

unmanly form of disunion is that which seeks to hold on to the government of the Union for the purpose of accomplishing sectional objects, and thereby destroying the system on which the Union was founded. Whatever else may be said of secession—and I concede it was a madness—it was at least manly and direct. It scorned to use the Union to promote sectional ideas. It would not violate the Constitution in the name of loyalty. It would not hold the government to sell its offices. It was unwise and suicidal, but still brave and manly.

Now, when these two sectional parties organized, one in the North and the other in the South, you will observe the results. The antagonisms of these two sectional parties continued to increase irritation until secession followed and war was waged. Then, my fellow-countrymen, here is the grand point to which I want to call your attention now. It is this, that the late war was between two sectional parties. The Union represented by that flag was no party to that war save as a weeping, bleeding victim!

True, after the leaders of each sectional party got control of their respective sections to such an extent that war resulted, the Union people of each section went into the armies of their respective sections, and neither ought to be blamed for that. Thousands here who had no sympathy with secession went into the service of the sectional party of the South, against a sectional party North, but they did not go into it to strike at a single principle represented by that flag. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of patriotic Northern men, who had no sympathy with the original sectional organization that led them, when the crisis came went bravely into the fight, as they honestly believed, for the Union; and they acted patriotically and nobly, and we cheerfully concede to them pensions, and all the benefits of their apparent Union position. Each side did what it thought right in standing up to its own side in the sectional war. Thousands in both armies, while slaying each other in a sectional fight, would have given their lives for a true, common American Union. Our Northern friends had the great advantage of being in possession of the government—an advantage which they reaped more from our own folly than

their own wisdom—and they used that government to help accomplish their sectional purposes, and that was the great advantage they had of us.

But, my fellow-citizens, it is with no ordinary pride that I, who have opposed all these sectional parties, can stand here in the city of Atlanta, in the very center of all our sorrows, and raise my voice, fearing no successful contradiction when I affirm *that the Union never made war upon the South.* It was not the Union, my countrymen, that slew your children; it was not the Union that burned your cities; it was not the Union that laid waste your country, invaded your homes, and mocked at your calamity; it was not the Union that reconstructed your states! it was not the Union that disfranchised intelligent citizens and denied them participation in their own governments. No, no! Charge not these wrongs upon the Union of your fathers. Every one of these wrongs was inflicted by a diabolical sectionalism in the very teeth of every principle of the American Union. So equally, I say, the *South never made war upon the Union.* There has never been an hour when nine out of ten of us would not have given our lives for that Union. We did not leave that Union because we were dissatisfied with it; we did not leave the Union to make war on it—we left the Union because a sectional party had seized it, and we hoped thereby to avoid a conflict. But if war must come, we intended to fight a sectional party and not the Union. Therefore, the late war, with all its disastrous consequences, is the direct result of sectionalism in the North and of sectionalism in the South, and none, I repeat, of these disasters are chargeable on the Union.

When unimpassioned reason shall review our past, there is no subject in all our history on which our American statesmanship, North and South, will be adjudged to have been so unwise, so imbecile, and so utterly deficient as upon that one subject, which stimulated these sectional parties into existence.

There was nothing in slavery which could justify the North in forming a sectional party to cripple or destroy it, and there was nothing in slavery which could justify the South in leaving the Union to maintain it. There was no

right in freedom contrary to the Constitution and there was no safety for slavery out of the Union. The whole African race, whether slaves or free, were not worth the American Union. One hour of the American Union has done more for human progress than all the governments formed by the negro race in six thousand years! And the dear noble boys of the white race, North and South, who fell in the late war, slaying each other for the negro, were worth more to civilization and human happiness than the whole African race of the world.

We will do justice to the colored man. We are under the very highest obligations of a brave manhood to do justice to the negro. He is not our equal. He is in our power, and cowardice takes no meaner shape than when power oppresses weakness. But in the name of civilization, in the name of our fathers, in the name of forty millions of living whites and of hundreds of millions of their coming children; in the name of every principle represented by that banner above us, I do protest to-day, that there is nothing in statesmanship, nothing in philanthropy, and nothing in patriotism, which can justify the peril or destruction of the rights and liberties of the white race in crazy wranglings over the rights and liberties of the black race. We have shed more white blood and wasted more white treasure in four years over the liberties of the negro in these states than the entire negro race have shed and wasted for their own liberties in all the ages of the world! And all at the bidding of sectional demagogues who still cry for more!

We have buried, widowed and orphaned one white person for every colored person, old and young, male and female, in America; and yet there are hundreds of demagogues now haranguing the honest, deluded masses of the North, seeking to keep themselves in power, by keeping alive the passions of sectional hate, at the hazard of every right and of every liberty intended to be preserved and protected by our American Union! God of our fathers! how long, oh, how long shall this madness continue and successfully usurp the places, to disgrace the functions of elevated statesmanship?

Above all the din of these sectional quarrelings I would raise my voice, and proclaim to all our people, that there

is no right or liberty for any race of any color in America, save in the preservation of that great American Union according to the principles symboled by that flag. Destroy the General Government and the states will rush into anarchy. Destroy the states, and we will all rush into despotism and slavery. Preserve the General Government; preserve the states; and preserve both by keeping each untrammeled in its appropriate sphere, and we shall preserve the rights and liberties of all sections and of all races for all time.

But extreme men in both sections insisted upon settling the issues of slavery by force; and in this fell spirit, both the sectional parties were organized. And upon this line of force, so contrary to every principle of our constitutional system, the issues have been settled, but at what a fearful cost! We have wasted in money and the destruction of property fifteen billions of dollars. We have slain one million of our own sons, brothers and fellow-citizens. We have made one million of sorrowing widows and two millions of weeping orphans, and still the rage of sectional hate and passion goes on!

On the other hand, suppose this question of slavery had been treated as every other question settled by our Constitution had been treated—in a spirit of amity and of mutual deference and concession. Every slave had his market value. The South could not have been wronged by receiving that market value—because that was her due. The North could not have been wronged in paying that market value, for it was an obligation justly due under the recognition of property in slaves by the Constitution.

And by this plan of wisdom and justice and peace every slave could have been set free at a cost not exceeding one-tenth of the values destroyed by the conflict of force, and without one drop of blood and without one hour of war. And what was in the way of this plan? Nothing, nothing but an unreasoning desire for sectionalism and insatiate thirst for power under the influence of that sectionalism.

Suppose we concede, for the argument, that slavery was a wrong—if you please, a crime. Who was guilty of that crime? The black man is the only portion of our population that came here involuntarily. The Northern fathers captured

him a barbarian in Africa, reduced him to slavery, brought him to America and our Southern fathers bought him. If that was a crime, were not all our fathers parties to it? Was not here a field for charity and mutual concession? So again, if slavery was a crime, that crime was repeated when it was recognized as property in the Constitution. Who made that recognition? Not only the Northern fathers, not only the Southern fathers, but all *our* fathers! Was not there a field for mutual deference and concession?

The resolve to manumit the slave by force was the greatest of all possible crimes in our dealings with the negro. It was that fell spirit that organized the sectional parties and precipitated the war which cost us so much, and which threatens to cost us our all in the final destruction of our American Union. Who shall be able to describe the fearful judgment which an unimpassioned and impartial posterity shall pronounce upon the weak, wayward, wicked statesmanship, that could not and would not emancipate the black race without destroying and imperiling everything of right, property or liberty belonging to the white race!

Fellow-citizens, I have stated, but I cannot too often repeat, that all the curses that we have suffered originated, not in adherence to the principles of our Union, but in a departure from those principles. No symbol in the flag above us either taught the war or can justify the war. We owe all our wrongs to unpatriotic sectional parties organized first in the North and then in the South. Sectionalism at the South has been utterly crushed out by the war. Secession is dead, and can have no ressurrection in the South.

* * * * * *

The very perfection of patriotism is animosity to sectionalism. I do not mean only sectionalism at the South. I mean sectionalism anywhere and everywhere. I do not mean sectionalism in the form of secession; I mean sectionalism in any form and in every form. Sectionalism under any pretext, sectionalism for any purpose, is disunionism! And sectional disunionism can take no more odious form, it can wear no more traitorous hue, than when it seeks to seize or hold the powers of our common Union, by teaching the people of the different sections to hate each other. . . There is no safety for property,

for right, or liberty or union, save in a patriotic return by all sections of our country to the principles of that great system of government whose symbols we read in the flag above us.

My countrymen, have you studied this wonderful American system of free government? Have you compared it with former systems and noted how our forefathers sought to avoid their defects? Let me commend this study to every American citizen to-day. To him who loves liberty, it is more enchanting than romance, more bewitching than love and more elevating than any other science. Our fathers adopted this plan, with improvements in the details which cannot be found in any other system. With what a noble impulse of patriotism they came together from different states and joined their counsels to perfect this system, thenceforward to be known as the "American System of Free Constitutional Government!" The snows that fall on Mount Washington are nor purer than the motives which begot it. The fresh dew-laden zephyrs from the orange groves of the South are not sweeter than the hopes its advent inspired. The flight of our own symbolic eagle, though he blow his breath on the sun, cannot be higher than its expected destiny. Have the motives which so inspired our fathers become all corrupt in their children? Are the hopes that sustained them all poisoned to us? Is that high expected destiny all eclipsed, and before its noon?

No, no, forever no! patriots North, patriots South, patriots everywhere, let us hallow this year of Jubilee by burying all our sectional animosities. Let us close our ears to the men and the parties that teach us to hate each other!

Raise high that flag of our fathers! Let Southern breezes kiss it! Let Southern skies reflect it! Southern patriots will love it! Southern sons will defend it, and Southern heroes will die for it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens, let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation: Flag of our Union! Wave on! Wave ever! But wave over freemen, not over subjects! Wave over states, not over provinces! And now let the voices of patriots from the North and from the East, and from the West, join our voices from the South, and send to heaven one universal according chorus! Wave on, flag of our fathers! Wave forever! But wave over a union

of equals, not over a despotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty, and peace, and not of anarchy, oppression and strife!

THE SEEDS OF KINDNESS

From speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, June 11, 1879.

SIR, I have had to submit to many things I did not approve. I did not approve secession, but when the will of my State was declared I submitted to it. I did not approve of the war of subjugation, but when subjugation was accomplished I submitted to it. I did not approve of Reconstruction. I believe to-day it has inflicted a deeper wound upon the vitals of our Constitutional system than both secession and the war combined, and I did resist it with all the power and zeal, and even invective I could command; but when Reconstruction was accomplished I submitted to it. But I rejoice that one grand fact on which I have always kept my mind remains unchanged. I did fear that the nation could not survive the war. I did fear that in some form the liberties of the people would be subverted and destroyed. I did fear that the character of our government (and I explained it the other day) would be utterly changed. But, sir, the fact to which I allude with so much pride and satisfaction is that we have passed through secession, through the war, and even through the carpet-bag infamies of the South, and the *character of our government still remains essentially the same;* it has never been changed. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, which give certain additional rights to a portion of the people of the country, have not changed in any degree the relations between the states and the Union, nor in any manner the character of our Confederate, Federal and National Government, mixed and composite, as Mr. Madison says it is; and I rejoice that it has been preserved. I look back through that long night of danger and threatening and I feel that every man in this country ought to rejoice that we have passed through that angry storm of passion and hatred, as I trust we are through, with our Constitution still undestroyed; and it ought to be the pride and ambition of

every public man, every party, to see to it that it shall be reëstablished and reënthroned in the hearts of the people.

But, sir, I come to the other subject, upon which I want to throw out a defiance. I have passed through the war. I have seen scenes of suffering and many of them. I have seen occasions when many might be tempted to be cruel and unkind; but I defy any human being, I care not what his position is, to put his finger on a single word or act of mine that was ever cruel to a human being. It is impossible to do so, and tell the truth. I am a man of positive convictions; I denounce wrong and have done it unsparingly; but cruelty, unkindness, is no part of my nature, and was never committed by me.

It is not for me, Mr. President, to parade to this country and to this Senate my acts of kindness, and I shall not do it. They were not committed for that purpose. But there is one incident in my life which, as it reflects credit upon others perhaps more than upon myself, and was somewhat of a public character, and as living witnesses are abundant to prove it, I will take occasion to state to the Senate briefly. During the month of April, 1865, the Federal Army under General Wilson passed from Alabama into Georgia, just previous to the surrender of General Johnston and General Lee. The main army under General Wilson entered Georgia at Columbus. There a detachment of Federal soldiers, four thousand I understood,under Colonel La Grange, entered the State of Georgia at West Point, which is in the county in which I resided, and sixteen miles from the county seat, my residence. Hearing of the approach of that army, of course I left hastily. Standing in the ashes of Atlanta, seventy miles away, I received two messages simultaneously. One was that my own house was burning; the other was that General Lee had surrendered. Imagine my surprise when on returning to my home a few days after I found that my house had not only not been burned, but that my family had not been in the slightest degree disturbed, and that a Federal soldier had not put his foot on my premises, the most conspicuous place in the town. Every other citizen, perhaps, had been visited, and some public houses had been burned, warehouses, etc. This was a mystery, and a very great mystery, and to none more a mystery than to myself. I expected, of course, that I should suffer above any other citizen of the town.

I suffered not at all, and all others suffered more or less, and some very severely. It was a mystery to the town; it was the general talk; how was it?

No man doubted my fidelity to the Confederacy, because at that very moment, and for two months before, I had been the only public man in the Confederacy on the stump trying to rally the people against unconditional surrender. Of course the event was of sufficient consequence to induce me to make an effort to explain the mystery. I was told on inquiry that at the battle of West Point—for there was a considerable little battle fought there—a young Federal officer was severely wounded who was a favorite with Colonel La Grange in command, and while not dangerously wounded he was so painfully wounded that he could not go on with the Federal forces. I fortunately had a niece living in the town of West Point whose husband was a physician and surgeon. Knowing, as was afterward reported, that the act would be altogether agreeable to me, he went and offered his services to take that young wounded Federal officer to his house and care for him. I suppose that had something to do with it.

Then my slaves, who were faithful and devoted to the last hour, claimed that they had gone to the Federal headquarters, for the Federal troops camped two nights and a day in the town, and interposed for the protection of my family. That I supposed also had something to do with it. After all the armies had surrendered, in the month of May, a detachment of Federal soldiers under somebody's orders, I understand here at Washington perhaps the Secretary of War, came to La Grange, and at two o'clock in the morning arrested me and took me off to Atlanta. While waiting there for transportation to Fort La Fayette, a gentleman came to see me who said he came directly from Colonel La Grange, who was then in the city of Macon, and received the following facts from his own lips in explanation of my exemption from pillage on that occasion. Colonel La Grange stated that during the summer or fall of 1864, while the armies of General Johnston and General Sherman were north of Atlanta, in the northern part of Georgia, a number of ladies, Northern ladies by birth, who had been residing in the South and who had passed safely through General Johnston's line under passports from the Confederate Government, on

their return North were captured in General Sherman's line and carried to his headquarters under suspicion of being spies. They were of course properly required to give an account of themselves. It turned out that these ladies happened to be some among many who had written me frequently, on this occasion especially, to Richmond, asking my advice as to whether under the circumstances of privation and suffering in the Southern States I would advise them to leave the people who they said had been so kind to them, though Northern ladies, and return to their friends in the North, who had abundance, and if I would give that advice, to give them the proper means of getting through the lines. I sent them everything they needed and advised them to go.

I never heard from them any more. I sent them passports and everything else necessary to take them to their friends in the North. When these ladies were required, at General Sherman's headquarters, to give an account of themselves they were naturally quite exuberant and extravagant in their account of my treatment of them. Colonel La Grange was at that time in General Sherman's headquarters, I believe—I am not sure—a member of his staff. The Senator from Illinois will know better; but at least he was there. He became acquainted with these ladies, and heard the story of this kindness, and much in relation to myself that I will not venture to relate. As he approached the town of La Grange, the place of my residence, these facts detailed to him by these ladies came to his recollection, and he informed this gentleman that when he reached within two miles of my residence he stopped his whole command. He gave them first the information that at the next place a Confederate Senator resided, and they would perhaps think that they had a right to raid upon him; but he issued an order forbidding, under severe penalties, any soldier from putting his foot upon my premises under any pretext, and it was strictly obeyed. That was the solution of the mystery.

Mr. President, we are told that when God created the heavens and the earth on the third day, He said: "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so." From that day to this it has been so. Yet all these seeds must be sown in their season and in a cli-

mate adapted to their nature, else they will perish. But, sir, there is seed which will bear fruit in all seasons and in every clime under the heavens. Plant it in the cold where the snows never melt, or in the heat where the frosts never come; scatter it on the naked rocks or in the most fertile soil; drop it in the water or on the land, and everywhere every seed will germinate and grow and reward the sower. It is tilled by a hand that never tires; it is watched by an eye that never sleeps; it is trained by a power that tempers all the elements to its healthiest maturity. That seed, sir, is kindness, and I have garnered its fruits when and where they were least expected. Will leaders of a great party, will men who aspire to hold in their hands the destinies of millions living and of many more millions yet to live, never learn that abuse and slander and calumny and misrepresentation are not the means which wise or good men employ to give peace to a country, or prosperity to a people, or stability to a government? Will the people themselves at the North never learn that brawling treason and traitors at men for honest differences of opinion is not argument, and proves nothing except that brawlers are neither statesmen nor patriots?

THEOPHILUS HUNTER HILL

[1836—1901]

HIGHT C. MOORE

THEOPHILUS HUNTER HILL was born October 31, 1836, near Raleigh, in Wake County, North Carolina. He was a son of Dr. William Geddy and Adelaide Virginia (Hunter) Hill; grandson of William and Sarah (Geddy) Hill, and of Theophilus and Martha (Green) Hunter; and great-grandson of Captain Theophilus Hunter of the Revolution and of the Rev. Mr. Hill who was a chaplain in Washington's army. He was a descendant of one of four brothers who, early in the Eighteenth Century, emigrated from Wales and settled in Caroline County, Virginia.

Mr. Hill was educated at James M. Lovejoy's Academy in Raleigh. In 1853 he edited *The Spirit of the Age* at Raleigh. Though admitted to the bar in 1858 he never practiced, his mind inclining him more to literary work than to law. In 1871-1872 he was State Librarian. In 1889 he was editor of *The Century*, a literary journal published at Florence, South Carolina. His place in literature, however, was won by his poetical writings.

Of the three volumes that came from his pen the first was 'Hesper and Other Poems,' published in Raleigh in 1861, being the first book issued under copyright of the Confederate States of America. A second edition, says Davidson, was printed in 1863. In 1869 his second volume appeared; it was entitled 'Poems,' and was published by Hurd and Houghton, New York. His third volume, 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' contains the best of his earlier and later work, and was published in 1883 by P. W. Wiley of Raleigh. The closing days of his life were spent upon the revision of his verse, but he passed away before the task was completed. He died in Raleigh, June 29, 1901.

While he claimed to blow only "a pipe of Carolina reed," yet from it issued inspiring strains. These lines from "The Poet's Afterthought" seem to express fairly both his aspiration and achievement:

> "Loyal to thy nobler self,
> Neither sing for praise nor pelf;
> Seem to others what thou art—
> Write thy poems from thy heart."

The distinctive mark of Mr. Hill's poetry is its religious tone. Seven of the poems in his latest volume appear under Scripture texts; several others are religious in both theme and sentiment; and almost every piece bears the stamp of a pious nature. Sometimes, indeed, he seems more the preacher than the poet; yet his lines are the out-breathing of a singularly reverent spirit. For illustration, note in "Passion Flower" the utter humility and devotion of the poet:

"Low at thy feet, O Christ, I fall.
Spurn not the spikenard which I bring.
Be thou from hence my all in all—
Anointed Prophet, Priest, and King."

"The Star Above the Manger" has become a recitation classic in his native State and the poet considered it his best piece of work. It gives scope to his descriptive and spiritual power while at the same time voicing in its closing stanza the lament:

"Lost—lost indeed his heart must be—
His way how dark with danger—
Whose hooded eye may never see
The Star above the Manger."

In a Lenten meditation he extols the well-doer who is

"Content to be nameless,
Unportioned and lowly,"

and shrinks from the idea

"That we should deem Heaven
A close corporation,
And, pitiless, witness
A brother's damnation."

To him the hope of heaven is "an Ararat, eternal and sublime." A glimpse within the veil he claims "our laggard zeal would spur." And proceeding thitherward, he craves the unforsaking Presence:

"Then would our heart rejoice
However rough the way,
Till on our darkness dawns
The light of perfect day."

The poems of Mr. Hill are sprinkled with classic references. He takes us to the land of siren, nymph, and naiad; we hear again of Niobe, Memnon, Merope, and the sister Graces; once more "Arachne's loom" is heard, the "Sabean gales" blow, "Hybla's beds

of thyme" flourish, "Diana's starry train" shines, and "Cimmerian gloom" gathers upon the scene.

Here and there also one comes upon charming phrase and vivid bits of imagination. We read of "tongueless terror," "the banian's bosky screen," "the pure pellucid wave," "the dreamy twilight," and "the blue inverted skies." The rose woos to "her musky bowers"; violets are "timid woodland graces," and dandelions are "floral Pleiades." The cross is "the tristful tree"; "will . . . is thought at work," and life is

> "a new kaleidoscope
> Revolving in the hands of Hope."

The prodigal is pictured as "a houseless alien" stung "with unlanguaged bitterness" by a love that lived through "the frenzy of despair." To "Stella" he sings of "the past that lies asleep in memory" and implores her to "bid hyacinthine hopes to bloom." In "Love Among the Roses" the drowsy bees are "drunken with perfume" and

> "Zephyrs woo with plaintive sighs
> The hearts of hidden blooms."

Of Mr. Hill's descriptive verse, "The Sabbath of the Spring" presents some charming glimpses of "flowers rising from the dead":

> "And bursting from their icy prison
> The golden buttercups are risen.
>
> Aroused from their hibernal sleep
> The jacinth and the crocus leap
> Into the lap of Spring and bare
> Their scented bosoms to the air."

"An Ideal Siesta" is shaded by

> "The clouds—Elysian isles that lie
> In the bright blue sea of the summer sky."

"Sunset" and "A Vernal Reverie" also contain inspiring etchings of Nature.

The lyre of patriotism is infrequently touched and when it is, the reference is not so much to the State or the Nation as to the South. For example:

> "Bowed with bleeding heart and eye of stone
> The South, a nobler Niobe, appears,
> Murmurs with quivering lips 'Thy will be done,'
> And seeks relief from agony in tears."

Voicing the darker experiences of life, Mr. Hill has written no sweeter or tenderer verses than those entitled "Willie," which portray the sad memories and the becoming resignation of bereaved parenthood. In other poems we have a cry from the desert in the saddest of his lines; the vanity of all earthly things; but his unswerving confidence in the Right.

There is not the lilt in Mr. Hill's verse that is found in Boner's earlier work or Stockard's occasional pieces. Yet we come across bits of melody, as in these two selections from "St. Valentine's Day":

"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the showers;
They come again—bloom again—
Beautiful flowers."

* * * * * *

"The mocking-bird, too—
The sweetest of mimes—
Is prodigal now
Of his jubilant rhymes."

Sometimes the poet resorts to a rather unwieldy vocabulary. Occasionally this appears in the headings which have to be looked up in the dictionary by the ordinary reader or translated from a foreign tongue by a scholar. Thus: "Dulcamara," "Anacreontic," "Perdite," "Ad Astra per Aspera," "Vicisti Me, Galileae." In "Darkness" we read of a "mournful introverted eye." It is Angela who is the type of "self-abnegating womanhood" and is free from "every sublunary care." In "Narcissus" we meet "eidolon" and "simulacra" and the isolated query,

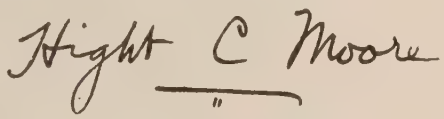
"Who unravel opalescence
In its very evanescence?"

And these lines:

"Ah Narcissus, the confusion—
Replication—involution—
Of those false and real glances
Self-idolatry enhances."

In 'Living Writers of the South' (1869) Davidson characterized Mr. Hill's work up to that time as "full of fire, haste, and crudeness"; noted in "Violets" forty-two lines in one sentence; counted the appearances of jarring rhymes (though in some of these pronunciations the poet certainly had good authority); observed in no one poem a finished product; yet found "distinct evidences of

genius" and declared one scene from "Taking a Snooze" to be "as graphic as Tennyson's famous simile and in that respect equal to it." Dr. Braxton Craven entertained a high opinion of Mr. Hill's verse and of one poem he wrote: "The 'Song of the Butterfly' is one of the finest poems of its kind in English literature." In the poet's later work there was perhaps more finish, range, and elevation; so that at the close of his career he had won a high place among the half-dozen best writers of verse in his native State. The heights of poetry he did not attain, but he rose to the up-reaching foothills; and while we listen to him in vain for the note of the nightingale, yet he sang his own song and sang it well.



THE STAR ABOVE THE MANGER

From 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' 1883. All selections are used by kind permission of Miss Rosa Hill.

"And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was."—*St. Matthew vii, 9.*

One night, while lowly shepherd swains
Their fleecy charge attended,
A light shone o'er Judea's plains
Unutterably splendid.

Far in the dusky Orient,
A star, unknown in story,
Arose to flood the firmament,
With more than morning glory.

The clustering constellations, erst
So gloriously gleaming,
Waned, when its sudden splendor burst
Upon their paler beaming;

And Heaven drew nearer Earth that night—
Flung wide its pearly portals—
Sent forth, from all its realms of light,
Its radiant immortals.

They hovered in the golden air,
  Their golden censers swinging,
And woke the drowsy shepherds there
  With their seraphic singing.

Yet Earth, to greet her gala day,
  No jubilee was keeping;
Unconscious of the light, she lay,
  In silent beauty, sleeping.

No more shall brightest cherubim,
  And stateliest archangels,
Symphonious, sing such choral hymn—
  Proclaim so sweet evangels;

No more appear that star at eve,
  Though glimpses of its glory
Are seen by those who still believe
  The shepherd's simple story.

In Faith's clear firmament afar—
  To Unbelief a stranger—
Forever glows the golden star
  That stood above the manger.

Age after age may roll away,
  But on Time's rapid river
The light of its celestial ray
  Shall never cease to quiver.

Frail barges, on the swelling tide,
  Are drifting with the ages;
The skies grow dark—around each bark
  A howling tempest rages!

Pale with affright, lost helmsmen steer,
  While creaking timbers shiver;
The breakers roar—grim Death is near—
  O who may now deliver!

Light—light from the Heraldic Star
  Breaks brightly o'er the billow;
The storm, rebuked, is fled afar,
  The pilgrim seeks his pillow.

* * * * * *

Lost—lost indeed, his heart must be,
  His way how dark with danger—
Whose hooded eye may never see
  The Star above the Manger!

WILLIE

Born January 16, 1863; died June 24, 1865.
From 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' 1883.

The things he used to play with
  Lie in the corner there;
And yonder hangs the worsted cap
  That he was wont to wear;
Beneath his dimpled chin I see
  Its crimson tassels tied,
And clasp once more, with fond caress,
  Our little boy that died.

I hear the restless, rosy feet
  That patter on the stair,
And now he runs to mamma's seat,
  To nestle fondly there:
He sits upon my knee again,
  Or, on my foot astride,
I toss the darling of my heart,
  Who clambers for a ride.

The labor of the day is done;
  Home, to a glowing hearth,
I hasten, ere the set of sun,
  The happiest man on earth;
A mother standing at the door,
  Looks out, adown the street,
Elate with joy, as runs her boy,
  His father *first* to greet.

Ah, then right merrily we romp!
  And noisy is our glee,
For each, to please the household pet,
  Must horse or driver be:

He brings "his blocks," and begs papa
"A church" for him to rear,
But knocks the fabric down before
The steeple can appear.

His marbles next and then his ball,
Till, weary of our play,
He sups on mother's lap and folds
His little hands to pray;
And "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
That immemorial prayer,
In faltering phrases, soft and sweet,
Makes musical the air.

He sleeps; the fire is burning low,
And shadows on the wall,
Like those he wondered at, and feared,
Grotesquely rise and fall;
Night, rayless night, o'erwhelms my soul;
And yet in my despair,
I sometimes almost smile to think
There is no shadow *there!*

Tis summer-time again, and I
Sit mournfully for hours,
And watch the painted butterflies
That woo his favorite flowers;
They hover, unmolested, here,
Yet, dreaming of the chase,
I see the hunter's flashing eyes,
His flushed and eager face!

How oft I've seen the jocund boy
Return from garden-play,
His summer-hat, of plaited straw,
With larkspur blossoms gay!
The hand that decked it thus need not
Renew the garland now,
For seraphim and cherubim
Twine amaranth for his brow!

Strange silence broods o'er all the house,
From dawn to close of day;
The little drummer beats no more
Tattoo or reveillé;
His feathered cap and plaided cloak,
And broken drum remain,
But he who wore them once may ne'er
Come back to us again.

It almost breaks my heart to see
The dog he daily fed
Crouch at our feet, and mutely ask
The living for the dead;
I cannot harshly drive him out,
Though keener grief than mine
Wells forth afresh whene'er *she* hears
His wistful, piteous whine.

"But wouldst thou call him back to earth,
Have him again to wear
The crimson-tasseled worsted cap,
Upon his golden hair?
Wouldst have *thine angel* lay aside
His diadem of light,
Change crown for cross, and blindly grope,
Beside thee, through the night?"

"Ask me no more"; for flesh is weak;
Our idol was a part
Of every earth-born hope that blessed
Mine and his mother's heart!
"Ask me no more": help us, O God,
This bitter loss to bear,
To kiss Thy chastening rod, and live
To find "our treasure," *there!*

SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY

From 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' 1883.

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty."
Spenser: "Fate of the Butterfly."

I.

"Who is merrier than I?"
Quoth the golden Butterfly;
"In the shining court of May,
Whose apparel half so gay?
I reflect each sparkling hue
Of her radiant retinue;
I have kissed the Lily's cheek;
I have played at 'hide and seek,'
Veilèd Violet, with you,
Who is merrier than I?"
Quoth the golden Butterfly.

II.

"I have flirted, too, with thee,
Tremulous Anemone!
And the blue-eyed Pimpernel,
And the Canterbury-bell
Are superlatively blest,
Should I, for a moment, rest
Down in yonder grassy dell:
Little do they dream that I
From their soft caresses fly,
But to breathe the rare perfume
Of the pale Magnolia bloom;
Or to spend a listless hour,
In the cool, secluded bower
Of the pining Passion Flower!
Blither wooer, who than I?"
Quoth the gallant Butterfly.

III.

"When the shades of evening fall,
Like the foldings of a pall;
When the dew is on the flowers,
And the mute, unconscious Hours
Still pursue their noiseless flight,
Through the dreamy realms of night;
How delightful to recline
On this crimson couch of mine!
Zephyrs, languid with perfume,
Gently rock my cradle-bloom;
Glittering hosts of fire-flies
Guard my slumbers from surprise,
And Diana's starry train,
Sweetly scintillant again,
Never sleep while I repose
On the petals of the rose!
Who hath balmier bed than I?"
Quoth the brilliant Butterfly.

IV.

"Life is but a summer day,
Gliding goldenly away;
Winter comes, alas! too soon—
Would it were forever June!
Yet, though brief my flight may be,
Fun and frolic still for me!
When the sisterhood of flowers,
  Having had their gala-day,
In the chill autumnal showers,
  Sorrowfully fade away,
  Doomed to darkness and decay—
Who would not prefer to die;
What were life to such as I?"
Quoth the flaunting Butterfly.

DISENCHANTMENT

From 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' 1883.

"The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day: but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary."—*Carlyle.*

"But he grew old—this knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found no spot of ground
That looked like El Dorado."—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

Poesy! thou art a fountain,
In a dismal desert land,
On a bleak and lonely mountain,
High above the glowing sand:

At whose base, athirst and weary,
I, a way-worn pilgrim, lie,
Gazing out upon the dreary
Torrid waste and brazen sky.

Hope, with promise of to-morrow,
Gilds no more the rugged way;
Disenchantment here, and sorrow
Bivouac at the close of day.

Oft, upon my eager vision,
Beamed the mirage of the plain;
Green oases, fields Elysian,
Rose to fade away again:

Towering palm-trees grouped to shadow
Living fountains, cool and clear;
Murmurs, as of El Dorado,
Faintly fell upon my ear:

Flushed with fever, weak and wasted,
Like the wretch who stoops to sip
Water, that for aye untasted,
Tempts, then flies his arid lip,

I drew near the lakes that shimmer
In this wilderness accursed;
They, receding, growing dimmer,
Baffled still my burning thirst.

(Thus the nomads of Sahara
Haply dream, all peril past,
Other wells than those of Marah
Will refresh their lips at last.)

Not for me, to scale the mountain,
Kneel with the supernal throng,
Drink of the Castalian fountain,
Give the world undying song!

Feet of clay have here ascended,
Mortals yet the path may trace;
But my travail now is ended,
This must be my resting-place.

I with Fate no longer quarrel,
Dying, will no more repine,
Lest another win the laurel
I too fondly hoped to twine.

Nobler here, alone, to perish,
Nameless seeker of a name,
Than in sordid ease to cherish
Simulated scorn of fame;

Though no earthly adulation
Crowd the minster, crown the urn,
There will be a coronation
Human eye may not discern;

An epiphany immortal
May for past eclipse atone;
Though at Death's unhonored portal
Stand no cenotaph of stone.

Honor waits on high endeavor,
Holding high award in trust;
Pledges to her seed forever,
Resurrection from the dust!

ANACREONTIC

From 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' 1883.

"I awoke the next morning with an aching head and feverish frame. Ah, those midnight carousals, how glorious they would be if there were no next morning!"—*Pelham.*

"An angel would be all the better for a good night's carouse in honest Moritz's wine-cellar; even to the ruffling of some of his feathers. What a sorry appearance, though, would the dreadful next morning bring!"—Kimball's *St. Leger.*

Fill up! fill up!
The poison cup
With Lethe to the brim;
I yearn—I pine—I faint—I thirst
To see the brilliant bubbles burst,
Around its rosy rim:
Then let me drain
The bowl again,
And fill it up once more;
For fearful phantoms haunt my brain,
And, at the open door,
A ghastly group of fiends appear—
Their hollow laughter racks my ear;
See! how malignantly they leer
Upon the wreck they've made;
They little care that honor, wealth,
And home, and happiness, and health,
Are blighted and betrayed!

Fill up! fill up!
The sparkling cup;
It is with Lethe fraught!
It drowns reflection, palsies thought,
Binds memory in chains,
And bids the hot blood leap and dart,
Like molten lava from my heart,
To fire the sluggish veins!

Fill to the brim, and I will drink—
"To Memory and Thought,
Eternal Death."—For, O, to think
Is with such horror fraught,
That hell would be
A heaven to me,
Were Memory no more!
Aye! could I never think again—
Never the past deplore—
I should no longer here remain;
For hell can have no penal pain
In all its fiery domain,
So fearful unto me,
As the scorpion-sting
Of that terrible thing
Which we call Memory!

* * * * * *

To dream of all that I am now,
Of all I might have been;
The crown of thorns upon my brow,
The gnawing worm within—
Of all the treasures I have lost,
Like leaves autumnal, tempest-tost—
Of sunbeams into clouds withdrawn,
Their momentary sparkle gone—
Of murdered hope and blighted bloom—
O God! how terrible my doom!

Yet fill, fill up!
The crimson cup,
With frenzy to the brim!
I wildly burn—I madly thirst—
To see the blushing bubbles burst
Around its ruby rim!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

From 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' 1883.

Hidden no longer
  In moss-covered ledges,
Starring the wayside,
  Under the hedges,
Violet, Pimpernel,
  Flashing with dew,
Daisy and Asphodel
  Blossom anew.

Down in the bosky dells
  Everywhere,
Faintly their fairy bells
  Chime in the air.
Thanks to the sunshine!
  Thanks to the showers!
They come again, bloom again,
  Beautiful flowers!

Twittering sparrows flit
  Merrily by;
Skylarks triumphantly
  Warble on high;
Echo, who slumbers
  So long in the glen,
Awakens to mimic
  The song of the wren:
For, thanks to the sunbeams!
  Thanks to the showers!
They bud again, bloom again,
  Beautiful flowers!

The mocking-bird, too,
  The sweetest of mimes,
Is prodigal now
  Of his jubilant rhymes!

And my heart is so light,
So cheery to-day,
I fancy I hear,
In his rapturous lay,
The music I dreamed
In those radiant hours,
When Love to my heart
(Like Spring to her bowers)
First came to awaken
Hope's beautiful flowers!

PROËMIAL STANZAS

To a poem recited before the Ladies' Memorial Association of Raleigh, North Carolina, 1867.
From 'Passion Flower and Other Poems,' 1883.

If aught that I have ever said or sung
May cause one more memorial flower to bloom
Where plaintive harps, on Southern willows hung,
Wail, Memnon-like, amid perpetual gloom;

Where, bowed with bleeding heart and eye of stone,
The South, a nobler Niobe, appears,
Murmurs, with quivering lips, "Thy will be done!"
And seeks relief from agony in tears;

If when her trembling hands, unclasped from prayer,
Begin the light of votive flowers to shed,
Exhaling sweets, illumining the air,
Above the graves of her Confederate dead,

She chance to touch and haply intertwine,
Mid flowers of balmier breath and happier hue,
A daisy or forget-me-not of mine,
That erst, unnoticed, by the wayside grew;

This, this would be far dearer than the meed
Of praise awarded to the festive strain,
Blown from a pipe of Carolina reed,
Which, at your bidding, I awake again!

MOSES DRURY HOGE

[1818—1899]

WALTER W. MOORE

MOSES DRURY HOGE was born at Hempden-Sidney, Virginia, September 17, 1818, and died at Richmond, January 6, 1899. He was of Scotch and English descent. His grandfathers on both sides were ministers and college presidents. His father, also, and four of his uncles were ministers. So that he was emphatically of the tribe of Levi. Springing from this illustrious double line of ministers and educators, and reared at such a place as Hampden-Sidney, it is not surprising that he, too, should have become a minister and a shining exponent of liberal culture. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College and Union Theological Seminary; in 1844 he came to Richmond, and here for fifty-four years he preached the gospel of the grace of God with a dignity and authority and tenderness, with a beauty and pathos and power, which have rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the annals of the American pulpit.

It was his privilege to preach to a larger number of the men whose commanding influence in public life, in the learned professions, or in the business world had conferred prosperity and honor upon the State, than any other spiritual teacher of the time. He was more frequently the spokesman of the people on great public occasions than any other man whom Richmond has delighted to honor. He was more frequently the subject of conversation in the social circle than any other member of this cosmopolitan community. His patriotic devotion to his people during the war and his far-reaching ministry to the soldiers endeared him still more to his countrymen. In 1862, when the blockade of the Southern States, incident to the Civil War, had cut off the South from a supply of Bibles, and when the great camps and hospitals in Virginia were filled with soldiers, thousands of whom it was certain would die on the field of battle, it became the most urgent Christian duty of the time to supply these men with copies of the Word of God. In this emergency Dr. Hoge undertook the extremely perilous enterprise of running the blockade both ways for the purpose of procuring in Great Britain and bringing into the Confederacy a supply of Bibles. His mission was successful beyond all expectations. In London he made a moving address to the British and Foreign Bible Society in regard

to the needs of the soldiers, the effect of which was so great that when in conclusion he proposed to purchase on credit 10,000 Bibles and 25,000 Testaments, the Society, under the lead of his friend, the Earl of Shaftesbury, resolved to make him a free grant of 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments and 250,000 "Portions," that is, Psalms and Gospels. Some of the blockade-runners with this precious cargo of the Word of Life were captured, some were sunk, but about three-fourths of the books reached the Confederacy; and eternity alone can reveal the vast spiritual results of this unique service.

Dr. Hoge possessed distinctive endowments of body, mind and spirit for his work as a preacher. The physical features of his preaching were unique. When he rose in the pulpit, tall, straight, slender, sinewy, commanding, with something vital and electric in his resolute attitudes and movements, yet singularly deliberate; and with swarthy, grave, intellectual face and almost melancholy eyes, surveyed the people in front of him and then successively on either side before opening his lips, no one needed to be told that there stood a master of assemblies. The attention was riveted by his appearance and manner before he had uttered a word.

As soon as he began to speak, the clear, rich and resonant tones, reaching without effort to the limits of the largest assembly, revealed to every hearer another element of his power to move and mould the hearts of men. To few of the world's masters of discourse has it been given to demonstrate as he did the music and spell of the human voice. It was a voice in a million—flexible, magnetic, thrilling, clear as a clarion; by turns tranquil and soothing, strenuous and stirring, as the speaker willed; now mellow as a cathedral bell heard in the twilight, now ringing like a trumpet, or rolling through the building like melodious thunder, with an occasional impassioned crash like artillery, accompanied by a resounding stamp of his foot on the floor, but never unpleasant or uncontrolled or overstrained; no one ever heard him scream or tear his throat. Some of his cadences in the utterance of particular words or sentiments lingered in the ear and haunted the memory for years like a strain of exquisite music. As you listened to his voice in prayer, "there ran through its pathetic fall a vibration as though the minister's heart were singing like an Æolian harp as the breath of the spirit of God blew through its strings." It was a voice that adapted itself with equal felicity to all occasions. When he preached to the whole of General D. H. Hill's division in the open air, it rang like a bugle to the outermost verge of his vast congregation. When he stood on the slope of Mount Ebal in Palestine and recited the Twenty-third Psalm, it was heard distinctly by the English

clergyman on the other side of the valley, three-quarters of a mile away. When the body of an eminent statesman and ruling elder in his church was borne into the building and laid before the pulpit, and the preacher rose and said, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," the sympathetic intonations fell like healing balm on wounded hearts. When he stood in the Senate Chamber at Washington beside the mortal remains of the great Carolinian, and quoted to the assembled representatives of the greatness of this nation and of the world, Bossuet's solemn declaration, "There is nothing great but God," the voice and the words alike impressed the insignificance of all human concerns as compared with religion. When he stood in the chancel of St. Paul's, at Richmond, and stretched his hand over the casket containing the pallid form of "the daughter of the Confederacy," and said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," it had the authority and tenderness of a prophet's benediction.

Of the intellectual qualities of his preaching the first that impressed the hearer was the exquisite phrasing. He was a marvelous magician with words. His native gift of expression had been enriched and chastened by the diligent study of the world's best books. Every cultivated person recognized the flavor of ripe scholarship in his diction, and even those devoid of culture felt its charm without being able to define it. The mellow splendor of his rhetoric captivated all classes of hearers. This rare beauty of his language, this exquisite drapery of his thoughts, might have tempted a superficial hearer to regard him as merely a skilful phrase-maker. It would have been a great error. He was a superb rhetorician largely because he was a true scholar and a profound theologian. His rhetoric drew deep. He was no encyclopedia preacher. His style had background. He deserved the tribute which Cecil paid to Sir Walter Raleigh, "He could toil terribly." All his life long he was a student—a student of books, a student of men, a student of the deep things of God. When men beheld the external splendor of the temple at Jerusalem, with its walls and roofs of white marble, surmounted with plates and spikes of glittering gold, they sometimes forgot the immense substructures built deep into the ground and resting upon everlasting rock; but, without that cyclopean masonry hidden from view, those snowy walls of marble and those sky-piercing pinnacles of gold could not have been. Dr. Hoge's surpassing beauty of statement was bottomed on strong and wide knowledge of truth.

When spoken to by his friends in regard to the fulness and accuracy of his knowledge, the grace and vigor of his literary style, and the apparent ease with which he met all sorts of demands and

rose to all sorts of emergencies, he invariably deprecated the idea that his readiness and adequacy were the result of any special gift, and insisted that the explanation lay rather in the fact that throughout his life he had been an indefatigable student. From his childhood to the end of his long and busy career he was a reader of books, not at random and for mere amusement, but carefully, thoughtfully, and for the purpose of storing his mind with noble thoughts and beautiful images. It was this life-long studiousness that gave his sermons their rare fulness of matter and their rare distinction of style. In addition to this general preparation by years of industrious and discriminating reading, he made careful and thorough special preparation for every discourse. Being thus a constantly growing student, he was always a fresh and interesting preacher. He told a friend that he even prepared addresses for all sorts of special public occasions, and fixed them in his memory, not always the language, but the line of thought and the illustrations, so that, as he modestly added, when suddenly called on he "generally had something to say."

He wrote much and always with care, making everything to which he set his pen contribute to the precision and elegance of his style. Even his personal letters and notes on matters of minor importance were characterized by such finish that they could have been printed without revision. He never allowed himself to write crude or slipshod communications of any kind. In the preparation of his sermons he was concerned chiefly with the matter rather than the language, but there were special passages in nearly every discourse which were written and rewritten with the utmost care. On rare occasions the whole sermon was written out and virtually committed to memory, and on at least one occasion I heard him read a sermon; but, as in the case of Chalmers, it was "fell reading." Ordinarily, however, he used no manuscript or notes. One feature of his preparation for his pulpit duties must be particularly mentioned, viz., his habit of writing prayers. He expended a great deal of toil on his public prayers. He wrote hundreds of them with the greatest care. They were not memorized, but the result was seen in the range and propriety and elevation of his petitions when leading the devotions of his people. His services were never subject to the reproach which so often lies against this part of the service in those denominations which prefer the method of free prayers as distinguished from the fixed liturgy. I have never heard any minister whose prayers so lifted and rested and comforted his people.

Dr. Hoge, then, was not only an orator but a teacher. His sermons were not only brilliant in form, but rich in truth. So that

not only in point of finish, but also in point of force, he ranks with the masters of the contemporary pulpit. It is true that many of his later discourses were somewhat discursive in treatment, necessarily so because of the innumerable demands upon his time after he reached the zenith of his fame; but he never failed to bring beaten oil to the sanctuary when it was possible, and he never for a moment relinquished or lowered his conception of the teaching function of the ministry. His people were not only interested and entertained, but they were fed and nourished with truth. His substantial attainments were no less remarkable than his graces of speech. He was indeed an imperial rhetorician, with a wonderful wealth of diction, a phenomenal power of description, and a rare felicity of illustration; but rhetoric in the pulpit has no abiding charm apart from truth. Strong men and thoughtful women do not sit for fifty-four years in ever-increasing numbers under a ministry which has not in it the strength of divine truth, deeply studied, sincerely believed, and earnestly proclaimed. The lecture which he delivered at the University of Virginia, fifty-five years ago, on "The Success of Christianity an Evidence of its Divine Origin" and published in the volume entitled 'Evidences of Christianity,' is a good specimen of the kind of work he was capable of when at his best as a young man. Perhaps the noblest oration of his later life was his address at the unveiling of the statue of Stonewall Jackson, presented by English gentlemen to the State of Virginia, and now located in the Capitol Square at Richmond. This is printed with many of his other public addresses and prayers in the appendix to the admirable 'Life of Dr. Hoge,' recently published by his nephew, the Rev. Peyton H. Hoge, D.D. (Presbyterian Committee of Publications, Richmond, Virginia).

W. W. Moore

STONEWALL JACKSON

Delivered at the Unveiling of the Statue of Stonewall Jackson, in the Capitol Square, Richmond, Virginia, October 26, 1876.

Selection from 'Life of Dr. Hoge.' Copyright by Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Virginia. By kind permission of the publishers.

Were I permitted at this moment to consult my own wishes, I would bid the thunder of the cannon and the acclamations of the people announce the unveiling of the statue; and then, when with hearts beating with commingled emotions of love and grief and admiration, we had contemplated this last and noblest creation of the great sculptor, the ceremonies of this august hour should end.

In attempting to commence my oration, I am forcibly reminded of the faltering words with which Bossuet began his splendid eulogy of the Prince of Condé. Said he: "At the moment I open my lips to celebrate the immortal glory of the Prince of Condé, I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task. What part of the habitable world has not heard of his victories and the wonders of his life? Everywhere they are rehearsed. His own countrymen in extolling them can give no information even to the stranger. And although I may remind you of them, yet everything I could say would be anticipated by your thoughts, and I should suffer the reproach of falling far below them."

How true is all this to-day! Not only is every important event in the life of our illustrious chieftain familiar to you all, but what lesson to be derived from his example has not already been impressively enforced by those whose genius, patriotism and piety have qualified them to speak in terms worthy of their noble theme? And now that the statesman and soldier, who well represents the honor of Virginia as its chief magistrate, has given his warm and earnest welcome to our distinguished guests from other states and from other lands who grace this occasion by their presence, I would not venture to proceed, had not the Commonwealth laid on me its command to utter some words of greeting to my fellow-countrymen, who this day do honor to themselves in rendering homage to the memory of Virginia's illustrious son.

I cannot repress an emotion of awe as I vainly attempt to overlook the mighty throng, extending as it does beyond the limits of these Capitol grounds, and covering spaces which cannot be reached by the eye of the speaker. More impressive is this assemblage of citizens and representatives from all parts of our own and of foreign lands, than ever gathered on the banks of the ancient Alpheus at one of the solemnities which united the men of all the Grecian states and attracted strangers from the most distant countries. There was indeed one pleasing feature in the old Hellenic festivals. The entire territory around Olympia was consecrated to peace during their celebration, and there even enemies might meet as friends and brothers, and in harmony rejoice in their ancestral glories and national renown. It is so with us to-day. But how deficient in moral interest was the old Olympiad, and how wanting in one feature which gives grace to our solemnity. No citizen, no stranger, however honored, was permitted to bring with him either mother, wife, or daughter; but here to-day how many of the noble women of the land, of whom the fabled Alcestis, Antigone, and Iphigenia were but the imperfect types, lend the charm of their presence to the scene —Christian women of a nobler civilization than Pagan antiquity ever knew.

We have come from the seashore, the mountains, and the valleys of our Southland, not only to inaugurate a statue, but a new era in our history. Here on this Capitoline Hill, on this twenty-sixth day of October, 1876, and in the one hundredth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in sight of that historic river that more than two centuries and a half ago bore on its bosom the bark freighted with the civilization of the North American Continent, on whose banks Powhatan wielded his sceptre and Pocahontas launched her skiff, under the shadow of that Capitol whose foundations were laid before the present Federal Constitution was framed, and from which the edicts of Virginia went forth over her realm that stretched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—edicts framed by some of the patriots whose manly forms on yonder monument still gather around him whose name is the purest in human history—we have met to inaugurate a new Pantheon to the glory of our common mother.

In the story of the empires of the earth some crisis often occurs which develops the genius of the era and impresses an imperishable stamp on the character of a whole people. Such a crisis was the Revolution of 1776, when thirteen thinly-settled and widely-separated colonies dared to offer the gage of battle to the greatest military and naval power on the globe.

The story of that struggle is the most familiar in American annals. After innumerable reverses, and incredible sufferings and sacrifices, our fathers came forth from the ordeal victorious. And though during the progress of the strife, before calm reflection had quieted the violence of inflamed passion, they were branded by opprobrious names and their revolt denounced as rebellion and treason, the justice of their cause, and the wisdom, the valor and the determination with which they vindicated it, were quickly recognized and generously acknowledged by the bravest and purest of British soldiers and statesmen; so that now, when we seek the noblest eulogies of the founders of American republicanism, we find them in the writings of the essayists and historians of the mother-country. We honor ourselves and do homage to virtue when we hallow the names of those who in the council and in the field achieved such victories. We bequeath an influence which will bless coming generations, when with the brush and the chisel we perpetuate the images of our fathers and the founders of the State. Already has the noble office been begun. Here on this hill the forms of Washington, and Henry, and Lewis, and Mason, and Nelson, and Jefferson, and Marshall, arrest our eyes and make their silent but salutary and stirring appeals to our hearts. Nor are these all who merit eternal commemoration. As I look on that monument, I miss James Madison and others of venerable and illustrious name. Let us not cease our patriotic work until we have reared a Pantheon worthy of the undying glory of the past.

But this day we inaugurate a new era. We lay the corner-stone of a new Pantheon in commemoration of our country's fame. We come to honor the memory of one who was the impersonation of our Confederate cause, and whose genius illuminated the great contest which has recently ended, and which made an epoch not only in our own history, but in that of the age.

We assert no monopoly in the glory of that leader. It was his happy lot to command, even while he lived, the respect and admiration of right-minded and right-hearted men in every part of this land, and in all lands. It is now his rare distinction to receive the homage of those who most differed with him on the questions which lately rent this republic in twain from ocean to ocean. From the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, men have gathered on these grounds to-day, widely divergent in their views on social, political and religious topics; and yet they find in the attraction which concentrates their regard upon one name, a place where their hearts unexpectedly touch each other and beat in strange unison.

It was this attractive moral excellence which, winning the love and admiration of the brave and pure on the other side of the sea, prompted them to enlist the genius of one of the greatest of modern sculptors in fashioning the statue we have met to inaugurate this day.

It is a singular and striking illustration of the world-wide appreciation of his character that the first statue of Jackson comes from abroad, and that while the monument to our own Washington, and the effigies of those who surround him, were erected by order of the Commonwealth, this memorial is the tribute of the admiration and love of those who never saw his face, and who were bound to him by no ties save those which a common sympathy for exalted worth establishes between the souls of magnanimous and heroic men. We accept this noble gift all the more gratefully because it comes from men of kindred race and kindred heart, as the expression of their goodwill and sympathy for our people as well as of their admiration for the genius and character of our illustrious hero.

We accept it as the visible symbol of the ancient friendship which existed in colonial times between Virginia and the mother-country. We accept it as a prophecy of the incoming of British settlers to our sparsely-populated territory, and hail it as a pleasing omen for the future that the rebuilding of our shattered fortunes should be aided by the descendants of the men who laid the foundations of this Commonwealth. We accept it as a pledge of the peaceful relations which we trust will

ever exist between Great Britain and the confederated empire formed by the United States of America.

In the first memorial discourse that was delivered after his lamented death, the question was asked, "How did it happen that a man who so recently was known to but a small circle, and to them only as a laborious, punctilious, humble-minded professor in a military institute, in so brief a space of time gathered around his name so much of the glory which encircles the name of Napoleon, and so much of the love that enshrines the memory of Washington?" And soon after, in the memoir which will go down to coming generations as the most faithful portraiture of its subject and an enduring monument of the genius of its author, the inquiry was resumed, "How is it that this man, of all others least accustomed to exercise his own fancy or address that of others, has stimulated the imagination not only of his own countrymen, but that of the civilized world? How has he, the most unromantic of great men, become the hero of a living romance, the ideal of an inflamed fancy, even before his life has been invested with the mystery of distance?" From that day to this these inquiries have been propounded in every variety of form, and with an ever-increasing interest.

To answer these questions will be one object of this discourse; and yet the public will not expect me, in so doing, to furnish a new delineation of the life of Jackson or a rehearsal of the story of his campaigns. Time does not permit this, neither does the occasion demand it. By a brief series of ascending propositions do I seek to furnish the solution. I find an explanation of the regard in which the memory of Jackson is cherished—

First—In the fact that he was the incarnation of those heroic qualities which fit their possessor to lead and command men, and which, therefore, always attract the admiration, kindle the imagination and arouse the enthusiasm of the people.

There is a natural element in humanity which constrains it to honor that which is strong, and adventurous, and indomitable. Decision, fortitude, inflexibility, intrepidity, determination, when consecrated to noble ends, and especially when associated with a gentleness which throws a softened charm over

these sterner attributes, ever win and lead captive the popular heart.

The masses who compose the commonalty, consciously weak and irresolute, instinctively gather around the men of loftier stature, in whom they find the great forces wanting in themselves, and spontaneously follow the call of those whom they think competent to redress their wrongs and vindicate their rights.

These are the leaders who are welcomed by the people with open arms, and elevated to the high places of the earth, to become the regents of society—to develop the history of the age in which they live, and to impress upon it the noble image of their own personality.

As discoverers love to trace great rivers to their sources, so in our studies of the characters of those who have filled large spaces in the public eye, it interests us to go backward in search of the rudimentary germs which afterwards developed into the great qualities which commanded the admiration of the world.

Never was the adage, "the child is the father of the man," more strikingly illustrated than in the early history of the orphan boy whose name subsequently became a tower of strength to the armies he commanded, and to the eleven sovereign states banded and battling together for a separate national life.

There is no more graphic picture in the pages of Macaulay than that of Warren Hastings, at the age of seven, lying on the bank of a rivulet which flowed through the broad lands which were once the property of his ancestors, and there forming the resolve that all that domain should one day be his, and never abandoning his purpose through all the vicissitudes of his stormy life, until, as the "Hastings of Daylesford," he tasted a joy which his heart never knew in the command of the millions over whom he ruled in the Indian empire.

But stranger still was it to see a pensive, delicate orphan-child of the same age, the inheritor of a feeble constitution, yet with a will even more indomitable than that of Warren Hastings, renouncing his home with a relative who, mistaking his disposition, had attempted to govern him by force, and alone and on foot performing a journey of eighteen miles to the

house of another kinsman, where he suddenly presented himself, announcing his unalterable resolve never to return to his former home—a decision which no remonstrances or persuasions could induce him to revoke; and stranger still to see him, the year after, on a lonely island of the Mississippi River, in company with another child a few years his senior, maintaining himself by his own labor, until driven by malaria from the desolate spot where, beneath the dreary forests and beside the angry floods of the father of waters, he had displayed the self-reliance and hardihood of a man, at a period of life when children are ordinarily scarcely out of the nursery. This inflexibility of purpose and defiance of hardship and danger in the determination to succeed was displayed in all his subsequent career—whether we see him at West Point, overcoming the disadvantages of a deficient preliminary education by a severity of application almost unparalleled, in accordance with the motto he inscribed in bold characters on a page in his common-place book, "You may be whatever you resolve to be"—or whether we follow him through the Mexican campaign, winning his first laurels at Cherubusco, and at Chapultepec, where he received his second promotion—or whether we accompany him to his quiet retreat in Lexington, where, after the termination of the Mexican War, he filled the post of professor in the Military Institute, and there affording a new exhibition of his determination in overcoming obstacles more formidable than those encountered in the field, in the persistent discharge of every duty in spite of feeble health and threatened loss of sight.

I know of no picture in his life more impressive than that which presents him as he sat in his study during the still hours of the night, unable to use book or lamp—with only a mental view of diagrams and models, and the artificial signs required in abstruse calculations, holding long and intricate processes of mathematical reasoning with the steady grasp of thought, his face turned to the blank, dark wall, until he mastered every difficulty and made complete preparations for the instructions of the succeeding day.

These years of self-discipline and self-enforced severity of regimen, maintained with rigid austerity through years of seclusion from public life, constituted the propitious season

for the full maturing of those faculties whose energy was so soon to be displayed on a field which attracted the attention of the world.

When his native state, which had long stood in the attitude of magnanimous mediation between the hostile sections, in the hope of preserving the Union which she had assisted in forming, and to whose glory she had made such contributions, was menaced by the rod of coercion, and compelled to decide between submission or separation, then Jackson, who would have cheerfully laid down his life to avert the disruption, in accordance with the principles of the political school in which he had been trained, and which commanded his conscientious assent, hesitated no longer, but went straight to his decision as the beam of light goes from its God to the object it illumines. Simultaneously with the striking of the clock which announced the hour of his departure with his cadets for the Camp of Instruction of this city, the command to march was given. Never was there a home dearer than his own; but he left it, never again to cross its threshold. From that time, as we are told, he never asked nor received a furlough—was never absent from duty for a day, whether sick or well, and never slept one night outside the lines of his own command. And passing over a thousand occasions which the war afforded for the exercise of his unconquerable will, there is something impressive in the fact that the very last order which ever fell from his lips was a revelation of its unabated force. After he had received his fatal wound, while pale with anguish and faint with loss of blood, he was informed by one of his generals that the men under his command had been thrown into such confusion that he feared he could not hold his ground, the voice which was growing tremulous and low, thrilled the heart of that officer with the old authoritative tone, as he uttered his final order, "General, you *must* keep your men together and hold your ground."

These were the elements which shaped Jackson's distinctive characteristics as a soldier and commander which may be most concisely stated; a natural genius for the art of war, without which no professional training will ever develop the highest order of military talent; a power of abstraction and self-concentration which enabled him to determine every proper com-

bination and disposition of his forces, without the slightest mental confusion—even in those supreme moments when his face and form underwent a sort of transfiguration amid the flame and thunder of battle; a conviction of the moral superiority of aggressive over defensive warfare in elevating the courage of his own men and in depressing that of the enemy; an almost intuitive insight into the plans of the enemy, and an immediate perception of the time to strike the most stunning blow, from the most unlooked-for quarter; a conviction of the necessity of following every such blow with another, and more terrible, so as to make every success a victory, and every victory so complete as to compel the speedy termination of the war.

In the county where all that is mortal of this great hero sleeps, there is a natural bridge of rock whose massive arch, fashioned with grace by the hand of God, springs lightly toward the sky, spanning a chasm into whose awful depth the beholder looks down bewildered and awe-struck. That bridge is among the cliffs what Niagara is among the waters—a visible expression of sublimity, a glimpse of God's great strength and power.

But its grandeur is not diminished because tender vines clamber over its gigantic piers, or because sweet-scented flowers nestle in its crevices and warmly color its cold gray columns. Nor is the granite strength of our dead chieftain's character weakened because in every throb of his heart there was a pulsation so ineffably and exquisitely tender as to liken him, even amidst the horrors of war, to the altar of pity which ancient mythology reared among the shrines of strong and avenging deities.

This admirable commingling of strength and tenderness in his nature is touchingly illustrated by a letter, now for the first time made public.

An officer under his command had obtained leave of absence to visit a stricken household. A beloved member of his family had just died, another was seriously ill, and he applied for an extension of his furlough. This is the reply:

My dear Major: I have received your sad letter, and wish I could relieve your sorrowing heart, but human aid cannot heal the wound.

From me you have a friend's sympathy, and I wish the suffering condition of our country permitted me to show it. But we must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that, with God's blessing, we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed. What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. It is necessary that you should be at your post immediately. Join me to-morrow morning.

Your sympathizing friend,

THOMAS J. JACKSON.

Not only was he sensitive to every touch of human sorrow, but no man was ever more susceptible to impressions from the physical world. The hum of bees, the fragrance of clover fields, the tender streaks of dawn, the dewy brightness of the early spring, the mellow glories of matured autumn, all by turns charmed and tranquillized him. The eye that so often sent its lightning through the smoke of battle grew soft in contemplating the beauty of a flower. The ear that thrilled with the thunder of the cannonade drank in with innocent delight the song of birds and the prattle of children's voices. The hand which guided the rush of battle on the plains of Manassas and the Malvern Hills was equally ready to adjust the covering around the tender frame of a motherless babe, when at midnight he rose to see if it was comfortable and warm, though its own father was a guest under his roof. The voice whose sharp and ringing tones had so often uttered the command, "Give them the bayonet!" culled even from foreign tongues terms of endearment for those he loved, which his own language did not adequately supply; and the man who filled two hemispheres with the story of his fame was never so happy as when he was telling the colored children of his Sunday school the story of the Cross.

Second—Another explanation of the universal regard with which his memory is hallowed conducts to a higher plane, and enables us to contemplate a still nobler phase of his character. His was the greatness which comes without being sought for its own sake—the unconscious greatness which results from self-sacrifice and supreme devotion to duty. Duty is an altar from which a vestal flame is ever ascending to the skies, and he who stands nearest that flame catches most of its radiance, and in that light is himself made luminous forever.

The day after the first battle of Manassas, and before the history of that victory had reached Lexington in authentic form, rumor, preceding any accurate account of that event, had gathered a crowd around the postoffice awaiting with intensest interest the opening of the mail. In its distribution the first letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White. It was from General Jackson. Recognizing at a glance the well-known superscription, the doctor exclaimed to those around him "Now we shall know all the facts!"

This was the bulletin:

> My Dear Pastor: In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> THOS. J. JACKSON.

Not a word about a conflict which electrified a nation! Not an allusion to the splendid part he had taken in it; not a reference to himself beyond the fact that it had been a fatiguing day's service. And yet that was the day ever memorable in his history—memorable in all history—when he received the name which is destined to supplant the name his parents gave him—STONEWALL JACKSON. When his brigade of twenty-six hundred men had for hours withstood the iron tempest which broke upon it without causing a waver in its line, and when, on his right, the forces under the command of the gallant General Bee had been overwhelmed in the rush of resistless numbers, then was it that the event occurred which cannot be more graphically described than in the burning words of his biographer:

"It was then that Bee rode up to Jackson, and, with despairing bitterness, exclaimed, 'General, they are beating us back.' 'Then,' said Jackson, calm and curt, 'we will give them the bayonet.' Bee seemed to catch the inspiration of his determined will, and, galloping back to the broken fragments of his overtaxed command, exclaimed, 'There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians!' At this trumpet-call a few score of his men reformed their ranks.

Placing himself at the head, he charged the dense mass of the enemy, and in a moment fell dead with his face to the foe. From that time Jackson's was known as the *Stonewall Brigade*—a name henceforth immortal and belonging to all the ages; for the christening was baptized in the blood of its author; and that wall of brave hearts was on every battlefield a steadfast bulwark of their country."

The letter written to his pastor in Lexington on the day following that battle gives the key-note to his character. Nor on any occasion was he the herald of his own fame; never, save by the conscientious discharge of duty, did he aid in the dissemination of that fame. Never did he perform an act for the sake of what men might say of it; and while he felt all the respect for public opinion to which it is justly entitled, he was not thinking of what the public verdict might be, but of what it was right to do. The attainment of no personal ends could satisfy aspirations like his. To ascertain what was true, to do what was best, to fill up the narrow measure of life with the largest possible usefulness, was his single-hearted purpose. In such a career, if enjoyment should come, or well-earned fame, or augmented influence, or the power which accompanies promotion, they must all come as incidents by the way, as satellites which gather around a central orb, and not as the consummation toward which he ever tended. This singleness of aim was inseparable from a soul so sincere. A nature like his was incapable of employing the meretricious aids by which some men seek to heighten or advance their reputation.

Hence he never affected mystery. His reticence was not the assumption of impenetrability of purpose. His reserve was not the artifice of one who seeks to awe by making himself unapproachable. He hedged himself about with no barrier of exclusiveness. He assumed no airs of portentous dignity. He studied no dramatic effects. On the field, so far from condescending to those histrionic displays of person, or theatrical arts of speech, by which some commanders have sought to excite the enthusiasm of their armies, when his troops caught the sight of his faded uniform and sunburnt cap, and shook the air with their shouts as he rode along the lines, he quickened his gallop and escaped from view. When among the mountain pyramids, older than those to which the first Napoleon

pointed, he did not remind his men that the centuries were looking down on them. When on the plain, he drilled no eagles to perch on his banners, as the third Napoleon was said to have done. But one thing he did, he impressed his men with such an intense conviction of his unselfish and supreme consecration to the cause for which he had periled all, and so kindled them with his own magnetic fire as to fuse them into one articulated body—one heart throbbing through all the members, one spirit animating the entire frame—that heart, that spirit, his own. It was his sublime indifference to personal danger, to personal comfort and personal aggrandizement, that gave him such power over the armies he commanded, and such a place in the hearts of the people of the Confederate States.

The true test of attachment to any cause is what one is willing to suffer for its advancement, and it is the spectacle of disinterested devotion to the right and true at the cost of toil, and travail, and blood, if need be, that captivates the popular heart and calls forth its admiration and sweetest affection. He who exhibits most of this spirit is the man who unconsciously wins for himself enduring fame. When he passes from earth to a higher and diviner sphere his influence does not perish. It is not the transient brilliance of the meteor, but the calm radiance of a star, whose light, undimmed and undiminished, comes down to kindle all true and brave souls through immeasurable time. Exalted by the disinterested works he has wrought, by his example he elevates others, and thus becomes the trellis, strong and high, on which other souls may stretch themselves in the pursuit of whatsoever is excellent in human character and achievement.

Such a man was Jackson. Such is the recognition of him beyond the sea, of which this statue is a token. Such is our appreciation of his claim upon our gratitude, upon our undying love, in testimony of which we gather around this statue to-day and crown it with the laurel, first moistened by our tears.

Third—But this universal sentiment of regard for his memory rests upon foundations which lie still deeper in the human heart. At the mention of his name another idea inseparably associated with it invariably asserts its place in the mental portraiture which all men acquainted with his history have

formed of him; and so I announce as the third and last explanation of the homage awarded him, the sincerity, the purity, and the elevation of his character as a servant of the Most High God.

No one acquainted with the moral history of the world can for a moment doubt that religious veneration is at once the profoundest and most universal of human instincts; and however individual men may chafe at the restraints which piety imposes, or be indifferent to its obligations, yet there is a sentiment in the popular heart which compels its homage for those whose character and lives most faithfully reflect the beauty of the Divine Image.

When a man already eminent by great virtues and services attains great eminence in piety and wears the coronal of heaven on his brow, because the spirit of heaven has found its home in his heart, then the world, involuntarily, or with hearty readiness, places him on a higher pedestal, because, with their love and admiration for the attractive qualities of the man, there is mingled a veneration for the ennobling graces of the Christian.

I do not agree with those who ascribe all that was admirable in the character of Jackson, and all that was splendid in his career, to his religious faith. He was distinguished before faith became an element in his life; and even after his faith attained its fullest development, it did not secure the triumph of the cause to which his life was a sacrifice.

But this I say, that his piety heightened every virtue, gave direction and force to every blow struck for that cause, and then consecration to the sacrifice when he laid down his life on the altar of his country's liberties. He was purer, stronger, more courageous, more efficient, because of his piety; purer, because penitence strains the soul of corruptions which defile it; stronger, because faith nerves the arm that takes hold on Omnipotence; more courageous, because hope gives exaltation to the heroism of one who fights with the crown of life ever in view; more efficient, because religion, which is but another name for the right use of one's own faculties, preserves them all in harmonious balance, develops all in symmetrical proportion, and by freeing them from the warping power of prejudice, the blinding power of passion, and the de-

basing slavery of evil habits, gives them all wholesome exercise, trains them all to keep step to the music of duty, and inspires them with an energy which is both intense and rightly directed.

It was thus that he gave to the world an illustration of the power which results from the union of the loftiest human attributes and unfaltering faith in God.

To attempt, therefore, to portray the life of Jackson while leaving out the religious element, would be like undertaking "to describe Switzerland without making mention of the Alps," or to explain the fertility of the land of the Pharaohs without taking into account the enriching Nile.

If what comes from the speaker to-day on this subject loses aught of its force because it is regarded as professional, he will deeply regret it. The same testimony might have more weight from the lips of many a statesman or soldier on these grounds to-day, but it would not be a whit more true. Sturdy old Thomas Carlyle, at all events, was not speaking professionally when he said: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." "The thing a man does practically lay to heart concerning his vital relation to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, *that* is in all cases the primary thing for him, and determines all the rest."

It was surely the primary fact, the supreme fact in the history of General Jackson, and I cannot leave the subject without adding that those who confound his faith in Providence with fatalism mistake both the spiritual history of the man and the meaning of the very words they employ.

Those who imagine that his faith savored of bigotry do not know that one characteristic of his religion was its generous catholicity, as might well be inferred from the fact that the first spiritual guides whose instructions he sought were members of communions widely different in doctrine and polity; that when he connected himself with the church of his choice, it was with doubts of the truth of some of its articles of doctrine—doubts ultimately and utterly removed, indeed, but openly avowed while they possessed him; that nothing so rejoiced his heart during the progress of the war as the harmony existing between the various denominations represented in the Army; that in selecting his personal staff, and in recommend-

ing men for promotion, merit was the sole ground, and their ecclesiastical relations were never even considered; that with a charity which embraced all who held the cardinal truths of revelation, he ardently desired such a unity of feeling and concert of action among all the followers of the same Divine Leader as would constitute one spiritual army, glorious and invincible.

It is refreshing, too, to note, that at this day, when political economists abandon the weaker races to the law of natural selection, and contemplate with complacency the process by which the dominant races extirpate the less capable, he sought to place the gentle but strong and sustaining hand of Christianity beneath the African population of the South, and so arrest the operation of that law by developing them, if possible, into a self-sustaining people.

It is still more refreshing to note, that at this day, when scientific men assert such an unvarying uniformity in the operations of the laws of Nature as to discredit prophecy and deny miracle and silence prayer, that he whose studies had lain almost exclusively in the realm of the exact sciences was a firm believer in the supernatural. Well did this humble pupil in the school of the Great Teacher—this diligent student in the school of physical science—know that true progress was not mere advance in inventions and in arts, or in subsidizing the forces of Nature to human uses, but that true progress was the progress of man himself—man, as distinct from anything external to himself. Well did he know that there is a celestial as well as a terrestial side to man's nature, and that although the temple of the body has its foundation in the dust, it is a temple covered by a dome which opens upward to the air and the sunlight of heaven, through which the Creator discloses Himself as the goal of the soul's aspirations, as the ultimate and imperishable good which satisfies its infinite desires. Those were true and brave words of the British Premier when he said, "Society has a soul as well as a body; the traditions of a nation are a part of its existence; its valor and its discipline, its religious faith, its venerable laws, its science and its erudition, its poetry, its art, its eloquence and its scholarship, are as much a portion of its existence as its agriculture, its commerce, and its engineering skill."

The death of every soldier who fell in our Confederate war is a protest against that base philosophy "which would make physical good man's highest good, and which would attempt to rear a noble commonwealth on mere material foundations." Every soldier who offers his life to his country demonstrates the superiority of the moral to the physical, and proclaims that truth, and right, and honor, and liberty are nobler than animal existence, and worth the sacrifice even when blood is the offering.

And now we recognize the Providence of God in giving to this faithful servant the illustrious name and fame as a leader of armies, which brought the very highest development of his character to the notice of the world. It was his renown as a soldier of the country which made him known to men as a soldier of the Cross. And since nothing so captivates the popular heart or so kindles its enthusiasm as military glory, Providence has made even that subservient to a higher purpose. Men cannot now think of Jackson without associating the prowess of the soldier with the piety of the man. Thus his great military renown is the golden candlestick holding high the celestial light which is seen from afar and cannot be hid.

Such was the man who was second in command in our Confederate armies, and whose success as a leader during the bright, brief career allotted to him was second to that of no one of his illustrious comrades-in-arms.

And yet the cause to which all this valor was consecrated, and for which all these sacrifices were made, was not destined to triumph. And here, perhaps, we learn one of the most salutary lessons of this wonderful history.

Doubtless all men who have ever given their labors and affection to any cause fervently hope to be the witnesses of its assured triumph. Nor do I deny that success makes the pulses of enterprise beat faster and fuller. Like the touch of the goddess, it transforms the still marble into breathing life. But yet all history, sacred and profane, is filled with illustrations of the truth that success, and especially contemporary success, is not the test of merit. Our own observation in the world in which we move proves the same truth. Has not popular applause ascended like incense before tyrants who surrendered their lives to the basest and most degrading passions? Have

not reproach, and persecution, and poverty, and defeat, been the companions of noble men in all ages, who have given their toil and blood to great causes? Are they less noble because they were the victims of arbitrary power, or because an untoward generation would not appreciate the grand problems which they solved, or because they lived in a generation which was not worthy of them?

If we now call the roll of the worthies who have given to the world its valued treasures of thought or faith, or who have subdued nature or developed art, it will be found that nearly all of them were in a life-long grapple with defeat and disaster. Some, and amongst them those whose names shine the brightest, would have welcomed neglect as a boon, but instead endured shame and martyrdom.

Other things being equal, the tribute of our admiration is more due to him who, in spite of disaster, pursues the cause which he has espoused, than to one who requires the stimulus of the applause of an admiring public. We are sure of a worthy object when we give our plaudits to the earnest soul who has followed his convictions in the midst of peril and disaster because of his faith in them.

It is well that even every honest effort in the cause of right and truth is not always crowned with success. Defeat is the discipline which trains the truly heroic soul to further and better endeavors. And if these last should fail, and he can do battle no more, he can lay down his armor with the assurance that others will put it on, and in God's good time vindicate the truth in whose behalf he had not vainly spent his life.

Our people, since the termination of the war, have illustrated the lessons learned in the school of adversity. Having vindicated their valor and endurance during the conflict, they have since exhibited their patience and self-control under the most trying circumstances. Their dignity in the midst of poverty and reverses, their heroic resignation to what they could not avert, have shown that subjugation itself could not conquer true greatness of soul. And by none have these virtues been illustrated more impressively than by the veterans of the long conflict, who laid down their arms at its close and mingled again with their fellow-citizens, distinguished from the rest only by their superior reverence for law, their patient industry,

their avoidance of all that might cause needless irritation and provoke new humiliations, and their readiness to regard as friends in peace those whom they had so recently resisted as enemies in war.

The tree is known by its fruits. Your Excellency has reminded us that our civilization should be judged by the character of the men it has produced. If our recent revolution had been irradiated by the lustre of but the two names—LEE and JACKSON—it would still have illumined one of the brightest pages in history.

I have not spoken of the former to-day; not because my heart was not full of him, but because the occasion required me to speak of another, and because the day is not distant when one more competent to do justice to this great theme than I have been to mine will address another assembly of the men of the South, and North, and West, upon these Capitol grounds, when our new Pantheon will be completed by the erection of another monument, and the inauguration of the statue of Lee, with his generals around him, amid the tears and gratulation of a countless multitude.

It was with matchless magnanimity that these two great chieftains delighted each to contribute to the glory of the other. Let us not dishonor ourselves by robbing either of one leaf in the chaplet which adorns their brows; but, catching the inspiration of their lofty example, let us thank God that He gave us two such names to shine as binary stars in the firmament above us.

It was in the noontide of Jackson's glory that he fell; but what a pall of darkness suddenly shrouded all the land in that hour! If any illustration were needed of the hold he had acquired on the hearts of our people, on the hearts of the good and brave and true throughout all the civilized world, it would be found in the universal lament which went up everywhere when it was announced that Jackson was dead—from the little girl at the Chandler House, who "wished that God would let her die in his stead, because then only her mother would cry; but if Jackson died, all the people of the country would cry"—from this humble child up to the commander-in-chief, who wept as only the strong and brave can weep at the tidings of his fall; from the weather-beaten sea-captain, who had never seen

his face, but who burst into loud, uncontrollable grief, standing on the deck of his vessel, with his rugged sailors around him wondering what had happened to break that heart of oak, up to the English earl, honored on both sides of the Atlantic, who exclaimed, when the sad news came to him, "Jackson was in some respects the greatest man America ever produced."

The impressive ceremonies of the hour will bring back to some here present the memories of that day of sorrow, when, at the firing of a gun at the base of yonder monument, a procession began to move to the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul—the hearse on which the dead hero lay preceded by a portion of the command of General Pickett, whose funeral obsequies you have just celebrated, and followed by a mighty throng of weeping citizens, until, having made a detour of the city, it paused at the door of the Capitol, when the body was borne within by reverent hands and laid on an altar erected beneath the dome.

The Congress of the Confederate States had adopted a device for their flag, and one emblazoned with it had just been completed, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. It never fluttered from the height it was intended to grace. It became Jackson's winding-sheet. Oh! mournful prophecy of the fate of the Confederacy itself!

The military authorities shrouded him in the white, red, and blue flag of the Confederacy. The citizens decked his bier with the white, red, and blue flowers of spring until they rose high above it a soft floral pyramid; but the people everywhere embalmed him in their hearts with a love sweeter than all the fragrance of spring, and immortal as the verdure of the trees under which he now rests by the river of life.

And where, in all the annals of the world's sorrow for departed worth, was there such a pathetic impersonation of a nation's grief as was embodied in the old mutilated veteran of Jackson's division, who, as the shades of evening fell, and when the hour for the closing of the doors of the Capitol came, and when the lingering throng was warned to retire, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader. "They told him he was too late; that they were closing up the coffin for the last time; that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled

forward, refusing to take a denial, until one of the marshals of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back; upon this the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, 'By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more!' Such an appeal was irresistible, and, at the instance of the governor of the commonwealth, the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader."

Your Excellency did well to make the path broad which leads through these Capitol grounds to this statue, for it will be trodden by the feet of all who visit this city, whether they come from the banks of the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the Sacramento; whether from the Tiber, the Rhine, or the Danube.

Tender though they be, cold and sad are the closing lines of Collins in his ode to the memory of the brave whose rest is hallowed by their country's benedictions, depicting as they do, Honor coming as "a pilgrim gray," and Freedom as a "weeping hermit" repairing to the graves of departed heroes.

Not so will Honor come to this shrine; not as a worn and weary pilgrim, but as a generous youth with burnished shield and stainless sword, and heart beating high in sympathy for the right and true, to lay his mail-clad hand on this altar and swear eternal fealty to duty and to God.

Nor will Freedom for a time only repair to this hallowed spot; but here she will linger long and hopefully, not as a weeping hermit, but as a radiant divinity conscious of immortality.

It is true that memories unutterably sad have at times swept through this mighty throng to-day, but we are not here to indulge in reminiscences only, much less in vain regrets. We have a future to face, and in that future lies not only duty, and trials perhaps, but also *hope*.

For when we ask what has become of the principles in the defence of which Jackson imperiled and lost his life, then I answer: A form of government may change, a policy may perish, but a principle can never die. Circumstances may so change as to make the application of the principle no longer possible, but its innate vitality is not affected thereby. The

conditions of society may be so altered as to make it idle to contend for a principle which no longer has any practical force, but these changed conditions of society have not annihilated one original truth.

The application of these postulates to the present situation of our country is obvious. The people of the South maintained, as their fathers maintained before them, that certain principles were essential to the perpetuation of the Union according to the original Constitution. Rather than surrender their convictions they took up arms to defend them. The appeal was vain. Defeat came, and they accepted it, with its consequences, just as they would have accepted victory, with its fruits. They have sworn to maintain the government as it is now constituted. They will not attempt again to assert their views of state sovereignty by an appeal to the sword. None feel this obligation to be more binding than the soldiers of the late Confederate armies. A soldier's parole is a sacred thing, and the men who are willing to die for a principle in time of war are the men of all others most likely to maintain their personal honor in time of peace.

But it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that this consolidated empire of states is not the Union established by our fathers. No intelligent European student of American institutions is deceived by any such assumption. We gain nothing by deceiving ourselves.

And if history teaches any lesson, it is this, that a nation cannot long survive when the fundamental principles which gave it life originally are subverted. It is true republics have often degenerated into despotism. It is also true that after such transformation they have for a time been characterized by a force, a prosperity, and a glory never known in their earlier annals; but it has always been a force which absorbed and obliterated the rights of the citizen, a prosperity which was gained by the sacrifice of individual independence, a glory which was ever the precursor of inevitable anarchy, disintegration, and ultimate extinction.

If then it be asked how are we to escape the catastrophe, I answer, by a voluntary return to the fundamental principles upon which our republic was originally founded. And if it be objected that we have already entered upon one of those po-

litical revolutions which never go backward, then I ask, who gave to any one the authority to say so? or whence comes the infallibility which entitles any one to pronounce a judgment so overwhelming? Why may there not be a comprehension of what is truly politic, and what is grandly right, slumbering in the hearts of our American people—a people at once so practical and emotional, so capable of great enterprise and great magnanimity—a patriotism which is yet to awake and announce itself in a repudiation of all unconstitutional invasion of the liberties of the citizens of any portion of this broad Union? When we remember the awful strain to which the principles of other constitutional governments have been subjected in the excitement of revolutionary epochs, and how, when seemingly submerged by the tempest, they have risen again and reasserted themselves in their original integrity, why should we despair of seeing the ark of our liberties again resting on the summit of the mount, and hallowed by the benediction of Him who said, " Behold, I do set My bow in the cloud!"

And now standing before this statue, and, as in the living presence of the man it represents, cordially endorsing, as I do, the principles of the political school in which he was trained and in defence of which he died, and unable yet even to think of our dead Confederacy without memories unutterably tender, I speak not for myself, but for the South, when I say it is our interest, our duty and determination, to maintain the Union, and to make every possible contribution to its prosperity and glory, if all the states which compose it will unite in making it such a Union as our fathers framed, and in enthroning above it, not a Cæsar, but the Constitution in its old supremacy.

If ever these states are welded together in one great fraternal, enduring Union, with one heart pulsating through the entire frame as the tides throb through the bosom of the sea, it will be when they all stand on the same level, with such a jealous regard for each other's rights that when the interests or honor of one is assailed, all the rest, feeling the wound, even as the body feels the pain inflicted on one of its members, will kindle with just resentment at the outrage, because an injury done to a part is not only a wrong, but an indignity offered to the whole. But if that cannot be, then I trust the day will never dawn when the Southern people will add degradation to

defeat, and hypocrisy to subjugation, by professing a love for the Union which denies to one of their states a single right accorded to Massachusetts or New York—to such a Union we will never be heartily loyal while that bronze hand grasps its sword—while yonder river chants the requiem of the sixteen thousand Confederate dead who, with Stuart among them, sleep on the hills of Hollywood.

But I will not end my oration with an anticipation so disheartening. I cannot so end it because I look forward to the future with more of hope than of despondency. I believe in the perpetuity of republican institutions, so far as any work of man may be said to possess that attribute. The complete emancipation of our constitutional liberty must come from other quarters, but we have our part to perform, one requiring patience, prudence, fortitude, faith.

A cloud of witnesses encompass us. The bronze figures on these monuments seem for the moment to be replaced by the spirits of the immortal men whose names they bear.

As if an angel spoke, their tones thrill our hearts.

First, it is the calm voice of Washington that we hear: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Then Henry's clarion notes arouse us: "Liberty, the greatest of all earthly blessings: give us that precious jewel, and you may take all the rest!"

Then Jefferson speaks: "Fellow-citizens, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of government. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatsoever state or persuasion, religious or political. The support of state governments in all their rights, as the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; the supremacy of the civil over military authority; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith. And should we wander from these principles in moments of error and

alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety."

And last it is Jackson's clear, ringing tone to which we listen: "What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that by God's blessing we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed."

Heaven, hear the prayer of our dead, immortal hero!

GEORGE FREDERICK HOLMES

[1820—1897]

HENRY E. SHEPHERD

THE subject of our sketch, George Frederick Holmes, was born at Straebrock, Demerara, British Guiana, August 2, 1820. Young Holmes sprang from that sturdy and vigorous Northumbrian race which has in all time borne up the banner of England, and glorified her name in the world of material development, as well as intellectual and spiritual achievement. His mother was Mary Ann Pemberton, daughter of Dr. Stephen Pemberton; his father was Joseph Henry Hendon Holmes, F.S.A., Advocate of the Bar of Demerara, Proctor of Vice Admiralty and Judge Advocate to the forces of Demerara and Essequibo. The boy was the eldest son of his parents and when an infant, two years of age, he accompanied them on a visit to the home of his maternal grandfather, Dr. Stephen Pemberton, and his maiden daughter Miss Elizabeth Pemberton. Upon her return to her South American home, his mother entrusted the child to the care of his grandfather and his aunt. He was placed in one of the foremost schools at Sunderland, in the historic country palatine of Durham, and from the first displayed that insatiable love of knowledge in all her complex forms, and that power of appropriating and assimilating her treasures which was perhaps the most strongly marked characteristic of his strange, eventful history.

At the dawning age of six, he was reading Latin and Greek. His record recalls such infantile prodigies as Coleridge, John Stuart Mill and Jeremy Taylor. Among his youthful contemporaries were many who in later days won fame in literature, at the bar, in the church, in arms, and in the drama. Tom Taylor, the playwright, of whom he always spoke with genuine affection, was his early comate, and his correspondent during the long years of his residence in America.

His school life at Sunderland, brilliant as it was, was the prelude to his career at the University, where he won in December, 1836, the prize scholarship. His university education did not extend beyond a single session. An act, inspired by a sense of grateful appreciation toward the aunt whose heir he was understood to be, and which the most uncharitable judgment can regard as nothing

more than an indiscretion prompted by gratitude, was the critical point in the life of young Holmes, and completely changed the course of his subsequent history. As a means of giving him an object lesson in worldly wisdom and inculcating prudent, cautious self-control as its root, the lad of seventeen, in the flush of his brilliant university career, was dispatched upon a sailing vessel to America and landed at Quebec July 28, 1837. At this point his direct relation to his motherland forever ceased. His father was dead, and his proud manly spirit would not endure the indignity, as he conceived it, to which he had been subjected by his aunt and mother. He was now cast upon his own resources, in a strange land, a mere youth, and it may be said, alienated from his blood and kindred, as a result of their hardness of heart and blindness of judgment. Yet he threw down the gauntlet to the world which environed him, with a knightly heroism that never quailed, even to that supreme November day in 1897 when he cried out "England!" as if some radiant vision of the "precious stone set in the silver sea," swam into his ken, all beauteous in its early form and like a finer light in light.

Young Holmes resorted to every expedient to earn an honorable livelihood in the land of his adoption. He sojourned in Canada for a year; we find him afterwards in Philadelphia; at a later day in South Carolina. For a brief period he had a chair in Richmond College, Virginia, then at the College of William and Mary; and in 1848 he was elected president of the newly founded University of Mississippi. Several years were devoted to the law, but the drudgery of the bar proved eminently uncongenial to one of his surpassing literary and intellectual spirit. In the magnificent isolation of Southwestern Virginia, then the very frontier of civilization, he conducted a classical school, in which the purest type of English culture was fostered with affectionate and assiduous zeal. All these, however, were preliminary or preluding stages leading up to his supreme work, for it is with the University of Virginia that his fame and memory will be forever linked. On the fourteenth of February, 1857, Mr. Holmes was elected to the chair of history and general literature, the appointment taking effect upon the first of July of this same year. In the new sphere upon which he had now entered he labored continuously until he passed to his rest, November 4, 1897. The range and scope of his chair was subjected to more than one form of contraction during the closing period of his university career, as the studies of history and of English were elevated to the rank of special departments, each having its own head. Still, his enthusiasm did not abate nor his zeal relax, with the burden of years nor the coming of the ineluctable end. The writer was a member of Mr. Holmes's

class in history and literature during the memorable session of 1860-61. Since that troublous time, when we stood upon the verge of grim-visaged war, he has listened to the foremost lights in the great centers of European learning—some of whom were conceded an absolute primacy in the special sphere of literature or history with which their renown is forever associated. Yet among these living oracles of the elder world of culture, there was none that in variety, range and versatility of attainment could bear away the palm from our modest and unheralded professor of history and literature, in the University of Virginia. As a lecturer and teacher Mr. Holmes was not marked by rigid adherence to system or exactness of method. He gave his fancy free rein, and indulged in excursions and digressions which seemed to take all history and literature as their province. His knowledge was of the rarest and most esoteric type. The student heard from him the hidden things of learning such as were revealed by no other expounder of historic lore. There was not a trace of the conventional professorial method—the personality of the man dominated all. While his comprehensive and catholic intellect had assimilated every phase of historic and literary development, he was devoted to certain eras and characters, as well as to certain theories, with a constancy that rose to the height of personal attachment and affection. Such, for example, was his attitude toward the prevailing influence of the Roman Empire upon the civilizations of the modern world; the relation of Roger Bacon to his namesake, the famed Chancellor and champion of the Inductive Philosophy; the philosophical systems of Auguste Comte, Leibnitz, and Sir William Hamilton: the Shakespeare-Baconian theory and the then comparatively unheralded poetry of Alfred Tennyson. History was his forte, but his foible was omniscience. His acquaintance with the physical sciences from the view-point of their evolution or development was singularly comprehensive and exact: his inaugural address as president of the University of Mississippi, 1848, is an impressive commentary upon this broad and seemingly unguarded statement. In the range and versatility of his intellect and his attainments, Mr. Holmes may fairly challenge comparison with any scholar that America has thus far given to the world. A striking parallel presents itself in the life and work of Mark Pattison, the famous rector of Lincoln College, Oxford—and Pattison, like Holmes, was a native of the North of England.

The myth of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table possessed a peculiar fascination for an intellect so finely tempered as that of Mr. Holmes. His lectures upon this subject, delivered at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, November, 1873, have never been surpassed in this sphere of literary exegesis. To his richly dowered in-

tellect, the story of the blameless king was the golden cord that bound into harmony the two extremes of our incomparable literature.

No feature of Mr. Holmes's intellectual life is more rich and inspiring to the student of literature than his private correspondence. If edited judiciously and with discrimination it would prove one of the rarest of treasures. Many of the foremost lights of the intellectual world are here—letters from Auguste Comte, Sir William Hamilton, his schoolmate Tom Taylor, Rev. Dr. Richard Fuller, Rev. Dr. James H. Thornwell, Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, William Gilmore Simms, William C. Preston, Hugh S. Legaré, Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Francis Lieber, one of the last of the monarchs of universal learning. The collection is almost unique in our immature and assertive occidental civilization.

The domestic life of Mr. Holmes was marked by a peculiar sweetness and light. In his early years he married a daughter of Honorable John Floyd, at one time Governor of Virginia, whose name was a wand to conjure with during the critical period that heralded the coming of our national conflict. This graceful and gentle lady presided over his home with the ideal charm that marked the Virginia matron of the golden age. A bounteous hospitality was invested with an enchanting radiance by the ceaseless feast of reason blending with the flow of soul. The poet's vision was realized to the life:

> "Heart affluence in discursive talk,
> From household fountains, never dry,
> The critic clearness of an eye
> That saw through all the muses' walk."

The several text-books prepared under Mr. Holmes's auspices and designed for the use of schools, with all their characteristic merits, convey no adequate impression of his vast and varied learning. Mechanical or empirical labor was uncongenial and alien to his nature. Those who would form a just appreciation of his far-reaching attainments, intensive and extensive as they were, must give their days and nights to his essays, monographs, and perhaps above all, to his private correspondence. His article on the "Formation of Elizabethan English," in Bledsoe's *Southern Review*, October, 1872, will serve as an admirable illustration, though it is but one of many equally laden with rare and original research that might be readily cited. More than one result of later investigation in the sphere of literature and history that has been proclaimed to the world with all the charm of novelty was announced to his classes by Mr. Holmes in the course of his ordinary instruction without pomp or ostentation, but with

the tranquil dignity that is the unfailing characteristic of those who "follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought." In 1891 the University of Durham honored herself by conferring the degree of D.C.L. upon the lad of seventeen who had been driven from her doors more than half a century before by the folly of his natural guardians, and whose renown had now girdled the globe. No mark of recognition ever gave him more genuine and heartfelt pleasure, nor in all the annals of scholarship has such a distinction been more worthily bestowed. The end came November 4, 1897, when he had attained the ripe age of seventy-seven. He was most faithfully and lovingly cared for by his youngest daughter, upon whom the mantle of her mother had fallen, as Mrs. Holmes passed to her rest about ten years before her husband. The last days were marked by the same self-repression, delicate regard for the happiness of others, and all-pervading modesty that sat like a grace upon his vigorous life. His aversion to the spectacular in every form followed him to the grave, as is illustrated in the rigid injunction prohibiting all but the simplest funeral rites, the noble and impressive burial service of the Episcopal Church being provided for, to the exclusion of sermon, comment, crape, flowers or even the conventional resolutions of respect on the part of his colleagues, the faculty of the University. "So passed his strong, heroic soul away." It may be affirmed, without a suspicion of overwrought or undiscerning eulogy, that in comprehensive culture, as well as subtilizing intellect, he stands without peer or rival amid all the champions of wisdom and light whom the motherland has contributed to our new English Nation on this side the silver sea.

Henry E. Shepherd.

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

De Bow's *Review*, February, 1868.

. . . THE three questions to be discriminated and to be separately decided are these:

1.—Did Shakespeare write the plays and poems which are ascribed to him?

2.—Could they have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh and his friends?

3.—Could they have been written by Lord Bacon?

The three questions are blended together and discussed together by Miss Delia Bacon, and the confusion thence resulting is used by her both as an argument that Shakespeare did not write the works which have been ascribed to him during two centuries and a half, and that Bacon did, with the assistance, direct or indirect, of Raleigh and Raleigh's confraternity of wits.

The first and third questions are similarly conjoined by Judge Holmes, and with something of the same result.

It must be remarked that both the lady and the gentleman manifest singular adroitness in transforming hypotheses into conclusions, in jumping from hypothetical admissions of their own to supposed demonstrations, and in linking together mere conjectures in order to form a chain of evidence.

From this procedure results a continuous succession of sophisms and inconsequences, each perhaps separately trivial, which brings them by their repetition of the hop-skip-and-jump procedure to their predetermined goal.

In order to avoid the appearance of being guilty of any such fallacies as we have charged to those who impugn the validity of Shakespeare's claim to Shakespeare's works, it is proper to observe that both Miss Delia Bacon and Judge Holmes admit that these productions were habitually ascribed to Shakespeare in his lifetime, and were never ascribed to Raleigh, or Bacon, or anyone else; and that the same belief has subsisted without challenge from the end of the Sixteenth Century down to the time of the composition of these volumes of preposterous revelation. It is therefore unnecessary, as it

would be invalid, to show by way of refutation that the entries in the stage books and in the records of the censorship, the belief of fellow-actors, brother dramatists, friends, and contemporaries of all sorts, the title pages of the first editions of his plays, and the testimony of Heming and Condell, the editors of the first collection of the Shakespearian Drama, all bear undivided evidence to the authorship of William Shakespeare. A great difficulty is thus removed out of the way of the assailants; for, if this evidence could be employed, it is absolutely irresistible. Considering the dense mist which surrounds every period of the private and personal career of Shakespeare—the absence of any detailed or credible chronology of his plays, it is amazing that so many testimonies should have been preserved to the authorship of the several plays.

From Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit' and Meres's 'Treasury of Wit,' to the encomiastic verse of Ben Jonson prefixed to the first edition of the collected dramas of Shakespeare, seven years after Shakespeare's death; and to the slight but deliberate notices in Ben Jonson's 'Underwoods,' there is a continuous series of attestations—all of which, however, must be thrown out and left unemployed.

It is perfectly legitimate, however, to observe that it is wholly inexplicable, if Shakespeare did not write the works ascribed to him, that nowhere should any suspicion of the public error or any intimation of the borrowed plumes be furnished in the copious array of notices extending over a period of forty years during the lives of his associates. It is unintelligible that Ben Jonson, a fellow actor, a rival dramatist, a compotator, a life-long, though perhaps querulous friend, attached in common to Shakespeare and Bacon, should never have indicated the least doubt on the subject, but should have written his eulogy of the deceased poet in terms utterly incompatible with any such suspicion, and should even have alluded to the appearance of the manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays, with which he was familiar, without any hesitation in regard to the authorship. It is equally unintelligible that Shakespeare should have received the complimentary regards of Queen Elizabeth and King James for works written by someone else, and for merits to which he was conscious of having no claim. There must have been something in his appearance, manner,

bearing, sentiments, conversation, which comported with his public reputation as poet and playwright, or the borrowed feathers would have dropped off, like the wings of Icarus, in the sunshine of Court favor.

These, however, are only adverse doubts which justify an unfavorable presumption in regard to any theory which seeks to divest Shakespeare of his laurel crown and singing robes. They cannot be pressed as a refutation, when the investigation commences with the admission that Shakespeare was and is the reputed author of the works whose composition is now sought to be referred to other hands.

This admission precludes the use of all testimony otherwise available, and compels the postponement of the decision of the principal question until the others have been determined. There is only one argument which can be consistently introduced at this stage of the inquiry. It is this: Those who impugn Shakespeare's authorship assert, though they adduce no evidence for the assertion, which is the foundation of the case, that the concealment of the true author or authors was a deliberate scheme, and that Shakespeare was put forward as the ostensible author in order to screen the true authors from public recognition. We may ask whether there is any instance in the whole course of literary history of such a secret being so long and so faithfully kept, extending as it must have done to such a multitude of particular instances of concealment. The "Letters of Junius" are the only example that could be adduced; but there is no analogy between the two cases. The secret of the authorship of the "Letters of Junius" was such that it could be preserved by the writer. It was probably confined to him. It may have been known to King George III, it may possibly have been revealed to a few others; it may have been vaguely suspected by many. But it was hid by the secret of the author alone, and he had ample reason for the utmost caution and reticence. But the authorship of the letters was shrewdly suspected at the time of their appearance; it has been suspected ever since. Opinions may differ, and may settle on very different names; but no one supposes that Junius was one person, and the author of "Junius" another. *Stat nominis umbra*—the name remains, the man who is shaded by the name may be undiscovered. There was no avowed and admitted

claim of authorship during the period of publication, to be received without scruple for two centuries and a half and then suddenly questioned. Shakespeare is a real historical personage, moving about actively in his day, having a large circle of acquaintances in all ranks, and honored from the throne to the green-room and the pit for the brilliant succession of comedies and tragedies brought forward as the fruits of his amazing genius. If he were not the author, it is inconceivable that the secret should have been so successfully kept as never to have been suspected by any of the thousands who had been delighted by his productions; that no intimation should ever have been given by any incongruity between the character, conduct, and talents of Shakespeare, and the unrivaled credit which he enjoyed for his reputed works.

The supposed participation of Scipio Africanus and Loelius in the creation of the comedies of Terence furnishes no parallelism to this incredible partnership. There is not a particle of valid evidence that the plays of the African dramatist were composed directly or indirectly by any of the brilliant coterie which gathered around Scipio. But, waiving this point, the suspicion was entertained and the accusation alleged at the time of the exhibition of these dramas. The charge is alluded to by Terence himself in terms which show both his willingness to derive the benefit which may be expected from this putative paternity, and the want of any foundation for the fancy. To make the case parallel, it would be necessary that Terence should have been acknowledged as unquestionably the author during his lifetime and for two hundred and fifty years thereafter; and that some bold innovator in the reign of Claudius or Nero should have first denied his title and attributed these works to Scipio and his companions.

The project of discarding Shakespeare's claims could only arise on the presumption that our knowledge of the Elizabethan age was fragmentary, imperfect, and inadequate, and that, therefore, there was much room for ingenious conjecture to supply defective information. But exactly the reverse is the case. From the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the restoration of Charles II our sources of information are singularly numerous, and our knowledge is so minute and so free from suspicion, after the different authorities have been carefully

collated, that there is less excuse or opportunity for conjecture than in almost any earlier or later period of English history. There may be ample room for diversity of interpretation; there can scarcely be any for dispute in regard to important facts. Both Miss Bacon and Judge Holmes write in seeming unconsciousness of this surprising exuberance of information, though Judge Holmes has made himself fully acquainted with the extensive recent literature respecting both Shakespeare and Lord Bacon.

There is one preliminary delusion which has evidently suggested the doubt of the accredited authorship of the works of Shakespeare, and given to the arguments on the subject what little plausibility it may possess. This delusion grows out of the assumption that Shakespeare was an unlearned and uneducated man, though the plays bear continual evidence of varied information, extensive reading, and considerable scholarship, as well as minute and acute observation. The natural conclusion from this flagrant incongruity would be that Shakespeare was not so devoid of culture as he had been represented to be. The hasty inference drawn by Miss Delia Bacon and Judge Holmes is, that an unlettered man could not have composed these works, and that, as Shakespeare was unlettered, he could not have written them. The conclusion rests upon a purely arbitrary assumption—an assumption wholly unwarranted in the presence of the evidence afforded by the works themselves. The acceptance of the hypothesis of Shakespeare's want of education necessitated the discovery of some contemporary possessed of the requisite learning as well as genius for their composition, in utter forgetfulness of the fact that the world has not produced more than one Shakespeare, and that none but himself can be his parallel. We are not going to argue the question of Shakespeare's acquirements here, but we may venture to say that his scholastic learning was but little inferior to Raleigh's, and not very far below Bacon's. The prevalent misapprehension, which has so beguiled the literary public, and so egregiously misled both Miss Bacon and Judge Holmes, rests upon the misconception of Ben Jonson's language in the eulogy already alluded to. "Rare Ben" says:

> Though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
> From thence to honour thee.

The obvious signification of this is that Shakespeare's scholarship was not such as to entitle him to commendation on account of any extraordinary erudition. It admits an acquaintance, though not extensive, with Latin literature, and some knowledge, probably only a smattering, of Greek. But the full import of this expression cannot be apprehended until it is remembered that Ben Jonson was himself one of the finest scholars and most learned men of his age—the favorite pupil of Camden—the friend and companion of Bacon, and afterwards of Hobbes—the associate of the profound classical and antiquarian researches of John Selden. What would be very "small Latin and less Greek" in the estimation of Ben Jonson, would be copious erudition for any ordinary student. *Hinc origo malorum*—hence has proceeded the continual misconceptions of Shakespeare's attainments. From this first erroneous assumption have proceeded the wild hypotheses of the writers whom we are noticing. Admit that Shakespeare possessed the moderate share of classical and other academical learning evinced by his plays, and there is no necessity and no excuse for looking elsewhere for their author. The first postulate, therefore, of the Boston Maiden and the Missouri Judge fails utterly. But the refutation of these preliminary assumptions is as far as we can logically proceed, until we have disposed of the special conjectures by which it is proposed to explain the production of the unequaled works which have given eternal glory to Shakespeare's name.

2.—Could Shakespeare's plays have been written by Raleigh and his friends?

Miss Delia Bacon does not directly maintain this thesis, but she squints terribly in that direction—and she argues the proposition most ingeniously and elaborately. It is impossible to declare what is her precise thesis. She coquettes with different alternatives. With a ladylike indisposition to commit herself to an insecure proposition, she favors rival claimants and distributes her favors to the contending parties. The general tenor of her book inclines towards the claim of Bacon—its commencement points decidedly towards Raleigh. Sir Walter seems to be her first choice—Lord Bacon the option of her matured judgment. But with the enduring tenderness of her

sex, she never forgets or wholly renounces her early attachments.

Sir Walter Raleigh was certainly the most remarkable man among the handsome and aspiring youths whom the Maiden Queen attracted from all parts of England to her Court and riveted there. A singular class of men they constituted—those Sidneys, Ratcliffes, Veres, Blounts, Norrises, Cavendishes, Grenvilles, Drakes, Smiths, Gilberts, Champernons, etc. —active, elegant, brilliant, witty, daring, accomplished, unscrupulous; at once men of letters and arms; poets and soldiers; courtiers and statesmen; pirates and founders of states; speculators and judges; uniting the largest and deepest reflection with the most reckless adventure; one day scheming for a fair lady's smiles or a matrimonial fortune, next day starting out after Spanish galleons, the settlement of colonies, or the exploration of unknown lands; penetrating into Muscovy, Turkey, Persia, India, Africa, the shore of North America or the valleys of the Orinoco and the Amazon; traversing the Atlantic, Arctic, Indian and Pacific oceans with the same fearless spirit with which they assailed Catherine De Médicis and the armies of the League, or hurled back the invincible Armada, or pushed their fortunes at Court, or jostled rivals out of their way. In this splendid company Raleigh was the most splendid, and with the solitary exception of Sir Philip Sidney, the most accomplished figure. But Raleigh surpassed Sir Philip as much in breadth and depth of comprehension as Sir Philip surpassed him in serene, grave and stately grandeur. Raleigh was as restless as the butterfly; he was ever on the wing. At one time he is in France fighting under the banners of the gallant Henry of Navarre; at another he is on the banks of the Orinoco. Now he is reclining with Spenser on the grassy slopes of the Mulla; and now he is fighting Spanish galleys off the Azores. At one time he is entrancing the fair Elizabeth Throckmorton and entranced by her; at another he is scraping together all his means to found a state of his own in Virginia, or to supply and recruit the colonists whose disappearance was still unknown to him, and whose extinction he was unwilling to anticipate. With him there was no leisure for the composition of the long series of the Shakespearian dramas, or for any participa-

tion in their composition. In fact, at the time when Shakespeare's early reputation was made by the surprising rapidity and beauty of his plays—chiefly comedies—Raleigh was involved in all the difficulties, distractions, anxieties and cares of the first Virginia colony—or in the preparation and service against the Spanish fleets and harbors. When Shakespeare was placing the crown of glory on his career by the production of his latest and greatest plays, Raleigh was in the Tower writing the 'History of the World,' with the aid of Ben Jonson, the Earl of Northumberland, and other friends or State prisoners. This was a task by no means of light labor, light exaction, light research, or light meditation. Surely there was no leisure here for the composition of dramas—still less for the composition of such dramas as Shakespeare's—nor could his bosom's lord sit so lightly on his throne during those years of anxious apprehension as to have poured out that tranquil and contented radiance of a mind at ease and satisfied with the world, though measuring it justly, which is so characteristic of all the mature works of Shakespeare. The number and array of the Shakespearian dramas are as surprising as any other phenomena connected with those wondrous inventions. There is nothing in literature comparable to such a rapid and brilliant career of successful industry, in the midst of many avocations, but the poems and novels and miscellaneous writings of Sir Walter Scott. If mere numbers be regarded, greater productiveness was exhibited by Sophocles and other Attic dramatists, by Lope De Vega and Calderon di Barca; but how dissimilar was the texture, how much narrower the compass of their inventions! Is it conceivable that the long list of Shakespeare's plays should have been produced in the midst of the Court services and Court intrigues of Raleigh—of his business avocation and speculations, sometimes in Devonshire, sometimes in Ireland, sometimes looking after sweet wines or other monopolies—in the discharge of his duties as Captain of the Royal Guard—during his expeditions by land or sea, in war or in exploration, in regular military employment, or chasing Spanish prizes; or should have been composed in his long captivity, simultaneously with the compilation of his 'History of the World'? That there was a literary confederation in the production of his 'History of the World',

we know. His friends and his fellow-prisoners gathered up the materials, hunted up authorities, discussed dubious points, and perhaps lent other aid, while Raleigh furnished the brain of a statesman and of a man of the world, the genius of the historian, and the style of the founder of nations. But it is a terrible anachronism to extend this kind of literary confederation back to his earlier life, notwithstanding what was done at the Mermaid, and to suppose that the plays of Shakespeare could have been moulded by any such joint stock company of literary talent.

There is an important conclusion, however, which may be drawn from the intimate coöperation of diverse capacities in the production of the 'History of the World', and from the numerous literary partnerships, such as that of Beaumont and Fletcher, which were engaged in supplying the demands of the theatres. This conclusion is that there was a much freer association of intellects, a much more liberal and encompassing atmosphere of learning and talent in the Elizabethan age than in any subsequent period. We may hence safely infer that Shakespeare had abundant opportunities of supplying any deficiencies in his own learning by frequent, easy, genial, appreciative intercourse with more learned friends, with experienced acquaintances, with men who had commanded armies and assisted in the guidance of states. Whatever knowledge, learning, observation could communicate, was readily accessible, and circulated freely as the air, conveying not merely broken and disconnected fragments of information, but breathing around a vital influence which was imbibed by all within its sphere, and which furnished the common inspiration of all. To this ethereal and sparkling atmosphere Raleigh contributed his abundant thought, his varied and novel experience, his ample imagination, as Bacon contributed his large sagacity, his profound meditation, his practical wisdom, and as Shakespeare contributed his lofty poesy, his dazzing wit, his vast comprehension, his versatile fancy, and his boundless sympathy with all the members of the human family, and with all the creations of the Almighty.

That Raleigh was a poet will be denied by none who remember his beautiful reply to the exquisite verses of Marlowe. That Raleigh was a genius of rare intellectual compass and

remarkable literary taste will be disputed by none who remember the pregnant and sonorous passages of his 'History of the World.' But there is nothing in either the prose or the poetry of Raleigh which indicated that, even with the fullest leisure and the most entire devotion of his time and talents to dramatic composition, he could have written a single scene of any one of the tragedies or comedies of Shakespeare. Raleigh speculated on the weaknesses of others; he did not refer them to the general laws of human life, and to the shifting currents of circumstances, all amenable to the higher Providence and working out the purposes of destiny. He did not portray the virtues and vices of men for the sake of contemplating the varied pictures, or of moving the sympathetic emotions of beholders. His arts were the arts of a diplomatist, an intriguant, and a ruler of men, not of a large-visioned student of nature, ever justifying the ways of God to man, and awakening a tender compassion for the faults and the follies of humanity. In these respects he was as diverse from the whole habit of thought of Bacon or Shakespeare as it was possible to be. Granting, what should by no means be granted, that Raleigh could have written "Richard III," it was impossible for him to have written "Hamlet," "King Lear," or "The Tempest."

Raleigh is, however, only one of the personages in Miss Delia Bacon's scheme. He is merely the *magnus Apollo* of the secret society of reference; and though she commences her inconclusive work with the apparent disposition to concede to him the main part of the production, or suggestion and inspiration of the Shakespearian drama, she occupies the greater part of her volume, and brings it to a conclusion, with an equally manifest desire to refer the actual composition of Shakespeare's poems exclusively, or almost exclusively, to Lord Bacon. She is indistinct and unsettled on every point but two —that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare—and that there was an elaborate system of secret organization and concealment in everything connected with the works of both Shakespeare and Bacon. This brings us to the consideration of the third question.

3.—Could the dramas of Shakespeare have been written by Lord Bacon?

That Shakespeare was merely a stalking-horse for Bacon—

"beneath the roof is Jove"—is the position for which Judge Holmes energetically contends. It is also the inference implied in most of the argumentations and elucidations of Miss Bacon. We have notable facilities for the determination of this question. As already stated, the chronology of Lord Bacon's life and occupations is almost perfect. If similarly minute and authentic information existed in regard to the daily acts of William Shakespeare, a confident and irrecusable decision might be reached at once. But even without the opportunity of making any such rigid collation of the avocations of these two illustrious men, there is sufficient material to demonstrate the absolute impossibility that the plays of Shakespeare could have been written by Lord Bacon.

If Raleigh's life was occupied by so many multifarious and distracting cares as to leave no time for the composition of the cycle of the Shakespearian dramas, this is still more strikingly the case with Bacon's. The wanderings of the latter were much more infrequent and more restricted than those of the former. There is no reason to believe that Bacon was ever out of England, except in his boyhood, when he accompanied Sir Amyas Paulet on his embassy to France. His ordinary tour extended no further than to Twickenham or Gorhambury. His longest journey after his return from the Continent was when he went to meet James I on his progress from Scotland at his accession to the English throne. The domesticity of Bacon was due to no disinclination to travel, but to his incessant labors in the study and practice of his profession, in his political employments, in his speculative pursuits and experiments, and in his industrial enterprises. Knowing that Bacon made himself the rival of Coke as a jurist, that he frequently exhibited more accurate and recondite knowledge of law than that great expositor of the common law of England, that almost from the time of his admission to the bar he was employed in the legal and other business of the Crown, that many years of his life were devoted to the political and legal interests of Essex, that he was Solicitor, Attorney-general, Lord Keeper and Chancellor, it is difficult to understand how he could have secured the leisure for those meditations, investigations and literary or philosophical exercises which are transmitted to us incompletely in the sixteen octavo volumes of

Montagu's edition of his works. Add to these dissimilar but engrossing exactions the invention and creation of the whole body of the Shakespearian Remains, and the difficulty is changed to an impossibility.

If we had time or space, we have no doubt that the latter absurdity of the concealed authorship alleged might be demonstrated from the chronological contradictions involved in the hypothesis. A rigid comparison of the dates of Shakespeare's separate plays, so far as they could be approximately ascertained, with Bacon's contemporaneous employments, would show that they could not by any possibility have been written by Bacon.

It has been more than once noted that Bacon appeared to have been wholly unacquainted with the writings of Shakespeare. There is not a single instance in all his works—in his philosophical treatises, in his plays, in his lightest productions, in his histories, in his legal arguments, in his speeches in Parliament—of any quotation from Shakespeare, or of any reference to his illustrious contemporary. This is very noticeable in an author so fond of the ornament of citation as Bacon. He would not have been ignorant of the existence—he could not have been incognizant of the renown of Shakespeare. In his attendance at Court, he must often have been present at the representation of the plays

> Which so did take Eliza and our James.

His witticisms on the subject of Hayward's 'History of Richard II' precludes the suspicion of ignorance of the play of the same name. The interpretation given by the Queen of Richard II in her interview with Lambard, the connection of the play with the culminating crime of Essex and with the trial for treason thence resulting, in which Bacon was engaged —all preclude the suspicion of such ignorance. His intimacy with Ben Jonson is equally adverse to this supposition. But he is equally chary of quoting from Spenser. He refers to him, perhaps on one occasion. He never borrows a grace or illustration from him. He shows equal disregard of all the other English poets. He would not mix their perishable products with the fabrics of his wondrous loom. He had no confidence in the durability of the English tongue. Thus may be

explained his remarkable reticence in regard to Shakespeare, supposing Shakespeare to be more than an *alter ego*. But if he were himself hidden behind the mask of Shakespeare, there were probably stronger reasons for citing from the reputed works of Shakespeare than for refusing to do so—though it may be alleged that this abstinence was a trick of art to hide the connection between the philosopher and the poet.

But if this were so, it would be still more difficult to explain the absence of any marked parallelism in thought or expression between two such mighty intellects and voluminous authors as are represented by the names of Bacon and Shakespeare. There is not a single instance in which Shakespeare appears to have borrowed anything from Bacon, as there is none in which Bacon appears to have been indebted in the slightest degree to Shakespeare. There is not one indubitable example of positive agreement. It would have been impracticable for any man, writing under two distinct characters, to have deliberately separated the two personages which he presented with such uniformity as to have avoided in the long revolution of the double career any repetition of his thought, any recurrence of his expression. There is continual repetition in the Baconian works, there is frequent repetition in the works of Shakespeare; but there is no exchange of thought, sentiment, or phrase between Bacon and Shakespeare. There are a few passages in which there is a striking accordance of view between the Lord Chancellor and the stockholder of the Globe Theatre; but even when such consonance may be detected, there is more divergence than approximation of thought, and the common position appears rather as the republication of a current tenet than as a new and characteristic discovery. This is true with regard to the declaration of the functions of art, to the reflections upon the limits and nature of the knowledge of men, and in regard to the principle announced in the First Aphorism of the "Novum Organon." Unquestionably, Miss Delia Bacon and Judge Holmes have multiplied indefinitely the supposed parallelisms—but they are the discoveries of an overstrained, a diseased, and a fantastic perspicacity. We will not say that there is no consilience of sentiment in any of the passages adduced by them—we will only say that there is no identity. The argument is in the main imaginary; when

not imaginary, it is latent, unconscious, implicit. The employment of the same common word in the same or in a different connection is considered sufficient indication of unity of authorship. If Shakespeare mentions a dog and Bacon mentions a dog also, it justifies with them the allegation that Bacon must have written Shakespeare. The notice of the more striking of such accordances may be of great service for the thorough estimation of both authors, and also for the due appreciation of the intellectual character of the age. They are due to the pressure of the contemporaneous atmosphere of thought, and reveal to us the form and body of the times. But that more can be properly discerned in them than this is a thesis not to be maintained.

A very searching but prosaic test may be applied to the determination of this question of single authorship. Shakespeare's preëminence above all other English authors is not more manifested by the marvelous superiority of his poetic genius than by the singular exuberance of his vocabulary. Marsh has estimated the number of distinct words employed by Shakespeare as 15,000. Milton uses only 8,000, notwithstanding the abundance, richness, and splendor of his style. Shakespeare invents no words; he scarcely ever introduces a philosophical or technical term. His phraseology is pure, unadulterated, unaffected English. He repudiates and ridicules the euphemisms current in his day. Now contrast the vocabulary of Shakespeare with that of Bacon. There are no means of ascertaining the number of words employed by Bacon; there is no concordance to his works, as there is to the works of Shakespeare and of Milton. But we may confidently assert that the vocabulary of Bacon is not more copious than that of Milton, notwithstanding his continual inventions, adaptations, neoterisms, and both technical and philosophical phrases. It would have been impossible for the vocabulary of the same man to have been of such unequal extent in two different classes of works. Moreover, the strange peculiarity would be exhibited, if the plays are ascribed to Bacon, that the simple and natural though more abundant utterance is employed in the poetical productions, while the more artificial, elaborate and pedantic expression is reserved for the promulgation of a new philosophy.

We possess another criterion, still more impressive if really less significant, for the determination of this question of Bacon's possible connection with the Shakespearian gallery of portraits. Bacon was a poet and dramatist. We possess specimens of his art. We have poems by him which have been unfairly ridiculed and condemned, though they are not to be brought into even momentary comparison with the slightest effusions of Shakespeare. His versions of some of the Psalms, which were written on a sick-bed, in old age, with disappointed hopes and breaking heart, are no just test of his poetical powers; but they suffice to show the absence of any touch of that supreme poetic genius which irradiates all Shakespeare's productions. Plays, masques, etc., Bacon wrote, or helped to write, for the community of Gray's Inn, and he seems to have won much reputation by the skill displayed on such occasions. He wrote them also for other entertainments. One of these dramatic relaxations we still possess, and there is a painful anecdote connected with it. On the reconciliation of the Queen with Essex after that young lord's first disgrace, a high festival was held at Essex House to celebrate the Queen's birthday and the restoration of the royal favor. Bacon wrote a dramatic piece for this celebration. He inserted in it a compliment to Raleigh for his gallant enterprise of exploring the course of the Orinoco and the interior of Guiana, in order to promote a return of amicable relations between Sir Walter and the Earl of Essex. This passage was struck out by the Earl's own hand.

This little dramatic dialogue is thoroughly Baconian: it is in no respect Shakespearian. We have the sounding eloquence of the Baconian strain: there is none of the soft, rich, penetrating, winning melody of Shakespeare's music. It is stiff, stately, and rustling prose; not easy, but exquisitely finished verse. It is full of the wisdom of a statesman, of the acute observations of a courtier who has seen much of the world; it has nothing of the heaven-given intuition, the comprehensive and sympathetic appreciation of the great poet, who was akin to all types of humanity, in harmony with all the works, ordinances and purposes of the Creator. The characters are all "masks and faces"; they exhibit neither heart nor life. There

is no dramatic presentation; there is only a series of his own essays cut into formal declamation, delivered in rotation.

Aeternos Musæ meminisse volebant.
Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.

This is Bacon, but it is not Shakespeare; and it shows the dissimilarity which divides them—*dispares, non impares.* But the writer of this dialogue could no more have written the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" or "Macbeth" than the author of "Hamlet" could have written the "Novum Organon" or the "Sylva Sylvarum."

The style of Bacon is not merely distinctively his own—the very form and vesture of his thought—but it is utterly unlike that of any other writer in the English or in any other tongue. There may be more grandeur in the full organ tones of Hooker, more florid brilliancy in the Asiatic exuberance of Jeremy Taylor, more splendor and sublimity in the pealing notes of the loftier strains of Milton's prose, more erudite quaintness and startling suggestion in the strange and exotic fascinations of Sir Thomas Brown, more pliability and unexpected magnificence in Edmund Burke, more gorgeous coruscations of endless antithesis in Macaulay; but they are all unlike the majestic but courtly pomp of the Baconian expression. Moreover, Bacon is not merely distinguished thus broadly from the style of all other writers of English prose by these salient points of difference, but he is singular in the perfect uniformity of his strain. Whether he is paying a compliment to his haughty Tudor Queen, or to his pedantic Stuart King—addressing Puckering, Coke, Buckingham, Essex, or Tobie Matthews—whether writing an apothegm, a scientific experiment, a philosophic reflection, an indictment, a state paper, an act of legislation, a parliamentary harangue, an address in chancery, a decision, or a friendly letter, there is always the same staid and imposing dignity in his utterance, which moves on like the ostentatious progress of an Eastern monarch. His rhetoric is always on parade, never in a fatigue jacket. There is no chance, no pliancy in it, notwithstanding all the diversity of the subjects treated in his surviving writings. Could such a writer adopt, in consequence of the range and compass of his genius, the Protean variety, the spontaneous facility, the un-

conscious grace of Shakespeare? Whatever disguise might be assumed, the voice would remain the voice of Jacob, even if the hands appeared to be the hands of Esau.

The style of Shakespeare is as characteristic and unique as that of Bacon. It is, for the most part, peculiarly simple, natural, and without pretension. It is sometimes involved and obscure, either from the complexity of the thought or from typographical and other negligences; but it generally flows with the same unaffected grace which should characterize the habitual intercourse of the parties to the dialogue. It is singularly variable, adapting its vocabulary, its combinations, its rhythms to the intellectual and social grade of the speakers. Yet, with this unconstrained and changeless versatility, it always bears upon it the impress of the great author and the poetic imagination by which it has been moulded. On every page may be detected Shakespeare's sign manual, but his image and superscription are entirely diverse from the coinage of the Lord High Chancellor of England. Both are stars of the first magnitude—the central suns of independent systems. Both shine with an unborrowed lustre of their own; but the radiance is dissimilar in color, in significance, and in effect; and the dissimilarity evidently proceeds, not from the diversity of the objects upon which the light falls, nor from any consequences of intellectual refraction, but from the original difference of constitution in the luminous bodies themselves, and from the unlike composition of the illuminating rays.

There are so many points of contrast between Shakespeare and Bacon, there is so much that may be said upon the multiplied diversities by which they are distinguished from each other, there is such a fascination in the splendors of each, that this investigation might be indefinitely prolonged. We are obliged to renounce any further expansion of the argument, having brought forward, as we believe, abundant evidence to prove that Shakespeare was Shakespeare and Bacon Bacon, and that neither Bacon nor Raleigh, nor anyone else, was capable of assuming the office and executing the tasks of Shakespeare.

Neither Miss Delia Bacon nor Judge Holmes is likely to attract many proselytes to their bold heresy. It will be rejected by the instincts of those who have little leisure or inclination

to examine into the petty details and circumstances of the Elizabethan period; it will be repudiated at once by the accurate knowledge of those who are at home amid the changeful scenes of that romantic age. But the audacity of the delusion which is espoused by these ingenious writers is calculated to perplex and bewilder our judgment of both the authors and their times—and there are so many interesting subjects implicated in the consideration of the thesis, so much illustration of the genuis of both the great literary names thus brought into competition, that we have been tempted to investigate the question, with the hope of affording some satisfaction by throwing new light upon the career of both Bacon and Shakespeare.

LETTER TO AGASSIZ

August 31, 1854.

To Professor Louis Agassiz,
Harvard University.

Dear Sir:

Without pretending to estimate the value of the information, I take the liberty of communicating to you two facts which may be of interest to you, and which you will know how to turn to account if hitherto unknown and of any value. In this valley and frequenting the trees around one of the houses on this farm there is a *white* robin. It is very gentle and has been often seen by myself, all the members of my family and others. Instead of the ordinary red-breast it is white on the throat, breast and belly. The back is also white, the head blackish, and the scapulare and wing feathers of a deep slate colour. In form and other characteristics it is a genuine Robin. It is not tame enough to be caught, and it is too much of a pet with the children to be shot. I have heard of another instance of a white robin in this county. I suppose they are only anomalies, like the white deer seen here sometimes—and not even varieties.

The other fact which I would communicate is the existence near Cumberland Mountains in this county of a jumping mouse, which uses its tail like a kangaroo in locomotion and clears about six feet in each bound. It has been previously

heard of and was recently seen by my brother-in-law. He tried to catch it, but it easily outstripped him. From his description its appearance seems to approximate to that of the Jerboa, but it is smaller, being only of the size of a common mouse. Its colour is dark brown, the shade of the darker streak on a ground squirrel's side. The animal is very rare, but I will endeavour to have one caught and sent to you. I cannot now tell you even whether it is a marsupial like the kangaroo or a rodent like the Jerboa, but I suppose the latter. I am too little of a naturalist to know with any certainty whether these are novelties which I report or not, but I apprize you of them under the former supposition.

Absence from home, and constant occupation while at home, have prevented me from collecting for you hitherto the fishes of this county, but if I should remain here another year I shall then be more favorably circumstanced in all respects, and especially for this transmission, as the Railroad will be completed to Wytheville, which is only thirty-five miles from us. Permit me to express the deep interest which I feel in your great undertaking, and to hope that you are receiving to a satisfactory extent the assistance and coöperation you require. Accept my acknowledgments for your Pamphlet on some Extraordinary Fishes from California, which you were kind enough to address to me at Richmond last Fall. If you have any of your circulars of the preservation of specimens, you would oblige me by sending a few to me, as I could probably make them serviceable to you by distribution among my friends.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, With high respect and admiration, Your Obdt. Servt.

GEORGE FREDERICK HOLMES.

JOHNSON JONES HOOPER

[1815—1862]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

"LIVING or dead," says Professor W. P. Trent,* "our humorists have been the benefactors of their people. It may suggest a coarse taste, it may even be uncritical, as superfine criticism now goes, to maintain that their work is an integral and not the least valuable part of American literature; but, however this may be, it seems safe to prophesy that whenever America ceases to produce good humorists, and men and women ready to smile and laugh with them, the country will cease to be the great nation that now engages our love and pride."

That America owes a debt to her humorists no thoughtful student of our history can question. From Benjamin Franklin to Mark Twain they have been the foes of pretension, duplicity, ignorance, moroseness, and braggadocio. They have laughed out of existence many a vice and pricked the bubble of many a foible that the logician and moralist either ignored or found too elusive to cope with.

But to analyze American humor is far more difficult than to appreciate it. Colonel Watterson divides it into "that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money." Professor Trent finds its source in incongruity, an incongruity that reappears in varied forms at each new turn of our history. He places Johnson Jones Hooper among the "provincial group" of humorists, whose specialty it is to depict local oddities. "It is hard," he says, "to assign the palm among these Southwestern humorists. 'Sut Lovingood,' 'Captain Simon Suggs,' 'Major Jones,' and 'Ned Brace' are all worthies whom it is well to have known at one time or another, provided one is not squeamish or puritanical. Captain Suggs, the creation of Johnson J. Hooper, was a blackleg such as only the new Cotton States of those turbulent times could have furnished, and is fairly worthy of comparison with Jonathan Wild himself, although he would have certainly worsted Fielding's hero at seven-up or in a 'horse-swap.'"

It will hardly be denied that incongruity in some of its protean shapes lies at the basis of American humor. It lies at the basis

*In 'A Retrospect of American Humor' (The *Century Magazine*, November, 1901).

of all humor, if humor be not too sharply differentiated from wit. But the "Southwestern humorists" whom Professor Trent groups as provincial are united by a still closer bond. Their humor is distinctly the *humor of discomfiture.* It is an ancient, primitive, anti-social kind of merry-making, but in the evolution of universal humor deserves the attention of the student. It counts among its trophies Chaucer's "Miller's Tale," Cervantes's "Don Quixote," Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and "Merry Wives," Burns's "Tam o' Shanter," Cowper's "John Gilpin's Ride," and a hundred other masterpieces widely divergent in style but sounding equally and unmistakably the note of humorous discomfiture.

Hooper was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, in June, 1815, and died in Richmond, Virginia, June 7, 1862. His father was a journalist of good standing and his mother traced her lineage directly to the great Jeremy Taylor. At the age of fifteen young Hooper was writing for publication. Moving early to Alabama, he began the practice of law, and was at different times editor of the *Chambers County Times,* the *Alabama Journal,* and the *Montgomery Mail.* In 1846 the Appletons published his greatest work, 'Some Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs, late of the Tallapoosa Volunteers, together with Taking the Census and other Alabama Sketches.' It was signed "By a Country Editor." Five years later appeared 'Widow Rugby's Husband and other tales of Alabama.'

It was John G. Saxe who said, or sang,

"O, what a serious thing it is
To be a funny man!"

and Hooper was to feel the truth of the lines in more ways than one. He was sometimes hailed in large dignified assemblies as "Mr. Suggs" and called upon for a side-splitting speech, a kind of speech which he could not deliver and would not if he could. In fact he became at such times an example of the personal discomfiture which, on a lower plane, he knew so well how to portray in others.

"It is probably too late," he once remarked after a disastrous experience of this sort in Montgomery, "to rectify the blunder, and I must continue to suffer the consequences."

In February, 1861, he was elected secretary of the Provisional Confederate Congress in session at Montgomery and held office until the Congress was formally organized in Richmond. He ran for permanent Secretary of State under the new Confederate government, but was defeated. His reputation was national; but unfortunately it was that chiefly of a jocular entertainer, and the

times were too serious for the framers of the new régime to take any chances. He did not return to Alabama, but died in Richmond a few months later, in the prime of his life.

"Mr. Hooper," says Colonel Watterson, "was a most genial and entertaining person, and the central figure of a brilliant coterie of writers and speakers. Of these S. S. Prentiss and George D. Prentice were the most conspicuous, and they always regarded him and spoke of him as their peer." His reputation as a story-teller or rather as a portrait painter rests chiefly on his 'Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs.' Thackeray praised the book, and selections from it have been republished, a new edition appearing in 1881. As a swashbuckler, card-sharp, and professional dead-beat, Suggs is as clear cut a figure as is to be found in the whole field of American humor.*

C. Alphonso Smith.

THE CAPTAIN IS ARRAIGNED BEFORE A JURY

From 'Captain Simon Suggs's Adventures'.

For a year or two after the Captain's conversion at the camp-meeting, the memoranda at our command furnish no information concerning him. We next find him at the spring term of 1838 arraigned in the circuit court for the county of Tallapoosa, charged in a bill of indictment with gambling—"playing at a certain game of cards commonly called *Poker,* for money, contrary to the form of the statute, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Alabama."

"Humph!" said the Captain to himself, as Mr. Solicitor Belcher read the bill, "*that's* as derned a lie as ever Jim Belcher writ! Thar never were a *peaceabler* or more *gentlemanlier* game o' short cards played in Datesville—which thar's a dozen men here is knowin' to it!"

Captain Suggs had no particular defence with which to meet the prosecution. It was pretty generally understood that

*For other sketches of Hooper the reader is referred to Colonel Watterson's 'Oddities in Southern Life and Character' (1883), pp. 39-40, Link's 'Pioneers of Southern Literature' (1896), No. 9, pp. 505-524, Garrett's 'Public Men in Alabama,' and all the larger histories of Southern literature. Selections from his works are given by Colonel Watterson, and by William E. Burton in his 'Cyclopaedia of Wit and Humor' (1858).

the State would make out a pretty clear case against him: and a considerable fine—or imprisonment in default of its payment—was the certainly expected result. Yet Simon had employed—though he had not actually *feed*—counsel, and had some slight hope that *Luck,* the goddess of his especial adoration, would not desert him at the pinch. He instructed his lawyer, therefore, to stave off the case if possible; or at any rate to protract it.

"The State against Simon Suggs and Andrew, *alias* Andy Owens. Card-playing. Hadenskeldt for the defense. Are the defendants in court?" said the judge.

Simon's counsel intimated that *he* was.

"Take an *alias* writ as to Owens—ready for trial as to Suggs;" said the solicitor.

The Captain whispered to his lawyer, and urged him to put him on the stand, and make a showing for a continuance; but being advised by that gentleman that it would be useless, got him to obtain leave for him to go out of court for five minutes. Permission obtained, he went out and soon after returned.

"Is Wat Craddock in court?" asked the solicitor.

"Here!" said Wat.

"Take the stand, Mr. Craddock!" and Wat obeyed and was sworn.

"Proceed, Mr. Craddock, and tell the court and jury all you know about Captain Suggs's playing cards," said Mr. Belcher.

"Stop!" interposed Simon's counsel; "do you believe in the revelations of Scripture, Mr. Craddock?"

"No!" said the witness.

"I object then to his testifying," said Mr. Hadenskeldt.

"He doesn't *understand the question,*" said the solicitor; "you believe the Bible to be true, don't you?" addressing the witness.

"If the court please—stop! *stop!* Mr. Craddock—I'll ask him another question before he answers that"—said Mr. Hadenskeldt hastily—"did you ever *read* the Bible, Mr. Craddock?"

"No," said Craddock; "not's I know on."

"Then I object to his testifying, of course; he can't believe what he knows nothing about."

"He has *heard* it read, I presume," said Mr. Belcher; "have you not, Mr. Craddock?"

"I mought," said Wat, "but I don't know."

"*Don't know!* Why don't you hear it every Sunday at church?"

"Ah, but you see," replied Mr. Craddock, with the air of a man about to solve a difficulty to everybody's satisfaction—"You see I don't never go to meetin'."

"Your honor will perceive—" began Mr. Hadenskeldt.

"Why—what—how do you spend your time on Sunday, Mr. Craddock?" asked the solicitor.

"Sometimes I goes a-fishin on the krick, and sometimes I plays marvels," replied Wat, gaping extensively as he spoke.

"Anything else?"

"Sometimes I lays in the sun, back o' Andy Owenses grocery."

"Mr. Belcher," said the court, "is this the only witness for the state?"

We have a half-dozen more who can prove all the facts."

"Well, then, discharge this man—he's drunk."

Mr. Craddock was accordingly discharged, and William Sentell was put up on the stand. Just as he had kissed the book, a man, looking hot and worried, was seen leaning over the railing which shuts out the spectators from the business part of the court-room, beckoning to the Captain.

Simon having obtained leave to see this person, went to him and took a note which the other held in his hand; and after a few words of conversation, turned off to read it. As he slowly deciphered the words, his countenance changed and he began to weep. The solicitor, who knew a thing or two about the Captain, laughed; and so did Mr. Hadenskeldt, although he tried to suppress it.

"My boys is a-dyin!" said Suggs; and he threw himself upon the steps leading to the judge's seat, and sobbed bitterly.

"Come, come, Captain," said the solicitor; "you *are* a great tactician, but permit me to say that I know you. Come, no shamming; let's proceed with the trial."

"It don't make no odds to me now, what you do about it—John and Ben will be in their graves before I git home;" and the poor fellow groaned heart-breakingly.

"Captain," said Mr. Hadenskeldt, vainly endeavoring to control his risibles, "let us attend to the trial now; maybe it isn't as bad as you suppose."

"No," said Suggs, "let 'em find me guilty. I'm a poor missuble old man! The Lord's a-punishin my gray hairs for my wickedness!"

Mr. Hadenskeldt took from the Captain's hand the note containing the bad tidings, and to his great astonishment saw that it was from Dr. Jourdan, a gentleman well known to him, and entirely above any suspicion of trickery. It set forth that the Captain's sons were at the point of death—one of them beyond hope; and urged the Captain to come home to his afflicted family. Knowing that Suggs was really an affectionate father, he was at no loss to account for the naturalness of his grief, which he had before supposed to be simulated. He instantly read the note aloud, and remarked that he would throw himself upon the humanity of the State's counsel for a continuance.

Simon interposed—"Never mind," he sobbed, " 'Squire Hadenskeldt—never mind—let 'em try me. I'll plead guilty. The boys will be dead before I could git home anyhow! Let 'em send me to jail whar thar won't be nobody to laugh at my misry!"

"Has this poor old man ever been indicted before?" asked the judge.

"Never," said the solicitor, who was affected almost to tears—"he has the reputation of being dissipated and tricky, but I think has never been in court, at the instance of the state, before."

"Ah, well then, Mr. Belcher," replied the judge, "I would *'nol. pros.'* the case, if I were you, and let this grief-stricken old man go home to his dying children. He is indicted only for a misdemeanor, and it would be absolute inhumanity to keep him here; perhaps that lenity might have a good effect, too."

This was all the solicitor wished for. He was already burning to strike the case off the docket and send Simon home; for he was one of the men that could never look real grief in the face without a tear in his eye—albeit his manner was as rough as a Russian bear's.

So the solicitor entered his *nolle prosequi*, and the Captain was informed that he was at liberty.

"May it please your honor, judge," said he, picking up his hat, "and all you other kind gentlemen"—his case had excited universal commiseration among the lawyers—"that's taken pity on a poor broken-sperrited man—God bless you all for it—it's all I can say or do!" He then left the court-house.

In the course of an hour or two the solicitor had occasion to go to his room for a paper or book he had left there. On his way to the tavern, he observed Captain Suggs standing in front of a "grocery," in great glee, relating some laughable anecdote. He was astounded. He called to him, and the Captain came.

"Captain Suggs," said the solicitor, "how's this? Why are you not on your way home?" And the solicitor frowned like —as only *he can* frown.

"Why bless my soul, Jim," said Suggs familiarly, and with a wicked smile, "ain't you *hearn* about it? These here boys in town"—here *Simon* himself frowned savagely—I'll be d——d into an *orful* h—ll, ef I don't knock daylight outen some on 'em—*a-sportin wi' my feelins,* that way! They'd better mind —jokin's jokin, but I've known men most hellatiously *kicked* for jist sich jokes!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Belcher, who more than suspected that he had been "sold"—"how was it?"

"You see," quoth Simon, "it was this here way, adzactly—that note I got in the court-house was one Dr. Jourdan sent me last summer, when the boys *was* sick, and I was on a spree over to Sockapatoy—only I didn't know 'twas the same. It must 'a drapped outen my pocket here, somehow, and some of these town boys picked it up, tore off the date at the bottom, and sent it to me up thar—which, my feelins was never hurt as bad before, in the round world. But they'd *better mind* who they poke thar fun at! No-o man aint got to sport wi' my feelins that way, and let me find him out!—Won't you take some sperrits, Jim?"

The solicitor turned off wrathfully, and walked away. Simon watched him as he went. "Thar," said he, "goes as clever a feller as ever toted a ugly head! He's *smart,* too, d—d smart; but thar's *some* people he can't qu-u-i-te, ad-zact-ly—"

and without finishing the sentence, Captain Suggs pulled down the lower lid of his left eye with the forefinger of his right hand; and having thus impliedly complimented himself, he walked back to the grocery.

TAKING THE CENSUS

"Taking the Census" occupies forty-three pages in 'Captain Simon Suggs's Adventures.' It is a mere insertion, Simon having nothing to do with the census. C. A. S.

The collection of statistical information concerning the resources and industry of the country, by the assistant marshals who were employed to take the last census, was a very difficult work. The popular impression, that a tremendous tax would soon follow the minute investigation of the private affairs of the people, caused the census-taker to be viewed in no better light than that of a tax-gatherer; and the consequence was, that the information sought by him was either withheld entirely, or given with great reluctance. The returns, therefore, made by the marshals, exhibit a very imperfect view of the wealth and industrial progress of the country. In some portions of the country the excitement against the unfortunate officers—who were known as the "*chicken men*"—made it almost dangerous for them to proceed with the business of taking the census; and bitter were the taunts, threats, and abuse which they received at all hands, but most particularly from the old women of the country. The dear old souls could not bear to be catechised about the produce of their looms, poultry yards, and dairies; and when they did "come down" upon the unfortunate inquisitor, it was with a force and volubility that were sure to leave an impression. We speak from experience, and feelingly, on this subject; for it so happened, that the Marshal of the Southern District of Alabama, "reposing special confidence" in our ability, invested us one day with all the powers of assistant marshal; and arming us with the proper quantity of blanks, sent us forth to count the noses of all the men, women, and children, and chickens resident upon those nine hundred square miles of rough country which constitute the county of Tallapoosa. Glorious sport! thought we; but it didn't turn out so. True, we escaped without any drubbings, although we came unpleasantly near catching a dozen, and

only escaped by a very peculiar knack we have of "sliding out"; but then we were quizzed, laughed at, abused, and nearly drowned. Children shouted "Yonder goes the chicken man!" Men said, "Yes, d—n him, he'll be after the *taxes* soon;"—and the old women threatened, if he came to inquire about their chickens, "to set the dogs on him," while the young women observed "they didn't know what a man wanted to be so pertic'lar about gals' ages for, without he was a gwine a-courtin'." We have some reminiscences of our official peregrinations that will do to laugh at now, although the occurrences with which they are connected were, at the time, anything but mirth-inspiring to us.

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life—just that period at which nature supplies most abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue—and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we, in our usual bland and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Mornin'," said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded—"I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and—"

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes, I've hearn of you; Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him jist what I tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' *ur* 'chickens,' to *me*, I'd sets the dogs on ye! Here, Bull, here, Pomp!" Two wolfish curs responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl, and then lay down on the steps. "Now," continued the old she savage, "them's the severest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp took him by the throat, and killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we, meekly; "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that; what I tells them to do they do—and if I was to sick them on your old hoss yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Roberson. And it's jist what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns. They are none of your busiress, nor Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh, old

Van Banburen! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! I'd show you what—I'd—I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when it's taxed enough a'ready!"

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

"No sich a thing—you'll do no sich a thing," she said. "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the dratted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old; they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are *he* or *she* is none of your consarns."

We told her we would report her to the Marshal, and she would be fined; but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren here, if you're bad off to—let 'em come"—and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed—"I'd cut his head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of a joke.

"Kill him! kill him—Oh—if I had him here by the *years* I *would* kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittils out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky—the oudacious, nasty, stinking old scamp!" She paused a moment, and then resumed, "And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington City. Jist put down 'Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children.' "

We objected to making any such entry, but the old woman vowed it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth, our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule—"Judy Tompkins, *ageable* woman and four children.

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart; and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old soul a parting fire. Turning half around, in order to face her, we shouted—

"Old 'oman!"

"Who told you to call me old 'oman, you long-legged, hatchet-faced whelp, you? I'll make the dogs take you off that horse if you give me any more sarse. What do you want?"

"Do you want to get married?"

"Not to you, if I do!"

"Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, "You needn't be uneasy, old 'un, on that score—thought you might suit sore-legged Dick S—— up our way, and should like to know what to tell him he might count on, if he come down next Sunday!"

"Here, Bull!" shouted the widow, "sick him, Pomp!" but we cantered off, unwounded, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—"Si-c-k, Pomp—sick, sick, si-c-k him, Bull—suboy! suboy! suboy!"

Our next adventure was decidedly a dangerous one. Fording the Tallapoosa river, where its bed is extremely uneven, being formed of masses of rock full of fissures, and covered with slimy green moss, when about two-thirds of the way across, we were hailed by Sol Todd from the bank we were approaching. We stopped to hear him more distinctly.

"Hellow! little 'squire, you a-chicken hunting to-day?"

Being answered affirmatively, he continued—"You better mind the holes in them ere rocks—if your horse's foot gits ketched in 'em you'll never git it out. You see that big black rock down to your right? Well there's good bottom down below that. Strike down thar, outside that little riffle—and now cut right into that smooth water and come across!"

We followed Sol's direction to the letter, and plunging into the *smooth water,* we found it to be a basin surrounded with steep ledges of rock, and deep enough to swim the horse we rode. Round and round the poor old black toiled without finding any place at which he could effect a landing, so precipitous were the sides. Sol occasionally asked us "if the bottom wasn't first rate," but did nothing to help us. At last we scrambled

out, wet and chilled to the bone—for it was a sharp September morning—and continued our journey, not a little annoyed by the boisterous, roaring laughter of the said Solomon, at our picturesque appearance.

We hadn't more than got out of hearing of Sol's cachinnatory explosions, before we met one of his neighbours, who gave us to understand that the ducking we had just received was but the fulfilment of a threat of Sol's, to make the "chicken-man" take a swim in the "Buck Hole." He had heard of our stopping on the opposite side of the river the night previous, and learning our intention to ford just where we did, fixed himself on the bank to insure our finding the way into the "Buck Hole."

This information brought our nap right up, and requesting Bill Splawn to stay where he was till we returned, we galloped back to Sol's, and found that worthy, rod on shoulder, ready to leave on a fishing excursion.

"Sol, old fellow," said we, "that was a most unfortunate *lunge* I made into that hole in the river—I've lost twenty-five dollars in specie out of my coat pocket, and I'm certain it's in that hole, for I felt my pocket *get light* while I was scuffling about in there. The money was tied up tight in a buckskin pouch, and I must get you to help me get it out."

This, of course, was a regular old-fashioned lie, as we had not seen the amount of cash mentioned as lost in a "coon's age." It took, however, pretty well; and Sol concluded, as it was a pretty cold spell of weather for the season, and the water was almost like ice, that half the contents of the buckskin pouch would be just about fair for recovering it. After some chaffering, we agreed that Sol should dive for the money "on shares," and we went down with him to the river, to point out the precise spot at which our pocket "grew light." We did so with anxious exactness, and Sol soon denuded himself and went under the water in the "Buck Hole," "like a shuffler duck with his wing broke." Puff! puff! as he rose to the surface. "Got it, Sol? No, dang it, here goes again"—and Sol disappeared a second time. Puff! puff! and a considerable rattle of teeth as Sol once more rose into "upper air." "What luck, old horse?" "By jings, I felt it that time, but somehow it slid out of my fingers." Down went Sol again, and up he came

after the lapse of a minute, still without the pouch. "Are you *right sure,* 'squire, that you lost it in this hole?" said Sol, getting out upon a large rock, while the chattering of his teeth divided his words into rather more than their legitimate number of syllables. "Oh perfectly certain, Sol, perfectly certain. You know twenty-five dollars in hard money weigh a pound or two. I didn't mention the circumstance when I first came out of the river, because I was so scared and confused that I didn't remember it—but I know just as well when the pouch broke through my coat pocket, as can be!"

Thus reassured, Sol took to the water again, and as we were in a hurry, we requested him to bring the pouch and half the money to Dadeville, if his diving should prove successful.

"To be sure I will," said he, and his blue lips quivered with cold, and his whole frame shook from the same cause.

The "river ager" made Sol shake worse than that, that fall.

But we left him diving for the pouch industriously, and no doubt he would have got it, if it had been there!

Once as we were about to leave a house at which we had put up the night previous, one of the girls—a buxom one of twenty—followed us to the fence, and the following *tête-à-tête* ensued:

"Now, 'squire, they say you know, and I want you to tell me, *ef you* please—what will chickens be worth this fall?"

"How many have you?"

"The rise of seventy, and three hens a-settin'!"

"Well now, Miss Betsy," said we, "you know how much I set by the old man, your daddy—and the old lady, you know *she and me* always got along—and Jim and Dave, you know we was always like brothers—and yourself, Miss Betsy, I consider my particular friend—and as it's you, I'll tell you!"

"Do, 'squire, ef you please; they say Van Buren's going to feed his big army on fowls; and some folks say he's going to take 'em without payin' for 'em, and some say he ain't—and I thought in course, ef he *did* pay for 'em, the price *would* rise!"

"Well, the fact is—but don't say nothing about it—the army *is* to be fed on fowls; the *roosters* will be given to the officers to make 'em *brave,* and the hens to common soldiers; because, you see, they ain't as good."

"In course!"

"So, you see, the hens will be worth about three bits, and roosters a half a dollar, and ready sale at that."

She was perfectly delighted, and we do not hesitate to say, would have rewarded us with a kiss, if we had asked it; but in those days modesty was the bright trait in our character. As it was, she only insisted on our taking "a bit of something cold" in our saddle-bags, in case we should reach town too late for dinner.

Our next encounter was with an old lady notorious in her neighbourhood for her garrulity and simple-mindedness. Her loquacity knew no bounds; it was constant, unremitting, interminable, and sometimes laughably silly. She was interested in quite a large chancery suit which had been "dragging its slow length along" for several years, and furnished her with a conversational fund which she drew upon extensively, under the idea that its merits could never be sufficiently discussed. Having been warned of her propensity, and being somewhat hurried when we called upon her, we were disposed to get through business as soon as possible, and without hearing her enumeration of the strong points of her law case. Striding into the house, and drawing our papers—

"Taking the census, ma'am!" quoth we.

"Ah! well! bless your *soul,* honey, take a seat. Now do! Are you the gentlemen that Mr. Van Buren has sent out to take the *sensis?* I wonder! well, good Lord look down, how *was* Mr. Van Buren and *family* when you seed him?"

We explained that we had never seen the President; didn't "know him from a side of sole leather;" and we had been written to, to take the census.

"Well, now, thar agin! Love your soul! Well, I s'pose Mr. Van Buren *writ* you a letter, did he? No? Well, I suppose some of his officers done it—bless my soul? Well, God be praised, there's mighty little *here* to take down—times is hard, God's will be done; but looks like people can't git their jest rights in this country; and the law is all for the rich and none for the poor, praise the Lord. Did you ever hear tell of that case my boys has got agin old Simpson? Looks like they never will git to the end on it; glory to His name! The children will suffer I'm mightily *afeerd;* Lord give us grace. *Did* you ever see Judge B—? Yes? Well, the Lord preserve us!

Did you ever hear him say what he was agwine to do in the boys' case agin Simpson? No! Good Lord! Well, 'squire, *will* you ax him the next time you see him, and write me word; and tell him what I say; I'm nothing but a poor widow, and my boys has got no larnin, and old Simpson tuk 'em in. It's a mighty hard case on my boys any how. They ought to ha' had a mighty good start, all on 'em; but God bless you, that old man has used 'em up twell they ain't able to buy a *creetur* to plough with. It's a mighty hard case, and the will oughtn't never to a been broke, but—"

Here we interposed and told the old lady that our time was precious—that we wished to take down the number of her family, and the produce raised by her last year, and be off. After a good deal of trouble we got through with the descriptions of the members of her family, and the "statistical table" as far as the article "cloth."

"How many yards of cotton cloth did you weave in 1840, ma'am?"

"Well, now! The Lord have mercy!—less see! You know Sally Higgins that used to live down in the Smith settlement?—poor thing, her daddy *druv* her off on the 'count of her havin' a little 'un, poor creetur!—poor gal, she couldn't help it, I dare say. Well, Sally she come to stay 'long with me when the old man druv her away, and she was a powerful good hand to weave, and I *did* think she'd help me a power. Well, arter she'd been here awhile, her baby hit took sick, and old Miss Stringer she undertuk to help it—she's a powerful good hand, old Miss Stringer, on roots, and yearbs, and sich like! Well, the Lord look down from above! She made a sort of a tea, as I was a-saying, and she gin it to Sally's baby, but it got wuss—the poor creetur—and she gin it tea, and gin it tea, and looked like, the more she gin it tea, the more—"

"My dear madam, I am in a hurry—please tell me how many yards of cotton cloth you wove in 1840, I want to get through with you and go on."

"Well, well, the Lord-a-mercy! who'd a thought you'd 'a bin so snappish! Well, as I was a' sayin', Sall's child hit kept a gittin' wuss, and old Miss Stringer, she kept a givin' it the yearb tea twell at last the child hit looked like hit *would* die any how. And 'bout the time the child was at its wust, old

Daddy Sykes he come along, and he said if we'd git some night-shed berries, and stew 'em with a little cream and some hog's lard—now old Daddy Sykes is a mighty fine old man, and he gin the boys a heap of mighty good counsel about that case—boys, says he, I'll tell you what you do; you go—"

"In God's name, old lady," said we, "tell about your cloth, and let the sick child and Miss Stringer, Daddy Sykes, the boys, and the law suit go to the devil. I'm in a hurry!"

"Gracious bless your dear soul! don't git aggrawated. I was jist a tellin' you how it come I didn't weave no cloth last year."

"Oh, well, you didn't weave *any* cloth last year. Good! We'll go on to the next article."

"Yes! you see the child hit begun to swell and turn *yaller,* and hit kept *wallin'* its eyes and a moanin', and I knowed—"

"Never mind about the child—just tell me the value of the poultry you raised last year."

"Oh, well—yes—the chickens you mean. Why, the Lord love your poor soul, I reckon you never in your *born* days seen a poor creetur have the luck I did—and looks like we never shall have good luck agin; for ever sence old Simpson tuk that case up to the chancery court—"

"Never mind the case; let's hear about the chickens, if you please."

"God bless you, honey, the *owls* destroyed *in and about* the best half what I did raise. Every blessed night the Lord sent, they'd come and set on the comb of the house, and *hoo-hoo hoo,* and one night particklar, I remember, I had jist got up to get the night-shed salve to *'nint* the little gal with—"

"Well, well, what was the value of what you did raise?"

"The Lord above look down! They got so bad—the owls did—that they tuk the *old hens,* as well's the young chickens. The night I was telling 'bout, I hearn somethin' *squall! squall!* and says, I'll bet that's old Speck that nasty oudacious owl's got; for I seen her go to roost with her chickens, up in the plum tree, *fornenst* the smoke house. So I went to whar old Miss Stringer was sleepin', and says I, *Miss* Stringer! *Oh!* Miss *Stringer!* sure's you born, that stinkin' owl's got old Speck out'n the plum tree; well, old Miss Stringer she turned over

'pon her side like, and says she, what did you say, Miss Stokes? and says I—"

We began to get very tired, and signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly, and without circumlocution.

"The Lord Almighty love your dear heart, honey, I'm tellin' you as fast as I kin. The owls they got worse *and* worse, and after they'd swept old Speck and all *her* gang, they went to work on 'tothers; and Bryant (that's one of my boys,) he 'lowed he shoot the pestersome creeture—and so one night arter that, we hearn one holler, and Bryant, he tuk the old musket and went out, and sure enough, there was *owley*, (*as he thought,*) a-settin' on the comb of the house, so he blazed away and down come——what on *airth did* come down, do you reckon; when Bryant fired?"

"The owl, I suppose."

"No sich a thing, no sich! the owl *warn't thar.* 'Twas my old house-cat come a tumblin' down, spittin', sputterin', and scratchin', and the fur a flyin' every time she jumped, like you'd a busted a feather bed open! Bryant he said, the way he come to shoot the cat instead of the owl, he seed something white—"

"For Heaven's sake Mrs. Stokes, give me the value of your poultry, or *say you will not!* Do one thing or the other."

"Oh, well, dear love your heart, I reckon I had last year nigh about the same as I've got this."

"Then tell me how many dollars' worth you have now, and the thing's settled."

"I'll let you see for yourself," said the widow Stokes, and taking an ear of corn out of a crack behind the logs of the cabin, and shelling off a handful, she commenced scattering the grain, all the while screaming, or rather *screeching*—"chick-chick-chick-chick-ee-chick-ee-chick-ee-ee!"

Here they came, roosters, and hens, and pullets, and little chicks—crowing, cackling, chirping; flying and fluttering over beds, chairs, and tables; alighting on the old woman's head and shoulders, fluttering against her sides, pecking at her hands, and creating a din and confusion altogether indescribable. The old lady seemed delighted, thus to exhibit her feathered

"stock," and would occasionally exclaim—"a nice *passel*, ain't they—a nice passel!" But she never would say what they were worth; no persuasion could bring her to the point; and our papers at Washington contain no estimate of the value of the widow Stokes's poultry, though, as she said herself, she had "*a mighty nice passel!*"

WILLIAM HOOPER

[1792—1876]

RALPH H. GRAVES

FRIENDLY biographers of the Rev. Dr. William Hooper, carried away by their regard for a man who won recognition as a leader among Southern educators and preachers, have gone so far as to call him a literary genius. But it is a pity to detract from real achievements by exaggerated praise. What Dr. Hooper accomplished as a scholar, pulpit orator, and writer for periodicals is enough to give him a place in Southern literature, without attributing to him qualities which, though doubtless potentially within his reach, he never had an opportunity to display.

It was once said of Dr. Hooper that, had he preached or written in Boston, the whole world of books would have recognized his power. Perhaps that is true. In North Carolina, however, where his fourscore conscientious years were lived, the making of books was and is secondary. Like a thousand other powerful men of the South, he labored for duty rather than glory, and the memory of his work depends principally upon the impression he created, with only a few brief addresses and sermons preserved to attest his strength of thought and style. He was too busy, striving unostentatiously for human betterment, to build a record of genius on the printed page. That he made so deep an imprint as he did upon the educational growth of his State, without the aid of professional or money-making literary acumen, is remarkable enough in itself.

Dr. Hooper was entitled to success by right of distinguished ancestry, if that counts for anything. He was the fourth of his name. His great grandfather, William Hooper, a Scotchman, emigrated to America, became pastor of a Boston Congregational church about 1737, joined the Episcopal fold in 1746, and was the second rector of Trinity Church in Boston, from 1747 to his death in 1767. The second William Hooper, born in Massachusetts and educated at Harvard, became a lawyer in Wilmington, North Carolina, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from North Carolina. The third William Hooper, father of this sketch, while never prominent in public life, enjoyed, with his wife, Helen Hogg Hooper, a reputation for culture and taste, along with a fondness for the inconspicuous that characterized their son.

Born in Hillsboro, North Carolina, on August 31, 1792, the fourth William Hooper early developed remarkable mental faculties. It is related that he was reading Virgil at the age of six. The story is not incredible, when one recalls that the children of educated folk a century ago were put to studying Latin almost as soon as they learned the alphabet of their own tongue. In any event the boy was startlingly precocious. He received his bachelor of arts diploma from the University of North Carolina in 1809, when but seventeen years old. Three years later he was a master of arts.

In the meantime his father had died, in 1804, and his mother had married the Rev. Dr. Joseph Caldwell, first president of the University. The young man was devoted to his stepfather, and until Dr. Caldwell's death, in 1835, they worked side by side most of the time. Hooper was appointed a tutor at the University in 1810. Except for one session spent at the Princeton Theological Seminary, he remained in that position continuously until 1817. Then he was made professor of Ancient Languages and held that chair until 1822.

Those who knew the young teacher have described him as a typical scholar, but with a fine sense of humor to offset his natural seriousness. There was a tinge of often recurring melancholy, too, in his character, and it lasted to old age. The origin of the sadness was a distressing accident of his early youth. In handling a supposedly unloaded firearm, he had shot and killed a young girl, his cousin. Nearly seventy years after the occurrence he would with tears recall to his children and grandchildren the misery of the day.

While a tutor, in 1814, he married Frances Pollock Jones, a daughter of Edward Jones, for a long time Solicitor-general of North Carolina. Two years after his promotion to the professorship, in 1819, he became a Protestant Episcopal deacon, and in 1822 he took the priest's orders. It was in the same year that he left Chapel Hill, the seat of the University, to be rector of St. John's Church in Fayetteville, but in 1824 he returned to fill the chair of Logic and Rhetoric, and in 1828 he was again in the Ancient Languages professorship, which he held until 1837.

Dr. Hooper joined the Baptist Church in 1831. Three years earlier he had been honored by the University with the degree of LL.D. In Baptist councils he was a leader from the beginning, and in 1832 he served as chairman of the church committee that started the movement to establish Wake Forest College, near Raleigh. Of that institution he became president fourteen years later after having spent the period from 1838 to 1840 as a teacher of theology

in Furman University, near Greenville, South Carolina, and the years from 1840 to 1846 as professor of Roman Literature in South Carolina College.

Leaving Wake Forest, after three years, he conducted a boys' school not far from Littleton, North Carolina, 1849-1851; occupied the pulpit of a Baptist church in New Berne, 1852-1854; was president of Chowan Female Collegiate Institute, near Murfreesboro, 1855-1861; taught in the Fayetteville Female Seminary, 1861-1865; and was associate principal of a girls' school at Wilson with his son-in-law, John De Berniere Hooper, and his son, Thomas, from 1866 to 1875. While at Murfreesboro he had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the State University.

After the period of stagnation following the Civil War, the University was reopened in 1875. John De Berniere Hooper was chosen professor of Greek and French. With him he took to Chapel Hill his father-in-law, now grown too aged to pursue further the activity that had marked his sixty and more years of work. The venerable scholar died in Chapel Hill on August 19, 1876. In a few days more he would have been eighty-four years old.

Out of the many sermons, speeches and newspaper contributions of the Rev. Dr. William Hooper, the effort that has attracted most attention since his death is an address delivered at the University of North Carolina commencement in 1859, half a century after his graduation. He called the speech "Fifty Years Since." In it may be seen evidence of profound learning, aptness of phrase and construction, cleverness of expression, and much underlying humor.

The elegance and purity of his style, though there is a verbosity not familiar in these later days of brevity, cannot fail to excite admiration. The humor is over-scholarly, sometimes labored; but any man who could instill even a small film of wit into a discourse so carefully phrased, with classical quotations or philosophical deviations in control of almost every paragraph, must have had in his soul a well of genuine light-heartedness. Whoever reads "Fifty Years Since," and nobody can read without enjoying it, will be convinced that in Dr. Hooper was to be found the rare combination of deep study, broad thought, true wit, and friendship for humanity.

Ralph H. Graves.

[See also Brown's 'Cyclopedia of American Biographies,' Boston, 1901; the *Wake Forest Student*, college magazine, Vol. XIV, No. 7; article by Professor Collier Cobb in the *University of North Carolina Magazine*, June, 1898, entitled "The University of North Carolina and Wake Forest College"; Dr. Kemp P. Battle's 'History of the University of North Carolina, Vol. I (1907); and the 'Biographical History of North Carolina,' Vol. VII (1907). sketch by Professor Collier Cobb.]

FIFTY YEARS SINCE

An address delivered before the Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, June 1, 1859.

BROTHERS OF THE ALUMNI, LITERARY CHILDREN OF ONE ALMA MATER:

We come together at this annual festival, to salute and congratulate each other, to look back on the past and compare it to the present, to gratify an honest pride in contrasting the feeble and sickly infancy of our literary mother with her present vigorous maturity, and to breathe a common filial prayer that that vigorous maturity may long flourish, and not soon be succeeded by a languishing old age.

* * * * * *

The first of the 'Waverley Novels' was entitled "Sixty Years Since," which serves as a date to the origin of those wonderful compositions. My tale shall be entitled "Fifty Years Since," though some of my story will embrace incidents within forty years of the present date; and if it fall (as of course it will) infinitely below that of the renowned Sir Walter in all other respects, it will rise above him in one; that, whereas most of his is fiction, mine is sober fact. At least, I intend it to be so. But it may be with me as it was with Boswell in his celebrated 'Life of Dr. Johnson.' He tells us that it was his habit, after being in company with his hero, to go immediately to his lodgings and record the sayings and doings of the doctor at once, while they were fresh in his memory; but that sometimes, when circumstances interfered, the facts lay on his memory for a day or two, and that he thought *they were the better of it, as they had a chance to grow mellow!*

I hope that if any of my cœvals are present, who can look back as far into our antiquities as myself, they will not have occasion to say, when they hear some of my recitals: "There is a fact that has grown *mellow* in his memory," or to compare me with the aged harper in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

> Each blank in faithless memory void,
> The poet's glowing thought supplied.

It is my part then, to-day, to go back to the very *incunabula* of our college—the cradle of its infancy, and to call up recollections of some who rocked that cradle. And I dare say while I am telling the story of the poor and beggarly minority of our *alma mater,* some of her proud, saucy sons of the present generation will smile scornfully at the humility of our origin. When I tell them that the classes of President Polk; of Governors Branch, Brown, Manly, Morehead, Mosely, Speight; of Judges Murphey, Cameron, Martin, Donnell, Williams, Mason, Anderson; of Senators Mangum and Haywood; of Doctors Hawks, Morrison, Green, and of many other graduates forty years back, eminent for merit though not holding office—when I tell the proud collegians of the present day that these men came out of classes consisting of nine, ten, fourteen, fifteen, the largest twenty-one, they will set up a broad laugh, and think how poor a figure a class of ten or fifteen must cut on a Commencement Day; and one will say: "Why, I graduated with seventy-five," and another: "I with one hundred," and another: "I with one hundred and ten." Well, I know of no better way to shelter myself from the storm of your ridicule than by telling you a story. "Once upon a time," says Æsop, "a fox brought out her whole brood of little foxes, and paraded them before the lioness and said: 'Look here! see what a family I have, whereas you have but one!' 'I know,' said the queen of beasts, 'that I bear but one at a time, but then he is a lion!' " I would also remind you, young classics, of the story of Niobe, who boasted of her twelve children, and crowed over Latona, who had only two; but then Latona's children were the sun and moon! Forgive, young gentlemen, these boastings of an old man. You know it is the characteristic of such a one to overrate the past and underrate the present. But I trust I am sufficiently sensible of the vast advances made in all things at Chapel Hill since my day, to do full justice to the present age. You have turned the wild into a garden. You have substituted for the meager bill of fare with which our minds were obliged to content themselves, a table rich in all the stores of learning which a half century of unexampled progress has heaped upon it. I hope, therefore, when I roll back the volume of our college history, and show you "the day of small things" you will not despise

too much our petty number, our humble accommodations, our rude manners, our hard fare, our scanty rations and our limited curriculum of studies. Let not

> Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor.

When I first knew Chapel Hill in January, 1804, the infant University was but about six years old. Its only finished buildings were what are now called the East Wing and the Old Chapel. The former was then only two stories high, capable of accommodating one tutor and sixty students by crowding four into a room. The faculty consisted of three: President Caldwell, Professor Bingham, and Tutor Henderson. Their college titles were "Old Joe," "Old Slick" and "Little Dick." "Old Joe," however, was only thirty years of age and possessed (as you shall hear in the sequel) a formidable share of youthful activity. "Old Slick" derived his cognomen not from age but from premature baldness, and the extreme glossiness of his naked scalp. And "Little Dick," a cousin of the late distinguished Judge Henderson, though he had a brave spirit, was not very well fitted by the size of his person to overawe the three score rude chaps over whom he was placed as solitary sentinel. As a nursery of the college there was a preparatory school, taught by Matthew Troy and Chesley Daniel. All things were fashioned after the model of Princeton College and that probably was fashioned after the model of the Scottish universities by old Dr. Witherspoon. If this were the case, it would seem to account for the small quantum of instruction provided for us, if Dr. Johnson spoke the truth when he said of Scottish education, that "there everybody got a mouthful, but nobody got a bellyful." Into this preparatory school it was my fortune to be inducted, a trembling urchin of twelve years, in the winter of 1804. It was then a barbarous custom, brought from the North, to rise at the severe season of the year before daylight and go to prayers by candle-light; and many a cold wintry morning do I recollect trudging along in the dark at the heels of Mr., afterwards Dr. Caldwell, with whom I boarded, on our way to the tutor's room to wait for the second bell. In that year I read Sallust's 'War of Jugurtha' and 'Conspiracy of Cataline,' under the tu-

ition of Mr. Troy, of whom my recollections are affectionate, for he was partial to me, and taught me well for those times. But I can recollect some of my classmates, grown young men, upon whose backs he tried a blister-plaster, made of chinquapin bark, to quicken the torpor of the brain. Nor was he singular in his discipline. Whether boys were then duller or more idle than now, I know not, but at that time whipping was the order of the day. I had, before coming to Chapel Hill, served three years under it at Hillsboro, where Mr. Flinn wielded his terrible sceptre, and realized in our eye the description of Goldsmith:

> A man severe he was and stern to view;
> I knew him well, and every truant knew;
> Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face.

This was literally verified with us, when Dr. Flinn came to school on Monday morning with his head tied with a crimson handkerchief. It was the bloody flag to us, and the very skin of our backs began to tremble.

After serving such an apprenticeship at Hillsboro, the exchange for Mr. Troy's administration was like exchanging the cowhide for the willow twig, for Mr. Flinn's "little finger was thicker than Mr. Troy's loins." But now after drawing aside the pall of oblivion from these infirmities of the dead, I feel some twinges of remorse, as though I had rudely trodden on the ashes of my departed instructors; for, having been myself a teacher all my life, I ought to know how to make allowance for the trials of teachers; and if any one of you, my hearers, is accustomed to rail at the tyranny of pedagogues, and to flatter yourself with the conceit that if you were one, you would always be able to control your temper, I would only address you in the language which the advertisement uses respecting sovereign recipes: "Try it," and if in six months you don't go and hang yourself, you will, at least, have more charity for teachers all the days of your life.

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Having mentioned the library of one of the literary societies, I must carry you back, ye proud Dialectics and Philanthropics of the present age, to your humble birth, and reveal to you your inglorious antecedents. It may be good for you

who now loll upon sofas and survey with triumph your thousands of volumes, to look back fifty-five years and glance your eye "into the hole of the pit whence ye were digged." The Dialectic library of this college, all of it, was then contained in one of the cupboards of one of the common rooms in the East Building, and consisted of a few half-worn volumes, presented by some compassionate individuals; and I think it was in the habit of migrating from room to room, as the librarian would change, for you may be sure the responsibility of taking care of such a number of books could not be borne long by one pair of shoulders. And besides, there was some ambition to choose, as librarian, a man who could wait on the ladies with something of that courtly grace which distinguishes the marshals of this polished age. But the cavaliers of that early time, poor fellows! had to make their way to the ladies' hearts without any of the modern artillery of splendid sashes, moustaches, and goatees. The naked face, with native flush or native pallor, was all their dependence. The cupboards were not only small but full of rat holes, and a large rat might have taken his seat upon 'Rollin's History,' the corner stone of the library, and exclaimed, with Robinson Crusoe:

> I am monarch of all I survey,
> My title there's none to dispute.

Such was the infancy of Dialectic knowledge; such the meagre fare provided for Dialectic appetite in those primeval days.

And what is told of one library may be told of the other, for they were as much alike as the teeth of the upper and lower jaw, and as often came into collision. When one library got a book the other must have the same book, only more handsomely bound, if possible. I am sorry to record that the contest between the two societies, at that time, was not confined to an honorable competition which should have the finest library, or the best scholars; but that it often amounted to personal rancor and sometimes seemed to threaten a general battle.

The societies then had no halls of their own, but held their sessions on different nights in the week in the Old Chapel, without any fire in the winter, and besides, with the north wind

pouring in through many a broken pane. Think of this, ye pampered collegians of this effeminate age, and bless your stars that your college times have come fifty years later. Before I come down to a somewhat later period, let me present you with a sketch of scenes going on under these old oaks in the year 1804, fifty-five years ago, and let me draw from memory, if I can, a picture of the Fourth of July of that year, for that was the Commencement Day—the great National festival being then the great college festival.

The waves of the Revolutionary War seemed hardly to have subsided, and hence military feeling and military habits intruded upon academic shades and mixed themselves with the peaceful pursuits of literature. The great object of display on Commencement Day was not the graduates or their speeches, but a Fourth of July oration, delivered by the *General,* who had been chosen by the vote of the whole body of students, preps and all, for free suffrage then prevailed, and a prep's vote was as good as anybody's. The office of General and orator of the day was, of course, an object of great ambition; and while the election was pending, we preps felt our importance considerably augmented. Like the Nile, we always began to swell about the end of June; but our inundation was soon over, not lasting longer than the Fourth of July. On these occasions the candidates would come down among us and take us in their arms and caress us most lovingly, and invite us to their rooms in college, and, I suppose, treat us there to gingercakes and cider, though as to that fact I have no distinct recollection; but all of you who are versed in the ways of candidates will admit it to be very probable that they did. As well as I recollect, there was elected besides a General or orator, the General's aide. On this occasion Thomas Brown, son of the late General Brown, of Bladen, and brother-in-law of the late Governor Owen, was elected General, and Hyder Ally Davie was second in command.

All things being duly arranged, the General, clad in full regimentals, with cocked hat and dancing red plume, placed himself at the head of his troops (for we were all turned into soldiers for the nonce) and marched up to the foot of the "Big Poplar," where was placed for him a rostrum, upon which he mounted, and, all the military disposing themselves before him,

he gracefully took off his plumed helmet and made profound obeisance to the army; and if a prep's bosom ever throbbed with proud emotions and ever thrilled with anticipations of the pleasure of being a great man, our hearts felt that throb and thrill on that day. I can tell you nothing of the graduating class, or their speeches. My childish fancy was taken up with the military display, though we had no music to march to but the drum and fife. If we had had such a band as you have here to-day, it might have been too much for us—few perhaps would have survived it.

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It was at this commencement, 1804, I think, that Greek was made a part of the College course. Governor Martin, if I recollect, was the proposer of the measure. "You study logic," said he, "and you don't know the word from which the term is derived." No doubt the Governor gave some better arguments, if I had been old enough to cherish them, for substituting the classics of Greece for those of France, which last had then a factitious importance and popularity from the recent splendor of Voltaire, from our late obligations to the country of La Fayette, and from the overwhelming interest excited by the first French Revolution. A little French had, before this time, been accepted in place of Greek, and a Frenchman had been a necessary "part and parcel" of the faculty. Of course, to torment him and amuse themselves with his transports of rage and his broken English was a regular part of the college fun. The trustees after some experience found that it was better to have French taught by a competent American, though with a little less of the Parisian accent, than to have to fight daily battles to redress the grievances of a persecuted Monsieur. Greek, after its introduction, became the bugbear of college. Having been absent when my class began it, I heard, on my return, such a terrific account of it, that I no more durst encounter the Greeks than Xerxes when he fled in consternation across the Hellespont after the battle of Salamis. Rather than lose my degree, however, after two years I plucked up courage and set doggedly and desperately to work, prepared hastily thirty Dialogues of Lucian, and on that stock of Greek was permitted to graduate. As for Chemistry and Differential and Integral Calculus and all that, we

never heard of such hard things. They had not then crossed the Roanoke, nor did they appear among us till they were brought in by the Northern barbarians about the year 1818. Yet, notwithstanding the poor showing we could make as to faculty and course of study, the secretary of the board of that day was very ambitious of opening a sisterly correspondence and communion with all the colleges of the United States. He sent for all their Latin catalogues, and in order to be even with them, made up out of his own stock of Latin a catalogue for us, and diffused it through the land, from Maine to Georgia. Now this was a very unwise policy in that officer, for we were then in the very egg-shell of our existence, and ought to have concealed our nakedness from our mocking brethren of the North. This Latin pamphlet was in every respect a sorry looking affair. It was gotten up at Raleigh, on coarse paper, and it can be no offence now to say that Raleigh was not at that era a fortunate place of issue for a Latin pamphlet. But what was worse, it was disfigured with several sad blunders in the Latin—for I don't know that Latin is any part of the qualifications of a secretary of the board—and exhibited to the admiring world the following imposing *Senatus Academicus*: President Caldwell, who taught mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, and did all the preaching. Your humble servant was professor of languages, in general, I suppose; all, ancient and modern; and William D. Moseley (the future governor of Florida) was tutor. The professor of languages was of course responsible for this elegant and classical production, in which among other beauties, I recollect the treasurers of the board were called in conspicuous capitals TREASURARII! I writhed under the mortification a long time, and was always afraid of meeting a professor from the North, lest he should ask me what was the Latin for *treasurer.*

The South Building, our neighbor over there, was then in an unfinished state, carried up a story and a half, and there left for many years to battle with the weather unsheltered; but still it was inhabited. "Inhabited!" you will say, "by what? By toads and snails and bats, I suppose." No sir, by students. *Risum teneatis amici?*

As the only dormitory that had a roof was too crowded for study, and as those who tried to study there spent half the

evening, in passing laws to regulate the other half, many students left their rooms as a place of study entirely, and built cabins in the corners of the unfinished brick walls, and quite comfortable cabins they were; but whence the plank came, out of which those cabins were built, your deponent saith not. Suffice it to hint that in such matters college boys are apt to adopt the code of Lycurgus: that there is no harm in privately transferring property, provided you are not caught at it. In such a cabin your speaker and dozens like him hibernated and burned their midnight oil. As soon as spring brought back the swallows and the leaves, we emerged from our dens and chose some shady retirement where we made a path and a promenade, and in that embowered promenade all diligent students of those days had to follow the steps of science, to wrestle with its difficulties, and to treasure up their best acquirements: Ye remnants of the *Peripatetic* school!

> Ah! ye can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar!

They lived *sub dio,* like the birds that caroled over their heads. "But how," you will say, "did they manage in rainy weather?" Aye, that's the rub. Well, nothing was more common than, on a rainy day, to send in a petition to be excused from recitation, which petition ran in this stereotyped phrase: "The inclemency of the weather rendering it impossible to prepare the recitation, the Sophomore class respectfully request Mr. Rhea to excuse them from recitation this afternoon." To deliver this mission to the professor I was appointed envoy ordinary (not extraordinary) and plenipotentiary, being a little fellow hardly fifteen, and perhaps somewhat of a pet with the teacher. The professor, a good-natured, indolent man, after affecting some vexation (though he was secretly glad to get off himself), and pushing the end of his long nose this way and that way some half dozen times with his knuckles, concluded in a gruff voice with: "Well, get as much more for to-morrow." The shout of applause with which I was greeted upon reporting the success of my embassy resembled (if we may compare small things with great) the acclamations with which Mr. Webster was hailed by the Nation upon happily concluding the Ashburton treaty in 1842,

by which war with Great Britain was prevented. Mr. Webster may have been greater but he was not prouder than I was at the successful issue of my negotiations. Who knows but what I might have been a first rate diplomat, if I had followed up these auspicious beginnings! And what do you think was the *lesson* from which a deliverance for one day was the occasion of such tumultuous joy? Why it was *Morse's Geography,* which was then the main Sophomore study, contained in two massive octavos, and to recite off which, like a speech, page by page, was the test and the glory of the first scholar of the class.

Dr. Morse was, with us, the great man of the age, and stood as high as does now his son, the inventor of the telegraph; and that notwithstanding he had stigmatized our State by mentioning under the head of "manners and customs of North Carolina," that a fashionable amusement of our people in their personal rencounters was, for the combatant who got his antagonist down to insert his thumb into the corner of his eye and twist out the ball; which elegant operation they called *gouging.* This slur upon national character would, now-a-days, have banished his book from our State. It excited so much the wrath of one of our representatives in Congress, William Barry Grove, of Fayetteville, that he declared if he ever met with Dr. Morse he would gouge him. He *did* meet with the doctor, who had heard of the threat, but instead of executing his purpose they had a hearty laugh over the story, Dr. Morse alleging that he had derived the account from Williamson.

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And here, perhaps, it will not be offensive to introduce, among my reminiscences, the *shadow* of a reminiscence, which rests like a *penumbra* among the more distinct impressions on the tablet of my memory. It relates to a man who has long borne a conspicuous and honorable part among the editors of our country—one of the surviving Titans, who has planted his battery not five miles from the throne of Jove, and hurled many a thirty-two pounder at the White House and at the Capitol. Should this page chance to meet his eye, and should he recognize in it a faint nucleus of fact, he will laugh at a college legend which always hands down a much better story

than it received. President Caldwell once caught some boys in mischief; among the rest he descried one on the top of the college, fastening a *goose* to the very ridge of the roof. "Ah! Joseph, Joseph," said he, "I suppose thou art fixing up that poor bird there as an emblem of thyself." Perhaps that severe cut from his teacher may have goaded the youthful truant to throw away the *goose* forever afterwards, reserving only a quill wherewith to write himself into renown. I hope he will forgive me for thus heralding *his exploits upon the house-tops.*

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While we are passing over certain early incidents of Dr. Caldwell's administration, before I leave the subject, the audience will no doubt indulge me in here introducing a brief notice of one of his most valued colleagues and coadjutors, the late lamented Dr. Mitchell. Here let us pause to drop a tear to the memory of this martyr of science. He fell a victim to too great self-reliance. This trait in his character, owing no doubt, in a considerable degree to constitutional temperament, was stimulated and confirmed by a New England education, in which youth are seldom indulged in that life of ease and indolence so common and so pernicious among ourselves; but are early thrown upon their own enterprise, and invention, and industry, for providing their future livelihood. This characteristic of that part of our country is remarkably calculated to develop all the latent energies within a youth, whether for good or for evil—a stern necessity "to do or die"—to swim or sink, which may produce a Franklin and a Webster, or peradventure a Benedict Arnold—like the fierce sun of the tropics, which concocts at once the aromatic gums and the deadly poisons.

This self-reliance of our regretted friend was conspicuous from his first appearance among us. It carried him, as a botanist, over almost every hill and meadow, and into every nook and corner of our extensive State, alone and through all weathers; and led him, as a geologist, to scale every mountain and penetrate every cavern, where Nature might promise spoils to philosophic curiosity. While youth remained, he escaped unharmed from the perils to which his adventurous spirit pushed him; but, like Milo, the famous athlete of Cro-

tona, he forgot that he was growing old, and was lured to his death by too great confidence in that strength and activity on which he had so often relied with safety. At his age and with his high position as a savant, he was entitled to an escort. He ought not to have been seen venturing alone and unassisted among precipitous cliffs, to make good North Carolina's claim to the Chimborazo of the Alleghanies. He ought to have had a retinue of enthusiastic pupils at his heels, *magna comitante caterva,* carrying his chain, his compass, his barometer, and his tent and traveling chest. And I have no doubt he might have enlisted such a corps of his pupils had he desired and requested it. But his self-reliance seemed to scorn all help, as a confession of incapacity and dependence. A bivouac in a mountain gorge, alone and far from the haunts of men, had something in it inviting to his bold and inquisitive genius. I think I have heard him say, that in one of his visits to the same mountainous region he had been drenched to the skin by a thunder-storm, and had lain down and slept in his wet clothes till the morning. That such a man should fall prematurely by his excessive spirit of adventure was naturally to have been apprehended, and we might have justly cautioned him in the language of Andromache:

> Too daring man, ah! whither wouldst thou run,
> Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son;
> For sure such courage length of life denies,
> And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

I have such an opinion of my late friend's undaunted spirit of adventure, that I believe, if he had been one of the scientific corps who accompanied Napoleon in his expedition to Egypt, and if that general had summoned them all before him and said: "I want a man who will go to the biggest of the pyramids, find its secret entrance, explore, lamp in hand, its dark winding galleries, search its inmost penetralia, and bring out, if to be found, the sarcophagus of *Cheops* himself"—I believe that Elisha Mitchell would have stepped forth and said: "I'll try it." He would have been the very man to have joined Dr. Kane in his Arctic expedition. That daring navigator pushed his investigations to latitude eighty-two degrees, thirty minutes, the farthest hyperborean point ever reached by the

foot of science, and laid down the coast to within less than eight degrees of the Pole. But if Mitchell had been along with him and Dr. Kane had detached him on an exploring trip, I should not have wondered if the Pole itself had been discovered, and Mitchell had tied his boat to the axis of the earth! Shade of my departed companion! forgive this sportive ebullition to which I have been tempted by the recollection of thine own jocose temper and playful spirit. How often, when I have gone to thee, gloomy and fretted by some transient irritation, has thy contagious hilarity and sunshiny face dispelled the cloud from my brow and the spleen from my temper, and I felt the truth of that inspired sentiment: "As iron sharpeneth iron, so does a man sharpen the countenance of his friends." Of such a man might be said, in the beautiful language of Dr. Johnson, that "his death has eclipsed the gaiety of his country and impoverished the general stock of harmless pleasure," as well as of valuable science.

But, brothers of the alumni, I could not excuse myself, and I should but ill perform the duty committed to me this day, if I devoted the whole of this address to amusing or mournful reminiscences of the past. I wish to say something, before I sit down, which will be profitable for the future. It may be allowable on a joyous anniversary like the present, to entertain ourselves and our audience with some pictures of college life half a century ago. But it becomes us as educated men, who have gone through the perils and who have reaped the fruits of a collegiate career, to direct our thoughts to the great question how these perils may be encountered and these advantages secured with the least admixture of evil. As lovers of our common country—as North Carolinians, ambitious of the honor of our State—as men bound to feel for those many parents who trust to these walls their dearest treasure—their sons, that are to bless or to blast their homesteads—we ought to make it a subject of anxious thought, how to prevent a great college from being a great calamity. As men of reflection and humanity, we must have been often saddened by observing the vast amount of *waste* in human life, human talent, and human happiness, which the spectacle of our colleges presents. That there is a strong tendency, when large numbers of young men are congregated together and live to

themselves with very little intermixture with general society, to become dissipated, riotous, and lawless, the history of all colleges proves, both in this country and in Europe. The two universities of England have been long famous as the abodes of licentiousness of all kinds. Mr. Griscom, one of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of New York, visited Oxford about forty years ago, and after witnessing a disgraceful scene enacted by a party of students at the hotel, makes the following reflections: "Alas! for such an education as this. What can Latin and Greek and all the store of learning and science have to make amends in an hour of retribution, for a depraved heart and an understanding debased by such vicious indulgence? I cannot but cherish the hope that this incident does not furnish a fair specimen of the morals of the students. It will doubtless happen, that in so large a number as that here collected, in the various colleges, many will bring with them habits extremely unfavorable to morality and subordination. But from the information derived from my guide, who was a moderate man, and certainly well informed with respect to the habits of the place, and from the observations which forced themselves upon me in my walks through the streets and gardens, this evening, I am obliged to deduce the lamentable conclusion that the *morals* of the nation are not much benefited by the direct influence of this splendid seat of learning." And although he inclines to the opinion that the state of morals is not quite so bad at Cambridge, yet he admits it to be a doubtful question, and that this is only a surmise of his own, and says: "It would be a curious and interesting subject of inquiry to ascertain, with as much accuracy as possible, the comparative morality of Oxford and Cambridge, as it is admitted that in Oxford the collegiate studies are directed with paramount assiduity to moral philosophy and the higher range of classical learning, while in Cambridge mathematics and natural philosophy have a transcendent influence."

What license, what scorn, what blasphemy, what atheism, must the rowdies at Cambridge feel at liberty to indulge in, when they see the disbanded debauchés of the camp suddenly turned into pastors, having the care of souls!

This testimony relates to the state of things at those celebrated universities forty years ago. Have things improved

since that date? Let us hear the testimony of Sydney Smith, one of the most distinguished literati of the present century, whom none will suspect of too austere and puritanical a view of the subject. In a letter written but a few years ago, to one of his female correspondents, he says: "I feel for Mrs. ——— about her son at Oxford, knowing as I do, that the only consequences of a university education are the growth of vice and the waste of money."

In the German universities, so far as reports have been published among us, the state of morals is even worse, the frequent practice of dueling being added to the usual vices of college life.

The college of which we boast ourselves to be sons was founded in an era most dark and inauspicious to religion—the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. Our country had just emerged from a long, distressing war, and it is well known that war has a hardening effect upon the minds of men, familiarizing them with blood and death, and rendering them skeptical and indifferent in matters relating to a future world. To this add the overshadowing influence of France. The splendor of her philosophers and political economists had then attracted the admiration of the world; her powerful fellowship in arms had helped us happily through our struggle for liberty, and then her imitation of us in bursting her own shackles—all these ties had bound us to her destinies with an enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which had well-nigh engulfed us in the same devouring whirlpool that finally swallowed up her first Republic. She reciprocated all our enthusiasm and received our Franklin in Paris with the honors of a demigod, condensing into one pregnant Latin hexameter his two greatest exploits—the snatching of lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants:

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

Unhappily when France overturned the throne and the Bastile, she overturned, with the same convulsive throes, the temple of God, and set up as her only object of worship the goddess Liberty—liberty not only from the chains of despots, but from all belief in future responsibility. This portentous atheism spread its disastrous influence over most of our public

men, and hence the works of Voltaire and his royal patron, Frederick of Prussia, of Rousseau, Helvetius, Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, and Paine, were found in the libraries of our principal families, however small these libraries were. Some of these, presented by trustees and others, were among the most conspicuous books in our University and society libraries in their early beginnings. As the cock was the national emblem of France, it is hardly vulgar to quote here our homely proverb: "As the old cock crows the young one learns." Our first professors and students caught the Gallic infection; and Dr. Caldwell, among his early difficulties, had to struggle with infidelity in the faculty and infidelity among the students; and hence, among his sermons of that date, many will be found in refutation of objections against Christianity. The same difficulties Dr. Dwight was contending with at Yale College, to the presidency of which he was called a few years before this date. From the commencement of Dr. Caldwell's administration the Christian religion has been recognized and taught in this institution, and its laws have required the students to attend such religious services as they were called to by the professors. Since that time the growth of the several ecclesiastical bodies has made it right and important to consult their wishes by representation in the academic corps; and it would seem that the best practicable plan has been fallen on to allay sectarian jealousy, and to give Christianity such prominence in our collegiate system as to impress our undergraduates with the conviction that it is venerated as of divine origin and as the religion of our country.

But after all this public provision for the maintenance of religious influence and of moral habits, it is a lamentable fact that colleges will nourish within their bosoms a large amount of vicious dissipation, idleness, and profusion. The two great obstacles to government and incentives to disorder are the congregation of large numbers of youth into houses by themselves and the use of intoxicating drinks. Whether we have not made a mistake in thus isolating the students from family society, and crowding them together in such numbers under one roof, may admit of painful doubt. Judge O'Neall gives it as his decided conviction that dormitories ought to be done away with, and the students distributed among respectable

families. Dr. James W. Alexander, of New York, one of the first men of this country, an alumnus of Princeton, and for a long time a professor there, in a letter received from him a few years since, says: "Of all absurd things in the world, one of the most absurd is to put a great number of boys together in a large building, to keep house by themselves." This is the first difficulty; but whether the plan proposed as a remedy would succeed better has not, I believe, been put to the test. We cannot, therefore, say of the recipe: *probatum est.* The other difficulty, the use of intoxicating liquors, is the gigantic evil of colleges, and leads all reflecting persons, as well as Mr. Griscom, sometimes to doubt whether all the benefits of public education are not outweighed by this enormous mischief to the morals and happiness of our families. War is, while it lasts, perhaps the most terrific calamity with which our race is scourged. Pestilence too, now and then, poisons the common element we all do breathe, and more than decimates our cities. These evils, however, are intermittent; they leave long intervals of repose and healthful enjoyment. But intemperance, begun in youth and often continued and aggravated through tedious years of shame and sorrow, in so many families—this, this, is the running ulcer of our social body; this is the perennial, fetid, Stygian flood that is circling round and round the land and pouring its poisonous tide into our sacred homes. This it is which causes more human hearts to ache and more human faces to blush than any other cause. In vain have been all your temperance societies. In vain your temperance lecturers have been sent through the length of the land —gifted with tragic powers to make the public weep over the horrors of drunkenness, and with comic powers to make the drunkard the laughing-stock of the world. In vain have been all these schemes to abate the nuisance. Intemperance has grown under all these appliances, like the cancer spreading under the surgeon's knife, or the Hydra multiplying its heads under the club of Hercules.

> Alas! Leviathan is not thus tamed;
> Laughed at, he laughs again, and stricken hard,
> Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
> That fear no discipline from human hands.

And if this disease is so pernicious in its sporadic form, turning a home here and a home there into a habitation of wretchedness, what must it be when concentrated in a public institution, a multitude countenancing and stimulating each other, "despising the shame," and by their united strength breaking down every barrier! A college thus tainted is like our great Western river, with all its swollen affluents, bursting all the embankments and carrying terror and devastation and malaria over the fruitful valley which it ought to adorn and fertilize. For this single vice is at the root of all collegiate disturbances and delinquencies. Of every drinking student may be said what was said of Judas Iscariot: "With the *sop* Satan entered into him." Hence all the counsels of educators, all the ingenuity of physicians, all the discoveries of chemistry, all the wisdom and power of legislative bodies, should be put in requisition to contend with this portentous mischief. And he who shall discover a cure or even an alleviation of this curse of humanity will deserve a monument higher and more enduring than the pyramids, and be entitled to a gratitude deeper and wider than that accorded to Dr. Jenner, who has relieved the world of the terrors of smallpox. Premiums are offered for all improvements in the industrial and economical arts, and for the best essays on all moral subjects; but the richest premium will he deserve, who, by some chymic art, shall make young collegians loathe intoxicating drinks, or by some happy improvement in political economy, shall drive ardent spirits out of the land as an article of manufacture or of commerce. The might of *man* has failed; may we not appeal to the softer but more potent influence of *woman?* Will not the ladies, themselves safe and superior to this infirmity, come to the rescue of our powerless sex? We are called the stronger sex and they the weaker; but as to temptations to vice, they are the stronger and we the weaker sex. I have the same opinion of them that Lord Chatham had of the English soldiers: "They can achieve anything but impossibilities." They are not good at making large bargains, I admit, as is proved by the price they have agreed to give for Mt. Vernon; but even there the bargain is to their credit, showing that they estimate the "value received," not in the worth of the land, but in the testimony of national gratitude and in sending an ambassador around the

land to teach, in honeyed accents, the grandest lesson this family of nations can learn, namely: by loving their common father, to love and cherish the united republic which he lived and labored and suffered to establish. Let those who have entered with so much zeal into this national "labor of love" now join their hearts in another, touching more nearly the happiness of their country and of the world. Let them proclaim with their sovereign voice, from one end of the continent to the other, that their smiles and their hands are the prize of *sobriety* alone. From all their lips let there be heard the general chorus:

> Young men, young men who love your drink,
> Your bark of hope and bliss must sink;
> We'll never trust with you our life—
> You cannot, shall not have a wife.

* * * * * *

After so long an address, can I, ought I to be insensible to the flattering attention and marks of approbation with which it has been received? I well know what has worked so mightily in my favor. Never was speaker more fortunate in the temper of the house. Among the charms which, according to old Homer, Jove conferred upon his darling daughter, Venus, was that of *philommeides;* she was *the queen of smiles, the laughter-loving Aphrodite.* So the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the Union has made every one joyous—it has given me a *laughter-loving* audience, and among them many a Venus, with lambent lightnings playing about her eyes, encircled with the irresistible Cestus, and with the little rogue Cupid sitting at her feet, ever sharpening his burning arrows on a bloody whetstone. And if I owe an apology to my kind and indulgent audience for the parti-colored character of this address, this motley mixture of the serious and the ludicrous, here is my defence: Such is life, in which shade and sunshine chase each other over the plain—in which joy and sorrow rapidly alternate in our hearts—in which smiles often shine through our tears and dry them up—and again tears start forth and extinguish the light of our smiles. Such is life, and such did Shakespeare, the greatest painter of life, represent it. His pictures of man are neither unmixed tragedies nor unmixed

comedies, but tragi-comedies. Such alternations seem to be our Creator's design.

> The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife,
> Give all the strength and color of our life.

Sorrow in advance makes the arrival of gladness more glad, and sorrow apprehended in the future chastises and tempers the transports of present pleasure, and mingles all our rejoicings with salutary trembling.

> Alas! by some degree of wo,
> We ever bliss must gain;
> The heart can ne'er a transport know,
> That never knew a pain.

And yet something whispers me that the retrospect I have taken ought to have inspired a more serious strain. Of the long line of alumni with whom I have been contemporary, how few survive!

> "*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

Of seven eminent men with whom I have had the honor to coöperate as professor in this institution, six now have passed off the stage of action. Caldwell, Hentz, Mitchell, Andrews, Anderson, and Olmsted are no more. Their accents which once contributed to enlighten and adorn our State are now hushed in the voiceless grave, and perhaps ere another anniversary revolves around and brings you together again, the two who yet remain will be gathered with those who have gone before them. To one who looks back fifty or sixty years, what a shadow is man! how fleeting, how trifling do seem all his interests and schemes, his hopes and his fears! The thought extorted a sigh even from a pagan moralist:

> *O! curas hominum! O! quantum est in rebus inane.*

How fading the honors of earth, how empty the applause of men! But happy, thrice happy we, that this fading pageant is not all—that our deathless souls, never satisfied with the limited and transient, and always reaching after something illimitable and infinite, shall, if purified by religion, enter upon

a state where all our companions and joy shall be perfect and unchangeable:

> Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire;
> Where momentary ages are no more;
> Where seraphs gather immortality,
> On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.

JAMES BARRON HOPE

[1829—1887]

MORRIS P. TILLEY

THE poets of the South of a generation ago are those nightingales of legend that sang their songs under the sharp pricks of thorns buried in their breasts. While enduring their keenest pangs of suffering, they were filling the air with sweetest music. Their sensitive souls were rent and torn by the crushing blows of war which fell upon the South with stunning effect, adding keen anguish and bitter suffering to the burden of poverty and disease which they, in common with their fellow sufferers, bore home from the struggles of arms.

"Virginia's laureate," James Barron Hope, had already gained fame as a poet, before the secession of Virginia had hurried him to the front, to follow, for four years, the varying fortunes of the Civil War, and finally, after the surrender of Johnston in South Carolina, to return to find his home in ashes. Upon two notable occasions before the opening of the conflict, he had been chosen to acclaim in verse the fame and renown of his mother State; and had responded in the "Jamestown Ode," commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the English colony on the James, and in the "Washington Memorial Ode," delivered at the unveiling, in 1858, of the Washington monument at Richmond. In each of these efforts the heart of the writer had been revealed as the worshipper of the history and tradition of Virginia; on each occasion, too, the martial blood of his ancestors had been aroused in the contemplation of the proud record of the mother Commonwealth, and had poured out its tribute to the deeds worthy of song that are scattered on every page of the history of his State. There was in these odes, moreover, the same spirit of devotion and loyalty to Virginia that was to make him, in many a subsequent ode and memorial address, the Confederate soldier's poet. There was, too, the same spirit of elation in martial themes, which had struck off, in 1857, in an hour of inspiration, "The Charge of Balaklava," a poem filled with the wild rush of battle and the agony and victory of death.

This poet of the late fifties, tall, slender, and graceful, with a pale face and deep-set eyes, was a Virginian descended of Virgin-

ians, who, in the hour of the birth of our nation, had given to their sons, for a future day of struggle, an example of burning patriotism in the defense of their homes. As a small boy wandering in play about the grounds of the Gosport navy yard, where his grandfather at that time was in command, and where in 1829 he had been born, our poet felt early and naturally the love of his State and the pride of defending her rights. His environment in some degree but in far greater degree his blood, was already teaching him his duty to his country, a duty to be transferred later to his State. On his mother's side he was hearing how his Barron forefathers had been admirals, first of the Virginia Colonial navy, and later of the navy of the United States; until, in his time, the names of Barron had come, in the minds of Virginians, to be thought of and associated with the command of the seas. From his father, on the other hand, he was hearing of another sturdy and no less daring set of patriots, who, on the banks of the Hampton River, had launched vessels of war, to fly the flag of open defiance to the power of Great Britain.

The days of listening to the stories of the past gave place, in a few years, to those of active exertion of the present, and the growing boy found interest in exploring, across the river, the neighboring town of Norfolk; and less frequently, in tramping over the broad acres of the Hope estate, on the Hampton River. School days followed; first at Germantown, Pennsylvania, where he was near one of his uncle admirals who was stationed at Philadelphia; and afterwards at the "Academy" at Hampton, Virginia, where he came under the instruction and influence of that master of pedagogy, John B. Cary. Here under the stimulating influence of a teacher who needed neither rule nor regulation by which to govern, nor yet book nor chart by which to instruct, the boy ripened and developed into the young man, whose enthusiastic nature was to strike sparks on the flint of his master's ardent mind, revealing in unexpected degree the seriousness and the depth of his character, and developing at the same time those strong affections which were to win and to hold, until the end, the master's love and esteem. At home and at school, then, this boy, who was one day to receive the proud name of "Virginia's laureate," was moulding his character. Ardent, loyal, sympathetic, his nature was free from either envy or hate. The light of personality, while still a boy, had begun to shine, though fitfully as yet; but, in years to come, the developed devotion and loyalty of home and school, conjoined to a Southern sense of honor and chivalry, gave him that charm and force of character that made him a steady light to those who knew him.

The swiftly passing years of the forties and fifties, with their

ominous and deepening warnings of the impending strife, found James Barron Hope growing up in Tidewater, Virginia, studying at the Virginia College of William and Mary, fighting a duel with pistols on the field of honor of the city of his school days, and, after recovering from the wound received in this affair, cruising in a United States frigate, as the secretary of his uncle, Admiral Samuel Barron. With advancing years of maturity, at the age of twenty-seven, he turned to the profession of law, and settled at Hampton, Virginia, to follow the road that had opened to successive generations of Virginians opportunities for conspicuous service to both State and Nation.

However, before he was to be able to give all of his interest to the winning of legal fame, love and poetry in alliance were to claim his attention in the suit his heart was paying to its mistress. His reputation as a poet was growing with his contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger;* as was his favor in the eyes of the lady of Hampton, in whom he found the inspiration for his poetry. In 1857 he won his suit; and married Miss Annie Beverly Whiting, who had taken captive, by the beauty of her character and face, his poet's fancy. The year before he had been elected commonwealth's attorney for Hampton, so that now he was well launched toward a life which, had the destiny of events not intervened, would have made him one of those leisurely, yet able practitioners of the Southern courts, with ample time to devote to his love of poetry, to the society of his friends, and to the development of his estate—the life, in short, which has left us those examples, now growing rare, of the courtly, courteous gentleman of the South, who, removed from the necessity of earning a living and possessed of the culture of birth, had both the time and the opportunity to make, of the cultivation of the charm and graces of a gentleman, a profession in itself.

In those four years of the clash of arms, the poet Hope became for the time the soldier Hope; but when once more, in later years, the desire to sing grew strong within him, while yet the memories of those days of sacrifice and failure were still fresh in mind, he turned to poetry to express his teeming thoughts, that were now of honor to the dead, and now of courage to the living. His song was from now on of war, and of the Southern men of war. As the poet of Virginia, the State where the conflict had waged the fiercest, and where the loss of life and limb had been the greatest, he was, of the Southern poets of his time, the one who carried from the war to his poetry the keenest clarion of battle. The martial vein in his nature responded in sympathy to the appeal of the Lost Cause; and in his subsequent efforts, he poured forth, in homage to

the dead, memorial ode after memorial ode, until in his supreme achievement, his ode in honor of his "Great Captain," he has left us a poem of unusual power and strength.

After the shattering of his dreams, James Barron Hope, with those other busy, ardent workmen-poets of the South, who had wagered and lost all, settled down courageously to solve the problem of peace. Wealth and opportunity to practice his profession had vanished; and more, when he returned from the soldier life, he found himself afflicted with the physical agony that he was to suffer heroically for many years. With his fellow sufferers, however, he took at once his place with the active toilers of the day, and, turning his back upon the thirty years of life spent in the charming social circle of old Hampton, he gave up the practice of law, for which he had fitted himself, and plunged into the active arena of journalism in Norfolk, Virginia.

In this city he settled down to win a livelihood with his pen, and he succeeded. As the founder and editor of the *Norfolk Landmark,* by his ability and his fearlessness, he made the paper an influence of power in the State. The scholarly traditions that he created in the office of the *Landmark,* and that have been continued by subsequent editors of that office, gave to the paper the distinction which came of having at its head a man who could not only feel and think deeply, but who had at his command, because of talent and practice, the power to express fully his thoughts and feelings. Besides his newspaper work, he was interested in the welfare of the public schools of Norfolk; and with much the same spirit of service with which General Lee had taken upon himself the duties of the presidency of Washington and Lee University, he assumed the responsibilities of the Superintendent of the Norfolk schools.

In these busy years the greater part of his time was spent between the duties of the editorial office and those of the Superintendent of Schools; but in the hours that he could spare for himself, he was preparing memorial addresses for meetings of different camps of Confederate veterans, and now and then, turning his mind back to the days of battle, was putting into verse scenes that he had witnessed on the march or in the camp, or as in "Under One Blanket," on the field of battle, after the fighters had withdrawn and left the field to the cold bodies of the soldiers who had paid for their devotion with their lives.

Early in his career as a poet, when twenty-eight years of age, Hope had written in "The Charge of Balaklava" a kind of poetry that was to be characteristic of many of his later efforts. Written in a stirring martial measure, and breathing the tumult and disorder of the battlefield, this poem forms an accurate measure of the poet

who is, in later days, to champion in other stirring martial measures, with far greater feeling, a conflict of vaster proportions and of more spectacular dashes than the charge of Balaklava, which engages his interest in this poem.

This poem on a martial subject, which had called forth the warmth, even the fire of his nature, was but a preparation for other and deeper felt expressions of his admiration of bravery on the battlefield, the inspiration for which he found at home. It required, at most, only the projection of the poetic imagination into the experiences of the Southern soldier to make them glow with feeling; so that the poet had only to pour into the moulds of poetic form the stream of his own experiences, to move us deeply by his descriptions of the pathetic scenes and the tragic happenings of the war. With "Mahone's Brigade" and with the "Cadets of New Market," to mention two of his war subjects, he lifts the curtain on the bullet-swept battlefields, with their victories, and their defeats; their charges, their surprises, their losses, their glories; the hours of pain and the minutes of death; the rally round the flag; the wild rush to capture the enemy's battery, the rebel yell answered by the scream of the wounded, the quick glint of the bayonet, the rattle of musketry and the roar of the cannon; and the smoke hanging low over the whole bloody field. He gives us another and a sadder picture in the "Memorial Odes." The days of battle are passed now; and it is the result of those battles that we are confronting.

In Hope's later poems, added to this suffusion of the martial spirit in various degrees, we find a matured devotion and a riper wisdom that enabled him, in singing of the war, "to rise up," without the clogging impediments of bitterness and hate, "and conquer fate." He accepted as the inevitable the outcome of the war; and in his poetry, while abating no jot or tittle of his conviction that he had fought a righteous fight, and glorying in the fame the Southern soldiers had rightly won, he saw the uselessness of keeping alive the smouldering fires of sectional discord. In consequence he took frequent occasion to impress upon his readers that the rupture of the past was closed, and that our country stood united in new strength. In his "metrical address" delivered in 1881 on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, he gave no uncertain answer on this subject. In other poems he makes further proclamation of this truce to hostile feeling between the South and the North. At the end of that masterly ode in memory of Lee, he finds in the example of his chief, the lesson "to bow reverently to God," and to recognize that His will, not theirs, was done. It was a natural expression of his best wisdom to counsel his fellow citizens to turn their backs

on the bitterness of the past, and to live in a future enriched by a heritage of valor and of glory, not surpassed in the annals of time. In "Our Heroic Dead," where in every line is the tender love he bore the Southern heroes that fell, he passes the bounds of sectional admiration and holds up with confidence to the entire country the heroic deeds of soldiers that had worn the gray.

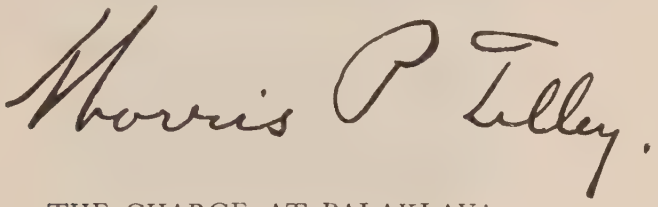
In these poems that the war brought forth is the warrior poet; daring, devoted, red-blooded; quick to resent an insult, and equally quick to shield a fallen foe. But in other poems there is the poet of a gentler hour, the poet of friendship, who, in the record of his personal sympathies, touches chords of a sweetness unheard in the bolder music of his martial poems.

The appeal of Hope's verse is not to the reader of a highly developed musical sense, for his verse is of the conventional, unmusical rhymed character of Pope's day. Nor is there in his poetry the quality of imagination that would raise him to the rank of the great poets.

Hope's poetry was provincial; his interests did not include subjects farther abroad than the boundaries of his own State. In its kind, too, it is to be narrowed to occasional poetry, for it is by his odes written for stated occasions that he is best known. These odes have suffered, as do all occasional poems, in the passing of interest in the events they celebrate; but they were fortunate in the subjects that gave them birth. The older history of Virginia and the more recent history of the Civil War elicited from his hero-worshipping nature both the unusual fervor and the sympathy that have given his poems value for a later day. As the poet of Virginia, at a time when the people of this State were passing through the throes of the Reconstruction Period, he has preserved in his verse the trials and the hopes of his fellow citizens. In simple, direct expression he has left us in these sincere reflections of his feelings, significant record of an important era in the history of Virginia.

There is no dark despair in the character of Hope; he found the good in men and life, and reflected it in his work. His war poems, first and foremost, show us the courage he gave his people to struggle on, courage for new and stronger efforts after the old had failed. This characteristic attitude of eager helpfulness marks other than his war poems. His poetic art was never an instrument to offer to the world the doubts and the difficulties of his soul, to put into beautiful form the misgivings of his heart. It had a higher purpose. It rather cheered the drooping spirits of his people when they needed most to be cheered; or honored in terms of praise or endearment, the genius of strong men of Virginia, like Ryan, the

poet, and Galt, the sculptor; or again, by pointing back to the records of the past in war, in art, in poetry, it prepared the way for greater achievements of the future. Hope and faith, courage and confidence, and these virtues working within the limitations of his poetic gift for the greater benefit of his State, give us the essential spirit of Hope's poetry.



THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA

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Nolan halted where the squadrons
  Stood impatient of delay,
Out he drew his brief dispatches,
Which their leader quickly snatches,
At a glance their meaning catches:
  They are ordered to the fray!

All that morning they had waited—
  As their frowning faces showed,
Horses stamping, riders fretting,
And their teeth together setting;
Not a single sword-blade wetting
  As the battle ebbed and flowed.

Now the fevered spell is broken,
  Every man feels twice as large,
Every heart is fiercely leaping,
As a lion roused from sleeping,
For they know they will be sweeping
  In a moment to the charge.

Brightly gleam six hundred sabres,
  And the brazen trumpets ring;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,
And the heavens widely riven
With a mad shout upward given,
  Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning; was not Gallia
Looking down on Albion's sons?
In each mind this thought implanted,
Undismayed and all undaunted,
By the battle-fields enchanted,
They ride down upon the guns.

Onward! On! the chargers trample;
Quicker falls each iron heel!
And the headlong pace grows faster;
Noble steed and noble master,
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal.

In the van rides Captain Nolan;
Soldier stout he was and brave!
And his shining sabre flashes,
As upon the foe he dashes:
God! his face turns white as ashes,
He has ridden to his grave!

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
Without motion, without breath.
Never more a trump to waken—
He the very first one taken,
From the bough so sorely shaken,
In the vintage-time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling,
He was gathered to his rest;
In the time for which he'd waited—
With his gallant heart elated—
Down went Nolan, decorated
With a death wound on his breast.

Comrades still are onward charging,
He is lying on the sod:
Onward still their steeds are rushing
Where the shot and shell are crushing;
From his corpse the blood is gushing,
And his soul is with his God.

As they spur on, what strange visions
Flit across each rider's brain!
Thoughts of maidens fair, of mothers,
Friends and sisters, wives and brothers,
Blent with images of others,
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward still the squadrons thunder—
Knightly hearts were theirs and brave,
Men and horses without number
All the furrowed ground encumber—
Falling fast to their last slumber—
Bloody slumber! bloody grave!

Of that charge at Balaklava—
In its chivalry sublime—
Vivid, grand, historic pages
Shall descend to future ages;
Poets, painters, hoary sages
Shall record it for all time.

Telling how those English horsemen
Rode the Russian gunners down;
How with ranks all torn and shattered;
How with helmets hacked and battered;
How with sword arms blood-bespattered;
They won honor and renown.

'Twas "not war," but it was splendid
As a dream of old romance;
Thinking which their Gallic neighbors
Thrilled to watch them at their labors,
Hewing red graves with their sabres,
In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier;
Down went many a stout dragoon;
Lying grim, and stark, and gory,
On the crimson field of glory,
Leaving us a noble story
And their white-cliffed home a boon.

Full of hopes and aspirations
  Were their hearts at dawn of day;
Now, with forms all rent and broken,
Bearing each some frightful token
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,
  In their silent sleep they lay.

Here a noble charger stiffens,
  There his rider grasps the hilt
Of his sabre lying bloody
By his side, upon the muddy,
Trampled ground, which darkly ruddy
  Shows the blood that he has spilt.

And to-night the moon shall shudder
  As she looks down on the moor,
Where the dead of hostile races
Slumber, slaughtered in their places;
All their rigid ghastly faces
  Spattered hideously with gore.

And the sleepers! ah, the sleepers
  Make a Westminster that day;
'Mid the seething battle's lava!
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription—BALAKLAVA,
  Which shall never fade away.

SELECTIONS FROM "WASHINGTON MEMORIAL ODE"

Oh, proud old Commonwealth! thy sacred name
Makes frequent music on the lips of Fame!
And as the nation, in its onward march,
Thunders beneath the Union's mighty arch,
Thine the bold front which every patriot sees
The stateliest figure on its massive frieze.
Oh, proud old State! well may thy form be grand,
'Twas thine to give a Savior to the land.

For, in the past, when upward rose the cry,
"Save or we perish!" thine 'twas to supply
The master-spirit of the storm whose will
Said to the billows in their wrath: "Be still!"
And though a great calm followed, yet the age
In which he saw that mad tornado rage
Made in its cares and wild tempestuous strife
One solemn passion of his noble life.

* * * * * *

When the fierce torrent—lava-like—of bronze
To mould this statue burst its furnace bonds,
When it out-thundered in its liquid flow,
With splendid flame and scintillating glow,
'Twas in its wild tumultuous throb and storm
Type of the age which moulded into form
The God-like character of him sublime,
Whose name is reared a statue for all time
In the great minister of the whole world's heart,
I've called his name a statue. Stern and vast
It rests enthroned upon the mighty past:
Fit plinth for him whose image in the mind
Looms up as that of one by God designed!
Fit plinth and sooth! the mighty past for him
Whose simple name is Glory's synonym!
E'en Fancy's self, in her enchanted sleep,
Can dream no future which may cease to keep
His name in guard, like sentinel and cry,
From Time's great bastions: "It shall never die."

* * * * * *

And here remember that your best applause
To him is shown in standing by the Laws!
But if our rights shall ever be denied,
I call upon you by your race's pride,
To seek some "West Augusta" and unfurl
Our banner where the mountain vapors curl:
Lowland and valley then will swell the cry,
He left us free: thus will we live or die!
One other word, Virginia, hear thy son,
Whose filial service now is nearly done—

Hear me old State! thou art supremely blest:
A hero's ashes slumber in thy breast!
Oh, Mother! if the ashes of a king
Could nerve to deeds with which Fame's trumpets ring.
What glove of challenger shall make thee start,
When thy great son lies sleeping on thy heart!

DREAMERS

Fools laugh at dreamers, and the dreamers smile
In answer, if they any answer make:
They know that Saxon Alfred could not bake
The oaten cakes, but that he snatched his Isle
Back from the fierce and bloody-handed Dane.

And so, they leave the plodders to their gains—
Quit money changing for the student's lamp,
And tune the harp to gain thereby some camp,
Where what they learn is worth a kingdom's crown;
They fashion bows and arrows to bring down
The mighty truths which sail the upper air;
To them the facts which make the fools despair
Become familiar, and a thousand things
Tell them the secrets they refuse to kings.

A LITTLE PICTURE

Oft when pacing thro' the long and dim
Dark gallery of the past, I pause before
A picture of which this is a copy—
Wretched at best.

How fair she look'd, standing a tip-toe there,
Pois'd daintily upon her little feet!
The slanting sunset falling thro' the leaves
In golden glory on her smiling face,
Upturn'd toward the blushing roses; while
The breeze that came up from the river's brink,
Shook all their clusters over her fair face;
And sported with her robe, until me thought,

That she stood there clad wondrously indeed!
In perfume and in music; for her dress
Made a low rippling sound like little waves
That break at midnight on the tawny sands—
While all the evening air of roses whisper'd.
Over her face a rich, warm blush spread slowly,
And she laughed a low, sweet, mellow laugh
To see the branches still evade her hands—
Her small white hands which seem'd indeed as if
Made only thus to gather roses.
Then with face
All flushed and smiling she did nod to me
Asking my help to gather them for her:
And so, I bent the heavy clusters down,
Show'ring the rose-leaves o'er her neck and face;
Then carefully she plucked the very fairest one,
And court'seying playfully gave it to me—
Show'd me her finger-tip, pricked by a thorn,
And when I would have kissed it, shook her head,
Kiss'd it herself, and mocked me with a smile!
The rose she gave me sleeps between the leaves
Of an old poet where its sight oft brings
That Summer evening back again to me.

TO ALEXANDER GALT, THE SCULPTOR

Alas! he's cold!
Cold as the marble which his fingers wrought—
Cold, but not dead; for each embodied thought
Of his, which he from the Ideal brought
To live in stone,
Assures him immortality of fame.

Galt is not dead!
Only too soon
We saw him climb
Up to his pedestal, where equal Time
And coming generations, in the noon
Of his full reputation, yet shall stand
To pay just homage to his noble name.

Our Poet of the Quarries only sleeps,
He cleft his pathway up the future's steeps,
And now rests from his labors.

Hence 'tis I say;
For him there is no death,
Only the stopping of the pulse and breath—
But simple breath is not the all in all;
Man hath it but in common with the brutes—
Life is in action and in brave pursuits!
By what we dream, and having dreamt, dare do,
We hold our places in the world's large view,
And still have part in the affairs of men
When the long sleep is on us.

He dreamt and made his dreams perpetual things
Fit for the rugged cell of penitential saints,
Or sumptuous halls of Kings,
And showed himself a Poet in the Art;
He chiselled Lyrics with a touch so fine,
With such a tender beauty of their own,
That rarest songs broke out from every line
And verse was audible in voiceless stone!
His Psyche, soft in beauty and in grace,
Waits for her lover in the Western breeze,
And a swift smile irradiates her face,
As though she heard him whisper in the trees.

His passion-stricken Sappho seems alive—
Before her none can ever feel alone,
For on her face emotions so do strive
That we forget she is but pallid stone;
And all her tragedy of love and woe
Is told us in the chilly marble's snow.

Bacchante, with her vine-crowned hair,
Leaps to the cymbal measured dance
With such a passion in her air—
Upon her brow—upon her lips—
As thrills you to the finger-tips,
And fascinates your glance.

These are, as 'twere, three of his songs in Stone—
The first full of the tenderness of love,
Speaking of moon-rise, and the low wind's call:
The second of love's tragedy and fall;
The third of shrill, mad laughter, and the tone
Of festal music, on whose rise and fall
Swift-footed dancers follow.

Nobler than these sweet lyric dreams,
Dreamt out beside Italia's streams,
He'd worked some Epic studies out, in part—
To leave them incomplete his chiefest pain
When the low pulses of his failing heart
Admonished him of death.

Ay! he had soared upon a lofty wing,
Wet with the purple and encrimsoned rain
Of dreams, whose clouds had floated o'er his brain
Until it ached with glories.
If you would see his Epic studies, go—
Go with the student from his dim arcade—
Halt where the Statesman standeth in the hall,
And mark how careless voices hush and fall,
And all light talk to sudden pause is brought
In presence of the noble type of thought—
Embodied Independence which he wrought
From stone of far Carrara.

View his Columbus: Hero grand and meek,
Scarred 'mid the battle's long-protracted brunt—
Palos and Salvador stamped on his front,
With not a line about it, poor or weak—
A second Atlas, bearing on his brow
A New World, just discovered.

Go see Virginia's wise, majestic face
With some faint shadow of her coming woe
Writ on the broad, expansive, virgin snow
Of her imperial forehead, just as though
Some disembodied Prophet-hand of eld
The Sculptor's chisel in its touch had held,

Foreshadowing her coming crown of thorns—
Her crown and her great glory!
These of the many; but they are enough—
Enough to show that I have rightly said
The marble's snow bids back from him decay,
He sleepeth long; but sleeps not with the dead
Who die, and are forgotten ere the clay
Heaped over them hath hardened in the sun.

This much of Galt, the Artist:
Of the man
Fain would I speak, but in sad sooth I can
Ne'er find the words wherein to tell
How he was loved, or yet how well
He did deserve it.
All things of beauty were to him delight—
The sunset's clouds—the turret rent apart—
The stars which glitter in the noon of night—
Spoke in one voice unto his mind and heart,
His love of Nature made his love of Art,
And had his span
Of life been longer
He had surely done
Such noble things that he
Like to a soaring eagle would have been
At last—lost in the sun!

UNDER ONE BLANKET

The sun went down in flame and smoke,
The cold night passed without alarms,
And when the bitter morning broke
Our men stood to their arms.

But not a foe in front was found
After the long and stubborn fight.
The enemy had left the ground
Where we had lain that night.

In hollows where the sun was lost
  Unthawed still lay the shining snow,
And on the rugged ground the frost
  In slender spears did grow.

Close to us, where our final rush
  Was made at closing in of day,
We saw, amid an awful hush,
  The rigid shapes of clay:

Things, which but yesterday had life,
  And answered to the trumpet's call,
Remained as victims of the strife,
  Clods of the Valley all!

Then, the grim detail marched away
  A grave from the hard soil to wrench,
Wherein should sleep the Blue and Grey
  All in a ghastly trench!

A thicket of young pines arose,
  Midway upon that frosty ground;
A shelter from the winds and snows,
  And by its edge I found

Two stiffened forms, where they had died,
  As sculptured marble white and cold,
Lying together side by side
  Beneath one blanket's fold.

My heart already touched and sad,
  The blanket down I gently drew
And saw a sturdy form, well clad
  From head to heel in Blue.

Beside him, gaunt from many a fast,
  A pale and boyish "rebel" lay,
Free from all pangs of life, at last,
  In tattered suit of Grey.

There side by side those soldiers slept,
  Each for the cause that he thought good,
And bowing down my head I wept
  Through human brotherhood.

Oh, sirs! it was a piteous thing
  To see how they had vainly tried
With strips of shirts, and bits of string,
  To stay life's ebbing tide!

The story told itself aright;
  (Print scarce were plainer to the eye)
How they together in the night
  Had laid them down to die.

The story told itself, I say,
  How smitten by their wounds and cold
They'd nestled close, the Blue and Grey,
  Beneath one blanket's fold.

All their poor surgery could do
  They did to stop their wounds so deep,
Until at last the Grey and Blue
  Like comrades fell asleep.

We dug for them a generous grave,
  Under that sombre thicket's lee,
And there we laid the sleeping brave
  To wait God's reveillé.

That grave by many a tear was graced
  From ragged heroes ranged around,
As in one blanket they were placed
  In consecrated ground.

Aye! consecrated, without flaw,
  Because upon that bloody sod,
My soul uplifted stood and saw
  Where CHRIST had lately trod!

THE LEE MEMORIAL ODE

"Great Mother of great Commonwealths"
Men call our Mother State:
And she so well has earned this name
That she may challenge fate
To snatch away the epithet
Long given her of "great."

First of all Old England's outposts
To stand fast upon these shores
Soon she brought a mighty harvest
To a People's threshing floors,
And more than golden grain was piled
Within her ample doors.

Behind her stormy sunrise shone,
Her shadow fell vast and long,
And her mighty Adm'ral, English Smith,
Heads a prodigious throng
Of as mighty men, from Raleigh down,
As ever arose in song.

Her names are the shining arrows
Which her ancient quiver bears,
And their splendid sheaf has thickened
Through the long march of the years,
While her great shield has been burnished
By her children's blood and tears.

Yes, it is true, my Countrymen,
We are rich in names and blood,
And red have been the blossoms
From the first Colonial bud,
While her names have blazed as meteors
By many a field and flood.

And as some flood tumultuous
In sounding billows rolled
Gives back the evening's glories
In a wealth of blazing gold:
So does the present from its waves
Reflect the lights of old.

Our history is a shining sea
Locked in by lofty land
And its great Pillars of Hercules,
Above the shining sand,
I here behold in majesty
Uprising on each hand.

These Pillars of our history,
In fame forever young,
Are known in every latitude
And named in every tongue,
And down through all the Ages
Their story shall be sung.

The Father of his Country
Stands above that shut-in sea
A glorious symbol to the world
Of all that's great and free;
And to-day Virginia matches him—
And matches him with Lee.

Who shall blame the social order
Which gave us men as great as these?
Who condemn the soil of t' forest
Which brings forth gigantic trees?
Who presume to doubt that Providence
Shapes out our destinies?

Fore-ordained and long maturing,
Came the famous men of old:
In the dark mines deep were driven
Down the shafts to reach the gold,
And the story is far longer
Than the histories have told.

From Bacon down to Washington
The generations passed,
Great events and moving causes
Were in serried order massed:
Berkeley well was first confronted,
Better George the King at last!

From the time of that stern ruler
To our own familiar days
Long the pathway we have trodden,
Hard, and devious were its ways
Till at last there came the second
Mightier Revolution's blaze.

Till at last there broke the tempest
Like a cyclone on the sea,
When the lightnings blazed and dazzled
And the thunders were set free—
And riding on that whirlwind came
Majestic, Robert Lee!

Who—again I ask the question—
Who may challenge in debate,
With any show of truthfulness,
Our former social state
Which brought forth more than heroes
In their lives supremely great?

Not Peter, the wild Crusader,
When bent upon his knee,
Not Arthur and his belted Knights,
In the Poet's Song, could be
More earnest than those Southern men
Who followed Robert Lee.

They thought that they were right and this
Was hammered into those
Who held that crest all drenched in blood,
Where the "Bloody Angle" rose.
As for all else? It passes by
As the idle wind that blows.

Then stand up, oh my Countrymen!
And unto God give thanks,
On mountains, and on hillsides
And by sloping river banks—
Thank God that you were worthy
Of the grand Confederate ranks:

That you who came from uplands
And from beside the sea,
Filled with love of Old Virginia
And the teachings of the free,
May boast in sight of all men
That you followed Robert Lee.

Peace has come. God give His blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective
And she writes no word of blame;
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame.

Nay! Send it forth to all the world
That we stand up here with pride,
With love for our living comrades
And praise for those who died:
And in this manly frame of mind
Till death we will abide.

God and our consciences alone
Give us measure of right and wrong;
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong:
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

Human grief full oft by glory
Is assuaged and disappears
When its requiem swells with music
Like the shock of shields and spears,
And its passion is too full of pride
To leave a space for tears.

And hence, to-day, my Countrymen,
We come with undimmed eyes,
In homage of the hero Lee,
The good, the great, the wise!
And at his name our hearts will leap
Till his last old soldier dies.

Ask me, if so you please, to paint
Storm winds upon the sea;
Tell me to weigh great Cheops—
Set volcanic forces free;
But bid me not, my Countrymen,
To picture Robert Lee!

As Saul, bound for Damascus fair,
Was struck blind by sudden light,
So my eyes are pained and dazzled
By a radiance pure and white
Shot back by the burnished armor
Of that glory-belted Knight.

His was all the Norman's polish
And sobriety of grace;
All the Goth's majestic figure;
All the Roman's noble face;
And he stood the tall exemplar
Of a grand historic race.

Baronial were his acres where
Potomac's waters run;
High his lineage, and his blazon
Was by cunning heralds done;
But better still he might have said
Of his "works" he was the "son."

Truth walked beside him always
From his childhood's early years,
Honor followed as his shadow,
Valor lightened all his cares:
And he rode—that grand Virginian—
Last of all the Cavaliers!

As a soldier we all knew him
Great in action and repose,
Saw how his genius kindled
And his mighty spirit rose
When the four quarters of the globe
Encompassed him with foes.

But he and his grew braver
As the danger grew more rife,
Avaricious they of glory
But most prodigal of life,
And the "Army of Virginia"
Was the Atlas of the strife.

As his troubles gathered round him,
Thick as waves that beat the shore,
Altra Cura rode behind him,
Famine's shadow filled his door;
Still he wrought deeds no mortal man
Had ever wrought before.

Then came the end, my Countrymen,
The last thunderbolts were hurled!
Worn out by his own victories
His battle flags were furled
And a history was finished
That has changed the modern world.

As some saint in the arena
Of a bloody Roman game,
As the prize of his endeavor,
Put on an immortal frame,
Through long agonies our Soldier
Won the crown of martial fame.

But there came a greater glory
To that man supremely great
(When his just sword he laid aside
In peace to serve his State)
For in his classic solitude
He rose up and mastered Fate.

He triumphed and he did not die!—
No funeral bells are tolled—
But on that day in Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup while he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold.

He is not dead! There is no death!
He only went before
His journey on when CHRIST THE LORD
Wide open held the door,
And a calm celestial peace is his:
Thank God! forevermore.

When the effigy of Washington
In its bronze was reared on high
'Twas mine, with others, now long gone,
Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to the multitude
His name that cannot die.

And here to-day, my Countrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great "rebel" down the years—
Twin "rebels" side by side!—
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

Those two shall ride immortal
And shall ride abreast of Time,
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in Epic Rhyme—
Both patriots, both Virginians true,
Both "rebels," both sublime!

Our past is full of glories,
It is a shut-in sea,
The pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee:
And a future spread before us,
Not unworthy of the free.

And here and now, my Countrymen
Upon this sacred sod,
Let us feel: It was "OUR FATHER"
Who above us held the rod,
And from hills to sea
Like Robert Lee
Bow reverently to God.

OUR HEROIC DEAD

I.

A King once said of a prince struck down,
"Taller he seems in death."
And this speech holds truth, for now as then
'Tis after death that we measure men,
And as mists of the past are rolled away
Our heroes, who died in their tattered gray,
Grow "taller" and greater in all their parts
Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts.
And for those who lament them there's this relief—
That Glory sits by the side of Grief,
Yes, they grow "taller" as the years pass by
And the World learns how they could do and die.

II.

A nation respects them. The East and West,
The far-off slope of the Golden Coast,
The stricken South and the North agree
That the heroes who died for you and me—
Each valiant man, in his own degree,
Whether he fell on the shore or sea,
Did deeds of which
This Land, though rich
In histories may boast,
And the Sage's Book and the Poet's Lay
Are full of the deeds of the Men in Gray.

III.

No lion cleft from the rock is ours,
Such as Lucerne displays,
Our only wealth is in tears and flowers,
And words of reverent praise,
And the Roses brought to this silent Yard
Are Red and White. Behold!
They tell how wars for a kingly crown,
In the blood of England's best writ down,

Left Britain a story whose moral old
Is fit to be graven in text of gold:
The moral is, that when battles cease
The ramparts smile in the blooms of peace.

And flowers to-day were hither brought
From the gallant men who against us fought;
York and Lancaster!—Gray and Blue!
Each to itself and the other true—
And so I say
Our men in Gray
Have left to the South and North a tale
Which none of the glories of Earth can pale.

* * * * * *

That past is now like an Arctic Sea
Where the living currents have ceased to run,
But over that past the fame of Lee
Shines out as the "Midnight Sun:"
And that glorious Orb, in its march sublime,
Shall gild our graves till the end of time!

THE FUTURE HISTORIAN

From "Mahone's Brigade."

In the future some historian shall come forth both strong and wise,
With a love of the Republic, and the truth, before his eyes.
He will show the subtle causes of the war between the States,
He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates,
He will trace out hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes,
He will show the different habits born of different social codes,
He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore,
He will show it re-united and made stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree.
He will hold the Scales of Justice, he will measure praise and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict, and will stand it without shame.

ARMS AND THE MAN

A Metrical Address recited on the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown on invitation of a joint committee of the Senate and House of the United States Congress.

XVII.

PATER PATRIAE

Achilles came from Homer's Jove-like brain,
Pavilioned 'mid his ships where Thetis trod;
But he whose image dominates this plain
Came from the hand of God!

Yet of his life, which shall all time adorn
I dare not sing; to try the theme would be
To drink as 'twere that Scandinavian Horn
Whose tip was in the Sea.

I bow my head and go upon my ways,
Who tells that story can but gild the gold—
Could I pile Alps on Apennines of praise
The tale would not be told.

Not his the blade which lyric fables say
Cleft Pyrenees from ridge to nether bed,
But his the sword which cleared the Sacred Way
For Freedom's feet to tread.

Not Cæsar's genius nor Napoleon's skill
Gave him proud mast'ry o'er the trembling earth;
But great in honesty, and sense and will—
He was the "man of worth."

He knew not North, nor South, nor West, nor East:
Childless himself, Father of States he stood,
Strong and sagacious as a Knight turned Priest,
And vowed to deeds of good.

Compared with all Earth's heroes I may say
He was, with even half his virtues hid,
Greater in what his hand refrained than they
Were great in what they did.

And thus his image dominates all time,
  Uplifted like the everlasting dome
Which rises in a miracle sublime
    Above eternal Rome.

On Rome's once blooming plain where'er we stray
  That dome majestic rises on the view,
Its Cross a-glow with every wandering ray
    That shines along the Blue.

So his vast image shadows all the lands,
  So holds forever Man's adoring eye,
And o'er the Union which he left it stands
    Our Cross against the sky!

XVIII.

THE FLAG OF THE REPUBLIC

My harp soon ceases; but I here allege
  Its strings are in my heart and tremble there:
My Song's last strain shall be a claim and pledge—
    A claim, a pledge, a prayer!

I stand, as stood in storied days of old,
  Vasco Balboa staring o'er bright seas
When fair Pacific's tide of limpid gold
    Surged up against his knees.

For haughty Spain, her banner in his hand,
  He claimed a New World, sea, and plain, and crag—
I claim the Future's Ocean for this land,
    And here I plant her flag!

Float out, oh flag, from Freedom's burnished lance.
  Float out, oh flag, in Red, and White and Blue!
The Union's colors and the hues of France
    Commingled on the view!

Float out, oh flag, and all thy splendors wake!
  Float out, oh flag, above our Hero's bed!
Float out, oh flag, and let thy blazon take
    New glories from the dead!

Float out, oh flag, o'er Freedom's noblest types!
Float out, oh flag, all free of blot or stain!
Float out, oh flag, the "Roses" in thy stripes
Forever blent again!

Float out, oh flag, and float in every clime!
Float out, oh flag, and blaze on every sea!
Float out, oh flag, and float as long as Time
And Space themselves shall be!

Float out, oh flag, o'er Freedom's onward march!
Float out, oh flag, in Freedom's starry sheen!
Float out, oh flag, above the Union's arch
Where Washington is seen!

Float out, oh flag, above a smiling Land!
Float out, oh flag, above a peaceful sod!
Float out, oh flag, thy staff within the hand
Beneficent of God!

SAM HOUSTON

[1793—1863]

GEORGE P. GARRISON

SAM HOUSTON—who, if he was christened Samuel, never called himself by the name or signed it in that form—was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and was born near Lexington, Virginia, March 2, 1793. His father died in 1806, and soon thereafter his mother moved with the family to Blount County in East Tennessee. There Sam became a clerk in a country store for a time; subsequently he abandoned his place and went to live with the Cherokee Indians until he was about eighteen years old. He then rejoined the whites and taught school for a while, and later became himself a student of the Academy of Maryville.

Houston's previous education had been obtained in the course of a few months' attendance at a country school; but he had learned to read and was fond of it. While the range of literature which circumstances opened to him was rather narrow, it included the Bible, Shakespeare, and Pope's translation of the Iliad; and of these, being endowed with a strong and active intellect, he made the most. He had a rather remarkable gift of language, and his speeches and letters leave the impression of a culture which was out of all proportion to his opportunity.

In 1813 Houston enlisted as a private soldier in a Tennessee regiment of volunteers, and a little later he received an appointment as ensign. His regiment was a part of General Jackson's force at the battle of To-ho-pe-ka, or Horseshoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River in Alabama, which was fought August 27, 1814. In this battle Houston acquitted himself with distinguished bravery, being severely wounded, and in consequence he was promoted to a lieutenancy. He remained in the service till 1818, when he resigned.

After leaving the army Houston studied law and began practice; but his attention was soon diverted to politics, and he held successively the offices of adjutant-general of the State, district-attorney, and major-general of militia. In 1823 he was elected representative in Congress from the Ninth Tennessee District, which office he held for two terms. In 1827 he became Governor of Tennessee; but in April, 1829, before the end of his first term, and in the midst of a race for a second, which he appeared to be winning, he sud-

denly resigned and went again to live among the Indians. This act was due to a disagreement with his wife which had led to their separation after they had been but a few months married. The details of the trouble were never made public by either of them, and no satisfactory explanation of it can be given.

The Indians whom Houston joined were a branch of the Cherokees living in Arkansas. Among these he lived a dissipated and discreditable life until the approach of the Texas Revolution. He was afterward accused of bringing about this revolution with the connivance of President Jackson in order to promote the interests of slavery. As a matter of fact, he had practically nothing to do with causing the revolution; but when it was already well under way he assumed the leadership in it, for which he was especially fitted both by capacity and by inclination, and carried it to a successful termination.

From this time forward Houston's attention was given mainly to politics.

In September, 1836, after the Mexicans had been finally expelled from Texas and the new republic was enabled to effect a permanent organization for its government, he was chosen president. The Texas Constitution provided that the first president should be elected for two years, and fixed the term thereafter at three; and it made the holder of the office ineligible to succeed himself. Houston therefore retired from the presidency in December, 1838; but in 1841 he was again elected and served until 1844. In 1846, after the annexation of Texas, he became United States Senator, and this office he held till March 4, 1859. He ran for governor in 1857, but was defeated. In 1859 he was again a candidate for governor, and this time he was elected; but in 1861 he was deposed because of his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the seceding government. He then retired to private life and died at his home in Huntsville, Texas, in 1863.

Houston's political career affords a most interesting study. It is hardly too much to say that during the whole of it Texas politics were made to revolve in large measure around his own personality; and this, too, when his leadership was disputed by many men of marked ability, aggressiveness, and character. A very large proportion of those who figured prominently in the affairs of Texas from the Revolution of 1836 to the outbreak of the Civil War were more or less strenuous critics of his policy and conduct, and many of them were his bitter and uncompromising enemies. For his own part, right or wrong, he was never conciliatory. A fierce controversy over his management of the San Jacinto cam-

paign, beginning while the campaign was yet in progress, lasted throughout his life and was the burden of his last speech in the United States Senate. With the progress, however, of the sectionalizing movement in the fifties, personal influences in Texas, as in all the other states, were gradually subordinated to the great issues between the North and South. The tongue of him that did not voice the popular conviction and sentiment lost its persuasiveness, and Houston's effort to stem the rising tide of secession finally broke his hold on Texas altogether and drove him into retirement.

As might be inferred from this sketch of his career, Houston did no literary work for its own sake. What he left in print or manuscript is in the form of letters, speeches, and state papers, incident, for the most part, upon his political activity. These, however, show natural gifts of insight and expression that under a more favorable environment might have made him as notable a figure in literature as he was in politics. It is true that his utterances, from the very nature of the circumstances which prompted them, were often those of the advocate; but they were also not infrequently appeals on behalf of a minority view, or to an audience like the Texan Indians, too commonly intractable to the pleadings of their best white friends. Such conditions tested severely the speaker's power to persuade; and to this test Houston responded with a strength of logic, a knowledge of human nature, and a divination of popular motives, which stamp him at once as a great orator. The effect of his public speeches was enhanced by his splendid presence and his dramatic tendencies. But as a writer he can scarcely be said to have reached the same high level. His words, when put in cold print, have less the impression of the sincere spontaneity that characterizes the best literary effort, and more that of complete self-mastery and guarded self-direction.

That biography of Houston which brings out most impartially the lights and shades of his character is Williams's 'Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas.' That in which his literary work can be studied best is Crane's 'Life and Select Literary Remains of Sam Houston.' The second volume of this work—bound with the first—contains the selections referred to in its title. To obtain, however, a complete view of Houston himself from his speeches and writings, one must read the mass of his unpublished correspondence and papers, the larger part of which is —so far as the knowledge of the writer of this sketch extends—in the archives of the Texan government. Bruce's 'Life of General Sam Houston' and Lester's 'Sam Houston and his Republic' (reprinted with additions, but without the author's name, by J. C.

Derby), are brief and unsatisfactory works, which must be used with care, but which should be read by one who wishes to see Houston from every point of view.

George P. Garrison.

TALK TO BORDER INDIANS

Executive Department,
Washington, Texas, March 20, 1843.

To the Head Chiefs of the Wichetaws, Ionies, Tow-a-ashes, Wacoes, Ta-wack-anies, Caddoes, and other Tribes:

Brothers:—I send this talk to you by Governor Butler, the agent of our Great Brother, the President of the United States. The words I speak to you are the words of a brother, who has never told his red brothers what was not true.

Between your people and ours there has been war. Trouble has been in the path between us, and it has been stained with blood. While there is war no people can be happy. When the warriors are absent from home their wives and children may be killed by their enemies. If the warriors return with scalps or have stolen horses, it will not bring back their women and children to them. Their wigwams will be desolate, and they will have to kindle new fires, and by them watch for their enemies.

If they make peace, they can rest with their people and be happy. The hunter can kill his buffaloes and the squaws can make corn, and there shall be none to trouble them. We are willing to make a line with you, beyond which our people will not hunt. You shall come to our trading-houses in peace; none shall raise a hand against you, nor make war upon your people. Our traders will have goods such as you may wish to buy, so soon as you have made peace. The goods shall be such as you need, and they will be sold to you cheap. We will have agents to act for you, and see that no one shall do wrong to you.

When you wish to sell our traders horses, mules, peltries, or any other articles, you shall have a good price for them, and you shall not be cheated. You need not doubt the words which I speak to you. If wrong has been done to the red brothers in Texas, it was not done by the chiefs who are now in power. They were bad deeds, and the people condemn them. They are now passed away. It will do us no good to wrong the red brothers. Peace will make the *white* as well as the *red* brothers happy. Let us meet in peace and talk together, as men who desire to walk in straight paths. Let the young men of your nations take counsel of their chiefs and wise men. Then they will bring happiness to your people instead of sorrow and trouble.

Our Great Brother, the President of the United States, desires that the chiefs of Texas and the chiefs of the red men should make peace and bury the tomahawk forever. I will send a councilor to the Grand Council of the Cherokees; and (if you send chiefs there) he will make a treaty that will take out of our path the stain of blood and make it white, that we can walk in it and live as brothers; and he will appoint a great council in Texas. Our Great Brother will look upon us with pleasure, and the Great Spirit will give light to the path in which we walk, and our children will follow our counsel and walk in the path which we have made smooth.

Your brother,
SAM HOUSTON.

TALK IN MEMORY OF FLACO

Executive Department,
Washington, March 28, 1843.

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL FLACO, CHIEF OF LIPANS:

MY BROTHER:—My heart is sad! A dark cloud rests upon your nation. Grief has sounded in your camp. The voice of Flaco is silent. His words are not heard in council. The chief is no more. His life has fled to the Great Spirit. His eyes are closed. His heart no longer leaps at the sight of the buffalo. The voices of your camp are no longer heard

to cry: "Flaco has returned from the chase!" Your chiefs look down on the earth and groan in trouble. Your warriors weep. The loud voices of grief are heard from your women and children. The song of birds is silent. The ears of your people hear no pleasant sound. Sorrow whispers in the winds. The noise of the tempest passes. It is not heard. Your hearts are heavy.

The name of Flaco brought joy to all hearts. Joy was on every face. Your people were happy. Flaco is no longer seen in the fight. His voice is no longer heard in battle. The enemy no longer make a path for his glory. His valor is no longer a guard for your people. The right arm of your nation is broken. Flaco was a friend to his white brothers. They will not forget him. They will remember the red warrior. His father will not be forgotten. We will be kind to the Lipans. Grass shall not grow in the path between us. Let your wise men give the counsel of peace. Let your young men walk in the white path. The gray-headed men of your nation will teach wisdom. I will hold my red brothers by the hand.

Thy brother,

SAM HOUSTON.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Made to Congress at Washington, Texas, on retiring from the presidency of the Republic, December 9, 1844.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

THIS numerous and respectable assemblage of the free citizens of Texas and their representatives, exhibits the best possible commentary upon the successful action and happy influence of the institutions of our country. We have met together for no purpose but that of adding another testimonial to the practicability of enlightened self-government—to witness a change of officers without the change of office—to obey the high behests of our written Constitution in good-will and fellowship, as members of the same great political family, sensible of our rights and fully understanding our duty.

I am about to lay down the authority with which my

countrymen, three years since, so generously and confidingly invested me, and to return again to the ranks of my fellow-citizens. But in retiring from the high office which I have occupied to the walks of private life, I can not forbear the expression of the cordial gratitude which inspires my bosom. The constant and unfailing support which I have had from the people, in every vicissitude, demands of me a candid and grateful acknowledgment of my enduring obligations. From them I have derived a sustaining influence, which has enabled me to meet the most tremendous shocks and to pursue, without faltering, the course which I deemed proper for the advancement of the public interests and the security of the general welfare.

I proudly confess that to the people I owe whatever of good I may have achieved by my official labors, for without the support which they so fully accorded me, I could have acquired neither advantage for the Republic, nor satisfaction for myself.

It is true that collisions have existed between the Executive and the Legislature. Both were tenacious of what they deemed their peculiar privileges; and in the maintenance of which both may have erred.

In various instances, the Executive was constrained by what he believed to be his most solemn duty to his conscience and his country, to interpose his prerogative to arrest immature, latitudinous, and dangerous legislation. Under the Constitution, his weight in the enactment of laws is just equal to two-thirds of either House of Congress. Were it otherwise he would be but little more than a mere automaton, and the balance of power and the coördinate character of these two divisions of Government would be utterly destroyed. The Executive has never denied to the Congress purity of motive and honesty of purpose. He has sincerely lamented the existence of any cause, apparent or real, for the occasional disagreements which have occurred, and has deplored the necessity of resorting to the Executive veto to save the country from still greater evils. In the exercise of this power he was aware that two-thirds of the Legislature could correct any error he might commit; and that beyond them stood the Judiciary, as the final umpire to decide be-

tween him and them, and preserve the Constitution inviolate.

I have now no reason to conceal the convictions of my judgment or the feelings of my heart. I stand here not to ask the concurrence of any branch of the Government in any of my acts, but to declare, in all sincerity, that the differences to which I have alluded, and the necessity for which I truly regret, arose on my part from a patriotic conception of duty. I may have been mistaken. In my retirement, therefore, I take with me no animosities. If ever they existed they are buried in the past; and I would hope that those with whom it was my lot to come in conflict, in the discharge of my official functions, will exercise toward my acts and motives the same degree of candor.

In leaving my station, I leave the country tranquil at home, and, in effect, at peace with all nations. If some annoyances still exist on the frontier, it will be remembered that it has taken years to attain our present position. The savage hordes by whom we have been molested, have at length, by the policy I have pursued with constancy, become generally peaceful. The occasional difficulties which arise are not to be compared with those of former days.

It is not reasonable to suppose that a work of so great magnitude and importance could be accomplished in a little while. Some twelve or fourteen different tribes of Indians, not harmonizing among themselves, and accustomed to depredate upon all around them, had long carried on hostilities upon our borders and despoiled us of our citizens. With them we have at last, I trust, succeeded in establishing a lasting friendship.

Our foreign relations, so far as the United States, France, England, Holland, and some of the principal states of Germany are concerned, are of the most agreeable character, and we have every assurance of their continuance. As to Mexico, she still maintains the attitude of nominal hostility. Instructed by experience, she might be expected to have become more reasonable; but the vain-glorious and pompous gasconade so characteristic of that nation would indicate that she is not quite ready to acknowledge the independence we have achieved. If, however, she attempts the infliction of the injuries which she has so often denounced, I am fully assured that the same

spirit which animated the heroic men who won the liberty we now enjoy, will call to the field a yet mightier host to avenge the wrongs we have endured, and establish beyond question our title to full dominion over all we claim.

When I look around me, my fellow-citizens, and see and know that the prospects of the Republic are brightening, its resources developing, its commerce extending, and its moral influence in the community of nations increasing, my heart is filled with sensations of joy and pride. A poor and despised people a few years ago, borne down by depressing influences at home and abroad, we have risen, in defiance of all obstacles, to a respectable place in the eye of the world. One great nation is inviting us to a full participancy in all its privileges, and to a full community of laws and interests. Others desire our separate and independent national existence, and are ready to throw into our lap the richest gifts and favors.

The attitude of Texas now, to my apprehension, is one of peculiar interest. The United States have spurned her twice already. Let her, therefore, maintain her position firmly as it is, and work out her own political salvation. Let her legislation proceed upon the supposition that we are to be and remain an independent people. If Texas goes begging again for admission into the United States she will only degrade herself. They will spurn her again from their threshold, and other nations will look upon her with unmingled pity. Let Texas, therefore, maintain her position. If the United States shall open the door and ask her to come into her great family of states, you will then have other conductors, better than myself, to lead you into the beloved land from which we have sprung—the land of broad stripes and bright stars. But let us be as we are until that opportunity is presented, and then let us go in, if at all, united in one phalanx, and sustained by the opinion of the world.

If we remain an independent nation, our territory will be extensive—unlimited.

The Pacific alone will bound the mighty march of our race and our empire. From Europe and America her soil is to be peopled. In regions where the savage and buffalo now roam uncontrolled, the enterprise and industry of the

Anglo-American are yet to find an extensive field of development.

With union, industry, and virtue, we have nothing to apprehend. If left alone, we have our destiny in our own hands, and may become a great nation distinguished for its wealth and power.

It is true we have been visited with inconveniences and evils. It is but a short time since we were without a currency—without available means, and everything to do, for our national paper was depreciated to almost nothing. A currency, however, has been at length established. Hard money is disbursed by the Government and circulates in the community. The period has arrived, I hope, when this currency may be maintained, and all other eschewed, unless intended as a representative of the precious metals actually in deposit. And I would not recommend the extension of the system further than merely to give the necessary facilities, as a medium of transmission or exchange. Relying upon the disposition of Congress not to extend their appropriations beyond the revenues arising from import duties, and the direct taxes secured, it will be seen that the Government can move on, and, at the same time, sustain the currency.

In the advancement of the Republic, from the earliest period of its history up to the present moment, we think we have demonstrated to the world our capacity for self-government. Among our people are to be found the intelligent and enterprising from almost every part of the globe. Though from different states and of different habits, manners, sects, and languages, they have acted with a degree of concord and unanimity almost miraculous.

The world respects our position, and will sustain us by their good opinion, and it is to moral influences that we should look, as much as to the point of the bayonet or the power of the cannon.

My countrymen! Give to the rising generation instruction. Establish schools everywhere among you. You will thus diffuse intelligence throughout the mass—that greatest safeguard to our free institutions. Among us, education confers rank and influence—ignorance is the parent of degradation. In-

telligence elevates man to the highest destiny, but ignorance degrades him to slavery.

In quitting my present position, and a second time retiring from the Chief-Magistracy of the Republic, I feel the highest satisfaction in being able to leave my countrymen in the enjoyment of civil and religious freedom and surrounded by many evidences of present and increasing prosperity. This happy condition is ascribable to that wise and benign Providence which has watched over our progress, and conducted us to the attainment of blessings so invaluable. Let us, therefore, strive to deserve the favor of Heaven, that we may be established in all the privileges of freemen, and achieve that destiny which is always accorded to the faithful pursuit of good and patriotic objects.

It is unnecessary for me to detain you longer. I now, therefore, take leave of you, my countrymen, with the devout trust that the God who has inspired you with faithful and patriotic devotion will bless you with His choicest gifts. I shall bear with me into the retirement in which I intend to pass the remainder of my life the grateful and abiding recollection of your many favors.

SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF THE CONDUCT OF THE SAN JACINTO CAMPAIGN

Delivered in the United States Senate, February 28, 1859.

WITHIN a very few days, Mr. President, my political life will terminate. Previous to that event, I deem it due to myself, and to the truth of history, as well as to posterity, that I should be indulged in vindicating myself against uncalled-for charges and unjustifiable defamation. Were it necessary, in retiring from official position, to cite illustrious examples for such a course, I could cite that of General Washington, who felt it necessary, with his large, his immeasurable renown, to offer a refutation of *anonymous* calumnies which had been circulated against him, and to specify the particular facts in relation to them. I find, too, that General Jackson, in his lifetime, deemed it proper to file a vindication of himself, which was not disclosed until

after his decease. Not wishing to place myself in a category with these illustrious men, I nevertheless feel that it is due to myself that I should vindicate my character from the attacks that have been made upon me. Within the next month, I shall have served my country, with few intervals, for a period of forty-six years. How that service has been performed, I leave to posterity to determine. My only desire is that truth shall be vindicated, and that I may stand upon that foundation, so far as posterity may be concerned with my action, that they may have an opportunity of drawing truthful deductions. Either of the illustrious patriots referred to might have spared much of their world-renowned distinction, and yet have had a world-wide fame left. More humble in my sphere than they were; more circumscribed than they, I feel that it is the more necessary for me to vindicate what may justly attach to me, from the fact that I leave a posterity, and from that circumstance I feel a superadded obligation. Neither of those illustrious men left posterity. I shall leave a posterity that have to inherit either my good name, based upon truth, or that which necessarily results to a character that is not unspotted in its public relations. I have been careless of replying to these things for years. I believe no less than ten or fifteen books have been written defamatory of me; and I had hoped, having passed them with very little observation, that, as I approached the close of my political term, and was about to retire to the shades of private life, I should be permitted to enjoy that retirement in tranquillity; that my defamers would not pursue me there with the rancor and hatred with which they pursue an aspiring politician whom they wish to sink or depress. I could see no reason for their continued efforts to detract from my fairly earned reputation.

Mr. President, these were fond anticipations, and they were delightful to cherish. I entertained them with cordiality; they were welcome to my heart. But I find recently, and it is that to which my observation is immediately directed, a production purporting to be a Texas Almanac, which contains what is said to be a narrative of the "campaign of San Jacinto." It has a name attached to it, and purports to be taken from the diary of a gentleman who has the prefix of

"Doctor" to his name, to give it weight in society. The individual is unknown. He is a poor dupe, ignorant, I presume, of the contents of the paper which bears his name. It is possible that he never knew a word it contained. It would be difficult to think otherwise; for one avenue to his understanding, he being profoundly deaf, has for many years been closed, and he has given a positive contradiction to the parts of his paper that were considered the most pointed and important.

The object was to assail my reputation, and to show that the battle of San Jacinto, and all the preceding acts of generalship connected with that event, had been forced upon the general, and that really, on that occasion, he had acted with a delicacy unbecoming a rugged soldier. This is the design. How far it will be successful, I do not pretend to say; but it is strange that such a mass of this work should be produced. I perceive that no less than twenty-five thousand copies of it are to be circulated in the character of a book. It would be rather imposing bound in cloth or leather, but in paper it is not so very important; but still there is something very *ostensible* about it.

My object, on this occasion, will be to show the true state of facts connected with that campaign, and with the wars of Texas.

* * * * * *

I should not have felt it necessary to reply to the attacks that have been made upon me, were it not that I am to leave a progeny, that might, at some future time, be called on to know why a response was not given to these fabrications, and the denial given to them. There is not one word of truth contained in all the calumnies in this book, or of others, except one, and this is, that the Commander-in-Chief never communicated his counsel to anyone. That is true, and it is the only truth in this or other books on the "campaign of San Jacinto." How could the general permit his designs to be known when mutiny and sedition were rife in camp, and when combinations were formed to thwart every measure that wisdom and prudence could devise, up to the very hour that the troops were formed for battle?

The truth of history has been perverted, and the opposite

has been asserted. Contributions of material have been made to this almanac; it was concocted and arranged, and then given to the world in such a shape that the dissemination of the calumny throughout the United States must affect the individual to whom it was directed, and make some impression upon him, and destroy his reputation.

Good reasons have actuated me on this occasion. The characters of the individuals who have propagated these slanders against the Commander-in-Chief are such as are not known to the public at large, and might have weight in society that would poison the true source of history, and subserve, to some extent, their unworthy ends; when, if their characters were known, truth would receive no detriment from their statements.

I regret, Mr. President, that I could not have prepared my matter more at leisure; for it is but a few days past since I contemplated addressing the Senate on this subject. I should then have done it with more pleasure, and with less detention of the honorable body; but this is the last occasion in which I ever expect that my voice will be heard in this Chamber; never again shall I address the President of this body.

Mr. President, in retiring from the duties which have sat lightly upon me in this Chamber since I have been associated with it, though changes have taken place, and successive gentlemen have occupied the seats in the Senate, I have believed, and felt it my duty, to cultivate the relations of good feeling and friendship with each and every gentleman, and I hope the same cordial respect will continue to obtain in this body. I know the high and important duties that devolve upon Senators, and I have confidence that their attention and their great abilities will be called to the discharge of those duties; that they will, on great national subjects, harmonize so as to give vigor to, and cement our institutions; and that they will keep pace in their efforts to advance the country with the progress that seems to invite it onward. My prayers will remain with them, that light, knowledge, wisdom and patriotism may guide them, and that their efforts will be perpetually employed for blessings to our country; that under their influence and their exertions

the nation will be blessed, the people happy, and the perpetuity of the Union secured to the latest posterity.

SPEECH OPPOSING SECESSION

Delivered before a mass meeting at Austin, September 22, 1860.

LADIES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I had looked forward and with many pleasing anticipations to this occasion, as I always do to a meeting with my fellow-citizens, hoping that no untoward circumstance would arise to prevent my giving full utterance to my sentiments on the political topics of the day; but ill-health has overtaken me, and I have, against the advice of my physician, arisen from a sick-bed to make my apology for not being able to fill my appointment; but being here, I will endeavor to say a few words in behalf of the Union, and the necessity of union to preserve it, which I trust will not fall unheeded. The condition of the country is such, the dangers which beset it are so numerous, the foes of the Union so implacable and energetic, that no risk should be heeded by him who has a voice to raise in its behalf, and so long as I have strength to stand, I will peril even health in its cause.

I had felt an interest in this occasion, on many accounts. It is said a crisis is impending. The clamor of disunion is heard in the land. The safety of the Government is threatened; and it seemed to me that the time had come for a renewal of our vows of fidelity to the Constitution and to interchange, one with the other, sentiments of devotion to the whole country. I begin to feel that the issue really is upon us, which involves the perpetuity of the Government which we have received from our fathers. Were we to fail to pay our tributes to its worth, and to enlist in its defense, we would be unworthy longer to enjoy it.

It has been my misfortune to peril my all for the Union. So indissolubly connected are my life, my history, my hopes, my fortunes, with it, that when it falls, I would ask that with it might close my career, that I might not survive the destruction of the shrine that I had been taught to regard as holy and inviolate, since my boyhood. I have beheld it, the fairest

fabric of Government God ever vouchsafed to man, more than half a century. May it never be my fate to stand sadly gazing on its ruin! To be deprived of it, after enjoying it so long, would be a calamity such as no people yet have endured.

Upwards of forty-seven years ago, I enlisted, a mere boy, to sustain the National flag and in defense of a harassed frontier, now the abode of a dense civilization. Then disunion was never heard of, save a few discordant notes from the Hartford Convention. It was anathematized by every patriot in the land, and the concocters of the scheme were branded as traitors. The peril I then underwent, in common with my fellow-soldiers, in behalf of the Union, would have been in vain, unless the patriotism of the nation had arisen against these disturbers of the public peace. With what heart could these gallant men again volunteer in defense of the Union, unless the Union could withstand the shock of treason and overturn the traitors? It did this; and when again, in 1836, I volunteered to aid in transplanting American liberty to this soil, it was with the belief that the Constitution and the Union were to be perpetual blessings to the human race—that the success of the experiment of our fathers was beyond dispute, and that whether under the banner of the Lone Star or that many-starred banner of the Union, I could point to the land of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, as the land blest beyond all other lands, where freedom would be eternal and Union unbroken. It concerns me deeply, as it does every one here, that these bright anticipations should be realized; and that it should be continued not only the proudest nationality the world has ever produced, but the freest and most perfect. I have seen it extend from the wilds of Tennessee, then a wilderness, across the Mississippi, achieve the annexation of Texas, scaling the Rocky Mountains in its onward march, sweeping the valleys of California, and laving its pioneer footsteps in the waves of the Pacific. I have seen this mighty progress, and it still remains free and independent. Power, wealth, expansion, victory, have followed in its path, and yet the ægis of the Union has been broad enough to encompass all. Is not this worth perpetuating? Will you exchange this for all the hazards, the anarchy

and carnage of civil war? Do you believe that it will be dissevered and no shock felt in society? You are asked to plunge into a revolution; but are you told how to get out of it? Not so; but it is to be a leap in the dark—a leap into an abyss, whose horrors would even fright the mad spirits of disunion who tempt you on.

Our forefathers saw the danger to which freedom would be subjected from the helpless condition of disunited states; and, to "form a more perfect Union," they established this Government. They saw the effect of foreign influence on rival states, the effect of dissensions at home, and to strengthen all and perpetuate all, to bind all together, yet leave all free, they gave us the Constitution and the Union. Where are the evidences that their patriotic labor was in vain? Have we not emerged from an infant's to a giant's strength? Have not empires been added to our domain, and states been created? All the blessings which they promised their posterity have been vouchsafed; and millions now enjoy them, who without this Union would to-day be oppressed and down-trodden in far-off foreign lands!

What is there that is free that we have not? Are our rights invaded and no Government ready to protect them? No! Are our institutions wrested from us and others foreign to our taste forced upon us? No! Is the right of free speech, a free press, or free suffrage taken from us? No! Has our property been taken from us and the Government failed to interpose when called upon? No, none of these! The rights of the states and the rights of individuals are still maintained. We have yet the Constitution, we have yet a judiciary, which has never been appealed to in vain—we have yet just laws and officers to administer them; and an army and navy, ready to maintain any and every constitutional right of the citizen. Whence then this clamor about disunion? Whence this cry of protection to property or disunion, when even the very loudest in the cry declared under their Senatorial oaths, but a few months since, that no protection was necessary? Are we to sell reality for a phantom?

There is no longer a holy ground upon which the footsteps of the demagogue may not fall. One by one the sacred things placed by patriotic hands upon the altar of our liberties,

have been torn down. The Declaration of our Independence is jeered at. The farewell counsels of Washington are derided. The charm of those historic names which make glorious our past has been broken, and now the Union is no longer held sacred, but made secondary to the success of party and the adoption of abstractions. We hear of secession—"peaceable secession." We are to believe that this people, whose progressive civilization has known no obstacles, but has already driven back one race and is fast Americanizing another, who have conquered armies and navies—whose career has been onward and never has receded, be the step right or wrong, is at last quietly and calmly to be denationalized, to be rent into fragments, sanctioned by the Constitution, and there not only be none of the incidents of revolution, but amid peace and happiness we are to have freedom from Abolition clamor, security to the institution of slavery, and a career of glory under a Southern Confederacy, which we can never attain in our present condition! When we deny the right of a state to secede, we are pointed to the resolves of chivalric South Carolina and other states; and are told, "Let them go out and you can not whip them back." My friends, there will be no necessity of whipping them back. They will whip themselves, and will not be worth whipping back. Deprived of the protection of the Union, of the ægis of the Constitution, they would soon dwindle into petty states, to be again rent in twain by dissensions or through the ambition of selfish chieftains, and would become a prey to foreign powers. They gravely talk of holding treaties with Great Britain and other foreign powers, and the great advantages which would arise to the South from separation are discussed. Treaties with Great Britain! Alliance with foreign powers! Have these men forgotten history? Look at Spanish America! Look at the condition of every petty state, which by alliance with Great Britain is subject to continual aggression! And yet, after picturing the rise and progress of Abolitionism, tracing it to the Wilberforce movement in England, and British influence in the North, showing that British gold has sustained and encouraged Northern fanaticism, we are told to be heedless of the consequences of

disunion, for the advantages of British alliance would far over-estimate the loss of the Union!

How would these seceding states be received by foreign powers? If the question of their nationality could be settled (a difficult question, I can assure you, in forming treaties), what do you suppose would be stipulations to their recognition as powers of the earth? Is it reasonable to suppose that England, after starting this Abolition movement and fostering it, will form an alliance with the South to sustain slavery? No; but the stipulation to their recognition will be, *the abolition of slavery*. Sad will be the day for the institution of slavery, when the Union is dissolved, and with war at our very doors, we have to seek alliances with foreign powers. Its permanency, its security, are coequal with the permanency and the security of the Union under the Constitution.

When we are rent in twain, British Abolition, which in fanaticism and sacrificial spirit far exceeds that of the North (for it has been willing to pay for its fanaticism, a thing the North never will do), will have none of the impediments in its path now to be found. England will no longer fear the power of the mighty nation which twice has humbled her, and whose giant arm would, so long as we are united, be stretched forth to protect the weakest state or the most obscure citizen. The state that secedes, when pressed by insidious arts of Abolition emissaries, supported by foreign powers, when cursed by internal disorders and insurrections, can lay no claim to that national flag, which when now unfurled, ensures the respect of all nations, and strikes terror to the hearts of those who would invade our rights. No! Standing armies must be kept—armies to keep down a servile population at home, and to meet the foe which at any moment may cross the border, bringing in their train ruin and desolation. Do you wish to exchange your present peaceful condition for the day of standing armies, when all history has proved that a standing army in time of peace is dangerous to liberty? Behold Cuba, with her 20,000 lazy troops, eating the substance of the people and ready at the beck of their masters to inflict some new oppression upon a helpless

people; and yet, without a standing army, no state could maintain itself and keep down its servile population.

It is but natural that we all should desire the defeat of the Black Republican candidates. As Southern men, the fact that their party is based upon the one idea of opposition to our institutions, is enough to demand our efforts against them; but we have a broader, a more national cause of opposition to them. Their party is sectional. It is at war with those principles of equality and nationality upon which the Government is formed, and as much the foe of the Northern as of the Southern man. Its mission is to endanger strife, to foster hatred between brethren, and to encourage the formation here of Southern sectional parties equally dangerous to Southern and Northern rights. The conservative energies of the country are called upon to take a stand now against the Northern sectional party, because its strength betokens success. Defeat and overthrow it, and the defeat and overthrow of Southern sectionalism is easy.

I come not here to speak in behalf of a united South against Lincoln. I appeal to the nation. I ask not the defeat of sectionalism by sectionalism, but by nationality. These men who talk of a united South know well that it begets a united North. Talk of frightening the North into measures by threats of dissolving the Union! It is child's play and folly. It is all the Black Republican leaders want. American blood, North nor South, has not yet become so ignoble as to be chilled by threats. Strife begets strife, threat begets threat, and taunt begets taunt, and these disunionists know it. American blood brooks no such restraints as these men would put upon it. I would blush with shame for America, if I could believe that one vast portion of my countrymen had sunk so low that childish threats would intimidate them. Go to the North, and behold the elements of a revolution which its great cities afford. Its thousands of wild and reckless young men, its floating population, ready to enter into any scheme of adventure, are fit material for demagogues to work upon. To such as these, to the great hive of working population, the wily orator comes to speak in overdrawn language of the threats and the words of derision and contempt of Southern men. The angry passions are roused into fury, and

regardless of consequences they cling to their sectional leaders. As well might the Abolitionists expect the South to abandon slavery, through fear that the North would go out of the Union and leave it to itself. No, these are not the arguments to use. I would appeal rather to the great soul of the nation than to the passions of a section. I would say to Northern as well as Southern men, "Here is a party inimical to the rights of the whole country, such a party as Washington warned us against. Let us put it down"; and this is the only way it can be put down.

The error has been that the South has met sectionalism by sectionalism. We want a Union basis, one broad enough to comprehend the good and true friends of the Constitution at the North. To hear Southern disunionists talk, you would think the majority of the Northern people were in this Black Republican party; but it is not so. They are in a minority, and it but needs a patriotic movement like that supported by the conservatives of Texas, to unite the divided opposition to that party there and overthrow it. Why, in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey alone, the conservatives had a majority of over 250,000 at the last Presidential election, and in the entire North a majority of about 270,000.* Because a minority at the North are inimical to us, shall we

*In the six Northern States—New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine and Wisconsin—where elections have been held, the Republicans have gained over the State elections of 1856, 37,145. Leaving out Connecticut, where the gain is 37,715, owing to the fact that the Black Republicans had not organized for the State election in 1856, there has been a falling off. As compared with the Presidential vote of 1856, they stand:

1856		1860	
Republican	265,357	Republican	254,875
Opposition	186,121	Opposition	215,670
Black Republican majority in 1856			79,236
Black Republican majority in 1860			39,205
Opposition gain			40,031
Popular vote of 1856			451,478
Popular vote of 1860			470,545

It will thus be seen that on a gain in the popular vote of 19,067, the Black Republicans fell off 40,031.

cut loose from the majority, or shall we not rather encourage the majority to unite and aid us?

I came not here to vindicate candidates or denounce them. They stand upon their records. If they are national, approve them; if they are sectional, condemn. Judge them by the principles they announce. Let past differences be forgotten in the determination to unite against sectionalism. I have differed with all three of the candidates; but whenever I see a man at this crisis coming boldly up to the defense of the Constitution of the country, and ready to maintain the Union against its foes, I will not permit old scores to prejudice me against him. Hence I am ready to vote the Union ticket, and if all the candidates occupy this national ground, my vote may be transferred to either of them. This is the way to put Mr. Lincoln down. Put him down constitutionally, by rallying the conservative forces and sacrificing men for the sake of principles.

But, if through division in the ranks of those opposed to Mr. Lincoln, he should be elected, we have no excuse for dissolving the Union. The Union is worth more than Mr. Lincoln, and if the battle is to be fought for the Constitution, let us fight it in the Union and for the sake of the Union. With a majority of the people in favor of the Constitution, shall we desert the Government and leave it in the hands of the minority? A new obligation will be imposed upon us, to guard the Constitution and to see that no infraction of it is attempted or permitted. If Mr. Lincoln administers the Government in accordance with the Constitution, our rights must be respected. If he does not, the Constitution has provided a remedy.

No tyrant or usurper can ever invade our rights so long as we are united. Let Mr. Lincoln attempt it, and his party will scatter like chaff before the storm of popular indignation which will burst forth from one end of the country to the other. Secession or revolution will not be justified until legal and constitutional means of redress have been tried, and I cannot believe that the time will ever come when these will prove inadequate.

These are no new sentiments to me. I uttered them in the American Senate in 1856. I utter them now. I was

denounced then as a traitor. I am denounced now. Be it so! Men who never endured the privation, the toil, the peril that I have for my country, call me a traitor because I am willing to yield obedience to the Constitution and the constituted authorities. Let them suffer what I have for this Union, and they will feel it entwining so closely around their hearts that it will be like snapping the cords of life to give it up. Let them learn to respect and support one Government before they talk of starting another. I have been taught to believe that plotting the destruction of the Government is treason; but these gentlemen call a man a traitor because he desires to sustain the Government and uphold the Constitution.

Who are the people who call me a traitor? Are they those who march under the national flag and are ready to defend it? That is my banner! I raised it in Texas last summer, and when the people saw shining amid its stars and stripes, "THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION," they knew it was no traitorous flag. They rallied to it; but these gentlemen stood aloof. I bear it still aloft; and so long as it waves proudly o'er me, even as it has waved amid stormy scenes where these men were not, I can forget that I am called a traitor.

Let those who choose, add to my watchword, "the enforcement of the law." If they maintain the Constitution and the Union, the enforcement of the laws must follow.

But, fellow-citizens, we have a new party in our midst. They have deserted the old Democracy, and, under the lead of Mr. Yancey, have started what they call a Southern Constitutional party. They say that they could not get their constitutional rights in the national Democracy; and because the platform was adopted which they all indorsed and under which they all fought in 1856, they seceded. It will be recollected that I objected to that platform in 1856; but I was declared to be wrong. They all denounced me then; but now they suddenly see that the platform won't do, and they secede to get their constitutional rights. They are the keepers of the Constitution; they don't want anything but the Constitution, and they won't have anything but the Constitution. They have studied it so profoundly that they claim to know better what it means than the men who made it. They

have nominated Southern Constitutional candidates, and have men traveling about the country expounding the Constitution; and yet there is scarcely one of them but will tell you that, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Lincoln may be elected in the mode pointed out by the Constitution and by a constitutional majority, they will not submit. You hear it from the stump, you read it in their papers and in their resolutions, that if Mr. Lincoln is elected the Union is to be dissolved. Here is a constitutional party that intends to violate the Constitution because a man is constitutionally elected President. Here is a constitutional party that proclaims it treasonable for a man to uphold the Constitution. If the people constitutionally elect a President, is the minority to resist him? Do they intend to carry that principle into their new Southern Confederacy? If they do, we can readily conceive how long it will last. They deem it patriotism now to overturn the Government. Let them succeed, and in that class of patriots they will be able to outrival Mexico.

But who are the teachers of this new-fangled Southern Constitutional Democracy? Are they not men like Yancey and Wigfall, who have been always regarded as beyond the pale of national Democracy—transplants from the South Carolina nursery of disunion? Whenever and wherever the spirit of nullification and disunion has shown itself, they and their coadjutors have been found zealously at work. They have been defeated time and again; but like men who have a purpose, they have not ceased their efforts. No sacrifice of pride or dignity has been deemed too great if it assisted in the great purpose of disunion. What if they assailed the Constitution of 1850? They indorsed it in the platform of 1852. From non-intervention they turn to intervention! From the peculiar advocates of State Rights, denying the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, they become the advocates of the Supreme Court as an arbiter, and shout for the Dred Scott decision. Anything for disunion! They can as readily dissolve the Union upon one issue as another. At the Nashville Convention they determined to dissolve it unless the Missouri Compromise line was extended to the Pacific. In 1854 they deemed the existence of this line a cause of separation, and demanded its repeal. The admission of Kansas was the next

ultimatum, and now it is the election of Mr. Lincoln. Should they fail, it will then be the adoption of the Slave Code and the repeal of the laws making the slave trade piracy.

These men of convenient politics intend to hang the peaceable and law-loving citizens of the country if they take office under Lincoln. You are to have no postmasters, no mails, no protection from the United States Army, no officers of the Government in your midst, for fear of these Southern Constitutional Democrats. One of them, Colonel Wigfall, your illustrious Senator, said upon the northern line of Virginia some time since, that if Lincoln was elected I would be one of the men who would take office, and have to leave Texas to keep from being "tarred and feathered." And this is the kind of talk by which men are to be driven into resisting the constituted authorities, and yielding their liberties into the hands of these Southern Constitutional Democrats. Now let me ask whether the most humble citizen, who deems it his duty to obey the laws, has not an equal claim to consideration with these men? Whenever the time comes that respect for the Constitution of our fathers leads to the scaffold or the block, he who falls a martyr in its defense will have a prouder fate than those who survive its destruction to share the ruin that will follow.

What do these men propose to give you in exchange for this Government? All are ready to admit their ability to pull down, but can they build up? I have read of the glory of a Southern Confederacy, and seen the schemes of rash enthusiasts; but no rational basis has been presented—none that would sustain a government six months. They take it for granted that because the Union has self-sustaining powers, they need but call a Southern Convention, secede, set up for themselves, and all will go on smoothly. But where are their Washingtons, their Jeffersons, and Madisons? Where is the spirit of sacrifice and patriotism which brought the Union into existence, and maintained it amid privation and danger? Look at the men who are crying out disunion, and then ask yourselves whether they are the men you would choose to create a new government? Do they combine that wisdom, prudence, and patriotism which would inspire you with confidence and lead you to trust the destinies of a nation in their hands?

Where are the proofs of their patriotism? Point to one of them, leading this secession movement, who has ever raised his arm or bared his bosom to the foe, in defense of the honor of his country, save Jefferson Davis; and even he, whose chivalrous bearing in battle does not excuse trifling with the safety of the Union, is thrown in the background by the impetuous Yancey, Wigfall, Keitt, and Rhett.

If the wisdom of the past century combined has not sufficed to perfect this Government, what hope can we have for another? You realize the blessings you have: give them up and all is uncertainty. Will you have more protection to your property—more rights, and have them better protected? We now have all that we ever could have under any government, and notwithstanding all the complaints we hear, they are as perfect as at any time since the formation of the Government. Because we carry the question of niggerism into national politics, and it engenders bad feeling, it is no reason for believing that our rights are invaded. We still have the institution of slavery. All the legislation on the subject for the past twenty years has been to secure it to us, so long as we may want it. It is our own, and the North has nothing to do with it. The North does not want it, and we have nothing to do with that. Their customs are their own. They are guaranteed to them just as ours are to us. We have the right to abolish slavery—they have the right to establish it. It is our interest to have it. Climate, soil, association—all make the institution peculiarly suited to us. If it were to their interest, the people of the North would have it. Even in Massachusetts, as I told them a few years since in Boston, they would have it yet, but for the fact that it would not pay. Now, when the "cotton states" are "precipitated into a revolution," and the Southern Confederacy is formed, is the idea of State Rights to be maintained, or is there to be a centralized government, forbidding the states to change their institutions, and giving peculiar privileges to classes? I warn the people to look well to the future. Among the unsatisfied and corrupt politicians of the day, there are many who long for title and power. There are wealthy knaves who are tired of our simple republican manners; and they have pliant tools to work upon in the forum and with the pen. So

long as the Union lasts, the masses need not fear them—when it falls, aristocracy will rear its head.

Whenever an encroachment is made upon our constitutional rights, I am ready to peril my life to resist it; but let us first use constitutional means. Let us resist, as our fathers did, with right on our side. They exhausted all legal means of remedy first. When submission to tyranny or revolution was all that was left them, they tried revolution. It was the same in Texas. The people fought to uphold the Constitution of 1824. When it was again violated, they sent petitions to the Central Government. Their agent was imprisoned, and an army was sent to disarm them. Then they raised the standard of revolution. In the share I have borne in these things I claim nothing more than the right to love my country in proportion as I have done my duty to it; but I may ask, what higher claim have these men, who would inaugurate revolutions before their time?

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I look around me and behold men of all parties. I appeal to you, old line Whigs, who stood by him of the lion heart and unbending crest, gallant Henry Clay. I ask you, did you ever hear from his lips a word disloyal to the Constitution and the Union? Did he ever counsel resistance to the laws? Gallantly he led you on, inspired you with devotion to his fortunes and principles. When defeat overwhelmed you and him, did he ever seek to plunge the country into a revolution? In all that glorious career, did Henry Clay ever utter a word of treason? No! There was a broad spirit of nationality pervading his life. While unbending, so far as his political views were concerned, there was a conservatism in his character which elevated his patriotism above considerations of party and made him a man for the whole country. You may say I was opposed to Clay while he lived. True, I was on questions of ordinary politics; but the barriers of party never divided us when the good of the country was at stake. There were national issues when his great mind bent all its energies for but one end, and that the glory and perpetuity of the Union. There were common sentiments, which had come down from the patriots of the Revolution and the founders of our Government, to which he and I could subscribe. Whenever these

were at issue, I beheld him the champion of the Union driving back its foes by the power of his eloquence. Would that the tones of that voice of his could once more fall upon the ear of the people and thrill the national heart! Treason, secession, and disunion would hide themselves as of yore. He was the Ajax whose battle-axe glistened aloft in the thickest of the fight for the Compromise of 1850. Whenever we saw his helmet plumes proudly waving, we knew that the battle was going well. Old Whigs, recollect who were his foemen then! Behold them now swelling the ranks of disunion! With the memory of your gallant leader before you, will you go with them? I stood with Clay against Yancey and his coadjutors. The same illustrious Wigfall, who now denounces me as a traitor upon my native soil, then proclaimed Houston and Rusk as traitors for their support of that measure. But the people condemned them, just as they will condemn them now. The conservatism of the land rose against them just as it is rising now. They were rebuked, and the country had peace until the Nebraska and Kansas bill came—that charmer, which was to bring peace, security, and power to the South. Scarce a ripple was seen on the popular current when it came. I saw the storm gathering as it passed and strove to arrest it. Would that I could have been successful; but yet you cast me off. I do not taunt you with the results. My last prediction has been fulfilled. It has broken up the party. Those who denounced me as a traitor for voting against it were the first to deny the bargain they had made and to break with their Northern friends in reference to its construction, when its construction was as well known at the time of its passage as then. I proclaimed my opposition to it on account of the power it conferred on the territories. And yet the men who then denounced me, now denounce their Northern friends for holding them to the bargain. They denounced me for voting with the Abolitionists; but it was forgotten that the illustrious men of the South stood side by side with Seward, Hale, Giddings, and the rest, against Henry Clay, in the battle for the compromise. I saw then how extremes could meet. Their affiliations were so close that I was reminded of the Siamese twins; and yet they were never branded as traitors.

I have appealed to the old Whigs. Let me now invoke the shade of Andrew Jackson and ask Democrats whether the doctrines which in these latter days are called Southern Constitutional Democracy, were democracy then? Men of 1832, when flashed that eagle eye so bright, when more proudly stood that form that never quailed, as when repelling the shock of disunion? Jackson was the embodiment of Democracy then. He came forth in the name of the people and fought these heresies which are now proclaimed here as democracy. Democrats, you remember! Whigs, you remember! how Clay and Webster aided Jackson to put down nullification and secession! Will you stand back now, when both are openly avowed by sectionalists North and South?

JOSEPH HOLT INGRAHAM

[1809—1860]

DAVID H. BISHOP

JOSEPH HOLT INGRAHAM was born in Portland, Maine, on January 26, 1809. His ancestry was typically New England. The immigrant ancestor came from England in 1690; his son settled at Portsmouth, Massachusetts, in 1720; and his grandson, the grandfather of J. H. Ingraham, settled at Falmouth, now Portland, Maine. In another line J. H. Ingraham was descended from Judge John Phillips, of Boston, great-grandfather of the late Phillips Brooks. In England the Ingraham family is traced back to Sir Randolph Ingraham in the reign of Henry II. In Portland, the birthplace and boyhood home of Longfellow, N. P. Willis, and Sargeant S. Prentiss, J. H. Ingraham spent his youth, and there he received his early education.* His father was the owner of shipping vessels, and the son made expeditions on some of these, satisfying, no doubt, the taste for adventure that is manifested in so many of his stories.

About 1830 Ingraham sailed from Portland to New Orleans, to make his home in the South. From the latter place he went to Natchez, where, after some experience in business and in the practice of law, he became a member of the faculty of Jefferson College, an institution in the nearby village of Washington. It was while he held this position that he turned his attention to the writing of tales and novels. The first of these to attract attention, or attain success, was 'The Southwest; by a Yankee,' published in 1835. In this rather formless novel—a description of imaginative scenes and conditions, purporting to be realistic pictures of Southern life—Ingraham gave some offence to the sensitive pride of the people he attempted to portray. No section of the South was better illustrative of the distinctive Southern life of that time than was Natchez. Society was rigidly aristocratic, and the social order was almost as essentially feudal as a European principality of the Fourteenth Century. To a man reared as Ingraham had been, in democratic New England, this life presented itself in an aspect that those who lived it could never see. Seeing themselves through the eyes of an outsider was distasteful to the people of Natchez, especially when there

*The late Reverend J. P. T. Ingraham, brother of J. H. Ingraham, is authority for the information that J. H. Ingraham was educated at Bowdoin College and that he graduated there. The president of that institution and the registrar as well find no record of his having been a student there.

was evident a touch of criticism in the tone of the writer. Criticism involved in much exaggeration was ridicule; and the author was never wholly forgiven, if not quite *de trop,* during the remainder of his life in Natchez.

'The Southwest' was followed by 'Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf,' (1836), a story of sea adventure with the title character as the chief actor; 'Burton; or The Sieges,' (1838), a novel of the Revolution, in which the author entered the field of his Southern contemporaries, Kennedy and Simms; and 'Captain Kyd,' a story adequately described by its brief title.

While living at Natchez J. H. Ingraham was married to Miss Mary Brooks, of that town. Shortly after he took up his residence there, S. S. Prentiss, a boyhood friend of Ingraham's, came to Natchez to make it his home. The friendship between the writer and the man who subsequently attained such national fame as an orator and statesman continued and strengthened. It was recognized by Ingraham in the naming of his only son for Prentiss.

The decade '40-'50 was a prolific period for Ingraham. The year 1849 alone was signalized by the publication of not less than nine stories and novels, while the total of the period was something over thirty. Of all these, 'Montezuma, a story of the Aztecs,' was the most important. About 1849, Ingraham removed from Natchez to Nashville, Tennessee; and there he established a school for young ladies. His short residence in Nashville was of momentous importance in his life. During the first year the cholera epidemic raged, and he gave his ministrations to the sick, attended by his brother, the Rev. J. P. T. Ingraham, at that time associate rector of Christ's Church, Nashville. During the remainder of his stay in Nashville he visited the State penitentiary regularly on Sunday afternoons, serving as an unordained chaplain to the prisoners. It was under his brother's influence that he was led to enter into this humanitarian work, and it was largely under the same brother's influence that he turned his attention to the Church and decided to enter its ministry.

It was while Ingraham was in Nashville that he wrote a series of letters for the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* under the *nom de plume* of "Kate Cunningham," who purported to be a New England governess in the South. These letters undertook to defend the South from the extreme charges made by the abolitionists, and were intended in particular to afford an answer to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' to the publication of which they were immediately subsequent. After Ingraham's death these letters were collected, and published in book form with the title 'The Sunny South.' To the same period belongs 'The Secret of the Cells,' in which the author embodies his experience as a chaplain in the Tennessee penitentiary.

Ingraham was ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church at Jackson, Mississippi, on February 8, 1852. After serving successively as rector of St. John's Church, Mobile, Alabama, and of the Episcopal church at Aberdeen, Mississippi, he was called to the rectorship of Christ's Church, Holly Springs, Mississippi, in the summer of 1858. Here he lived, until his death on December 18, 1860, occupied by his ministerial work, and the writing of the second and third of his Biblical novels, 'The Pillar of Fire' and 'The Throne of David.' The circumstances of his death were tragic. He was returning to his home from the shop of a gunsmith, where he had been to have a pistol repaired, when he stopped for a few minutes in the vestry of his church. In leaving the room, as he picked the weapon from the table, it was discharged, and the bullet struck him in a mortal spot. He died a few days later.* It is worthy of note, as a testimony to the character of his ministerial service and to the esteem of his parishioners, that the shaft which marks the grave of J. H. Ingraham in the Holly Springs Cemetery was provided for by the will of the late Rev. J. T. Pickett, who succeeded him as rector and who came to esteem the memory of his predecessor through the record he had left of his service as rector of Christ's Church.

When Ingraham entered the ministry he determined to turn his back on literature. The wild tales of adventure and of pillage and the very romantic and exceedingly sentimental love stories haunted him out of the past, and the clergyman would have suppressed the work of the author. It seems, however, that it was not the literary but the religious conscience that suffered remorse. Had Ingraham abided by his resolution to forego further literary effort he might have spared himself the endeavors to suppress his works. But the publication of his first Biblical novel, 'The Prince of the House of David,' brought him such fame and popularity that there was a demand upon the publishers for new editions of his almost forgotten works. It is stated that it was his brother, before mentioned, who again influenced him crucially, urging that he might use his talent for writing by taking Biblical situations for a setting and treating imaginatively Biblical characters; thus he could offset the harm that might have ensued from his unworthy works, as he considered them.

However this may be, in 1855, while he was living in Mobile, there appeared his greatest book, 'The Prince of the House of David.' It was immediately popular, and if there had been at that time such

*There has been, and is still, a persistent rumor that Ingraham's death by his own hand was intentional. The members of his family, and the friends who were with him in his illness—during which time he was thoroughly conscious, and could himself relate the circumstances of his death—believed that the firing of the pistol was accidental; the local newspaper published it so; and there does not seem to have been any direct evidence to the contrary.

careful record of the book mart as at present, it must have been heralded as one of the "best sellers." Nor was its popularity merely temporary; the original publishers put out as many as six editions, and since the expiration of the copyright no less than a dozen different publishers have issued editions, and to-day it is found among the popular cheap editions of books with expired copyrights.

Ingraham's work deserves distinction in literary records chiefly because he was a pioneer in the field of Biblical fiction. The author's avowed purpose in his trilogy, 'The Prince of the House of David,' 'The Pillar of Fire,' and 'The Throne of David,' was "to draw the attention of those persons who do not read the Bible, or who read it carelessly, to the wonderful events it records, as well as to the divine doctrines it teaches; and to tempt them to seek the inspired sources from which he mainly draws his facts." There is no way of determining how successful this intent may have been, but one must believe that the reverse of this purpose was more fully realized in the fact that the interest in the Bible made a large audience for the writer of the novels.

It is rather difficult for exacting literary judgment to find a just proportion between the popularity of 'The Prince of the House of David' and the intrinsic excellence of the book. The form of narrative chosen by the author is that of a series of letters, written by Adina, a young Jewess, visiting in Palestine, to her father in Alexandria. Thus the author selected a literary form through which it is most difficult to give convincing reality to the scenes and events described. The author is at pains to say in the preface that Adina is supposititious; and it is difficult to forget her supposititious character throughout the thirty-nine letters. She writes with her eye on the theology of the strictly orthodox denominations of the middle years of the Nineteenth Century. The style, even when one allows for the dignified formality of letters of the author's day, is such as could never have belonged to a real correspondence. It is the style of impersonal, rhetorical narrative, frequently declamatory; so that one suspects that Mr. Ingraham wrote clothed in the complete vestments of his clerical order. A scriptural tone that results in an artificial effect in style is imparted to the book by the use of mannerisms of speech—the archaisms of the King James version. The contents of the book are largely the incidents found in the four gospels; and practically all the characters of the gospel are brought forward in connection with the same circumstances and events of the Bible narrative. In this servile following of the incidents of the gospel is evidenced a poverty of resources and a lack of the historic imagination and chiefly on account of these limitations the book is unconvincing to the literary mind.

'The Pillar of Fire,' the first in order of the trilogy, as, in view of the single purpose of the author, the three novels may be termed, was the second written. Its scene is in Egypt, and the action is around Moses as a central figure. The form is the same as that of 'The Prince of the House of David.' Sesostris, a Phœnician prince, goes to Egypt as a student. He becomes an intimate of the Egyptian Court and a friend of Moses, who, as Remeses, ignorant of his Israelitish birth, is living as the son and heir apparent of the Egyptian queen. Sesostris writes letters to his mother at home, and these carry the narrative forward to the point where Moses learns of his parentage and renounces all claim to the throne of Egypt. The narrative is continued by letters from Moses to Sesostris, Aaron, and others, and the replies to these, to the point where Moses and Aaron assume the leadership of the Israelites, preparatory to the Exodus; and thence by letters from Remeses of Damascus, son of Sesostris, who has been sent by his father to visit Egypt, to the point where the Egyptian hosts are drowned in the Red Sea.

'The Pillar of Fire' alone of the other works of Ingraham, offers any comparison to his most famous work in the degree of popularity it attained. From the technical or critical standpoint, it is the superior work of the two. In having the elements of a plot it is nearer the novel form than either one of the other Biblical novels.

'The Pillar of Fire' is again more effective because of the freer rein which the author permitted his imagination, though, as far as the scripture narrative is available, it is strictly followed.

'The Throne of David,' the second in historical order, though the third in order of writing, is the least interesting of the trilogy. The book is adequately described in the words of the author: "The central figure of this work is David, Prophet, Priest and King, and type of Him who, as the last Prince of His house, transferred the Throne of David from earth to heaven—from Jerusalem below to Jerusalem above! It presents David as a shepherd, and a poet; in his friendship with Jonathan; in his victory over the Philistine; in the splendor of his regal magnificence; in his flight from Prince Absalom; and in all the scenes of his later life. Absalom in his rebellion, and Solomon in his kingly glory, are leading features of the work. The aim of the writer is to invest with popular interest one of the most interesting periods of Hebrew history distinguished by the contemporaneous existence of four of the most wonderful men of any age; viz., David, Saul, Samuel the Prophet, and Solomon the greatest and wisest of men."

Literary success, in the highest sense, was not Ingraham's aim. His early work was written for the market; and in his Biblical novels his primary purpose, as repeatedly expressed, was to make people

acquainted with the events and characters of scripture narrative. Original settings or imaginative scope he did not attempt; on the contrary, a strict adherence to Biblical color and a faithful reproduction of Biblical incidents were limits Ingraham conscientiously imposed upon himself. Measured by his own aims, he was in a high degree successful. He found the large audience he sought, and he must have made his readers acquainted with the Bible incidents and characters as far as his books present them.

The selections here offered may be taken as illustrative of Ingraham's matter and style. As far as literary expression is considered, his later work is worthier than the earlier; and the fact that the general interest in 'The Pillar of Fire' and 'The Prince of the House of David' was so much greater than it was in the romances and tales of adventure, offers additional reason for selections from these works. The selection from the first narrates the revelation to Moses of the secret of his birth through the mystical power of the Egyptian magicians, a situation where the author allowed himself unusual freedom of treatment. From the latter book the last chapter seems appropriate; it contains the expression of the purpose of the whole book, and it appears typical in a small compass of the qualities characterizing the book throughout.

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THE REVELATION TO MOSES OF HIS ISRAELITISH BIRTH

From 'The Pillar of Fire.'

"When I had taken my seat in this chamber of black marble, which was dimly lighted by a misty radiance before me, I saw that I was alone. Now, O Sesostris, came my trial!—such a one as no prince of the house of Pharaoh had ever passed through. It is said that Osirtasen, when he was brought to this chamber, had it revealed to him that he was the son of the god Hercules; but to me was revealed, alas! thou knowest what, and shalt hear how!

"'Remeses-Moses,' said a deep and stern voice from what, in the obscurity, seemed to me a shrine, 'thou art wise, and virtuous, and strong of heart! Gird thyself with courage, and hear what is to be revealed to thee! Know that thou art not the son of Amense, queen of Egypt, as thou believest. She was never a mother!'

"'It is false, thou wicked magician!' I cried, starting to my feet. 'Art thou, then, the foe I am to meet and destroy?'

"'Silence, young man!' cried another voice, with a tone of power. 'What the mysterious oracle utters is true. Thou art not the son of Pharaoh's daughter! Thou hast no title to the throne of Egypt!'

"'Who am I, then?' I cried, impressed and awed, yet full of anger at the words.

"'Thou art the son of a Hebrew mother and a Hebrew father!' said the voice.

"I advanced sword in hand to meet these invisible persons, believing that the insult was but another of the series of tests, and this one in particular, of my patience and temper; for, O Sesostris," added Remeses to me bitterly, "what greater insult could have been put upon a prince of Egypt than this! When I came forward, I saw the wall, as it were, open before me; and I beheld the Nile in bright sunshine; the Island of Rhoda, with its palaces and gardens; the distant towers and obelisks of On, and all the scenery adjacent, but seemingly so near that I could lay my hand upon it all.

"At this surprising spectacle manifesting itself in the dark

chambers of the pyramids, I stood amazed and arrested! I felt that it was supernatural, or produced by magic. As I gazed, perplexed, a third voice said:

" 'Behold! Thou seest that the obelisk of Amense is wanting; that the palace of the governor of the Nile has only its foundations laid. The scene is, as Egypt was thirty-five years ago.'

"I looked again, and recognized the truth. I saw it was not the Nile of to-day. I saw, also, that its stream was at a height different from its present mark upon the nilometer. I was amazed, and awaited with intense expectation. Suddenly I saw a party of spearmen enter a hut, which I perceived was one of a group that was occupied by Hebrew workmen who were engaged upon the governor's palace. Presently they came forth, two of them, each bearing an infant aloft upon a spear, which was thrust through it, and followed by shrieking women. I could hear and see all as if I were on the spot. I impulsively advanced to slay the men, for all seemed so real, but as I did so saw at my feet a yawning gulf. Then the men cast the infants into the Nile. I saw three others go into another hut, whence they were driven forth by two desperate Hebrews, who, armed with straw-cutters, slew two of them; but the other fled, and, returning with his comrades, they set fire to the hut of rushes, and consumed the inmates within it. I now perceived that it seemed drawing towards the close of day. From a hut, near the water, a man and a young girl, both Hebrews, stole forth, and collecting bulrushes in their arms, returned to the hut. It was now night. I had seen the shades of evening fall over the scenery, and the stars come out. Yet, by a power incomprehensible to me, I could look into the closed and barred hut, and see that, by the light of a rush dipped in bitumen, three of its inmates were making, in secret haste, a large basket. I saw them finish it, and then beheld the man smear it within and without with pitch. From their conversation I learned that they wished it to resist water, and that they were to commit some precious freight to its frail protection; what, I could not learn; as, when they spoke of it, their colloquy was in low, hushed tones, and with looks of fear, especially the two females, who wept very much. One of them, I learned by their words, was the daughter of the man

by a former wife. There was another child, a boy apparently of the age of three years, lying in sweet sleep upon a bed of rushes, made up in a corner of the hut. When the little ark was done, I watched with the deepest interest their further proceedings. At length the three went out together, and to my surprise I saw, by the setting moon, that it was near dawn. They bent their steps, swiftly and silently, toward the ancient temple of Isis, which was then, as now, in ruins, and deserted by every Egyptian, for the sacrilege done therein under the reign of Bnon, the Phœnician Pharaoh. I could see them steal along the tangled avenue beneath the palm trees, and through that of the broken sphinxes, until they came to the pyramidion of the obelisk of Sesostris I. Here a deep, ancient excavation, covered with vines and rushes, showed a flight of broken steps. After carefully looking all about, to see if they were observed, they descended. In a few minutes the three came forth, the elderly woman holding in her arms an infant, upon the beautiful face of which the waning moon shone for a moment, but instantly she hid it with her mantle, and hurried to the river side. Here the man put the basket upon the shore, and extended his arms for the child. The poor mother, as I now perceived she must be, burst into tears, and clasped it closer and closer to her heart.

" 'Nay, Jochebeda,' he said, with gentle firmness, 'thy cries will attract notice. The child cannot live if we delay. Hast thou not had warning from the kind Egyptian woman, who was with thee when it was born, and who aided thee in concealing it, that its hiding-place is known, and that in the morning soldiers will be there? Bear up, heart! If we commit it to the Nile, the God of our fathers, in whom we trust, and who will yet return to redeem us, according to His promise to our father Abraham, may guide the frail baris to some secure haven, and provide for the child a pitiful heart to save it.'

"I saw the mother give it its last nourishment at her breast, and then, with tears, lay it softly, sweetly sleeping the while, within the basket of bulrushes—pillowing its head first upon her hand, until the daughter had placed beneath it a pillow of wild-flowers and lotus leaves, gathered on the spot in the dawning light. The father then covered it carefully over, and,

kissing it, with grief shaking his strong frame, was about to commit the frail boat to the water, when the poor mother arrested his arm, imploring one more look, one more embrace of her child! She was a young and beautiful woman; and, the last kiss given, kneeled by the shore praying to her God, as the father launched the ark into the stream. At this moment I beheld, straying upon the bank, as if seeking its parents, the other child that I had seen in the house. I now saw the current take to its embrace the little ark, and upon its bosom bear it downward. In a few moments it lodged amid some rushes, which the mother seeing, she ran hastily, entered the water, passionately kissed her child, and would have offered it the breast again, but the more resolute father sent it once more upon its way. In the vision, I now saw that day had dawned, and that the stir of life on land and water was everywhere visible. The father watched the ark until it could be no longer seen for the curve of the shore, and then drew near to his wife, and gently led her away to the hut—her lingering looks ceaselessly stretched toward the Nile. The little maid, who was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, having been previously instructed by her mother, followed along the shore to see what would become of the ark. But I weary you, Sesostris, with details, which to me had a sort of fascination, as they were enacted before me in the scenes I beheld."

"And they are deeply interesting to me, my dear Remeses," I said with emotion.

"I followed the ark also," continued Remeses, "until, after several escapes from imminent peril, it lodged against a group of flags, at the moment that a beautiful lady, accompanied by her maids, came to bathe, at the foot of the garden of Pharaoh's palace. At a glance, Sesostris, I recognized, as she was in her youth, my mother—I mean to say, the Queen Amense. I saw her attention drawn to the little ark, in the fate of which I had become intensely interested, little dreaming how much and intimately it concerned me! I heard her bid the maids take the basket out of the river, and her cry of surprise, on opening it and seeing the babe, which answered her with a sorrowful wail, as it were, of appeal. I saw her offer it to the bosoms of three Egyptian nurses in vain, when the little maid, its half-sister, drew near with mingled curiosity and fear, and said:

"'O princess, shall I call one of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?'

"The princess said, 'Go!'

"Immediately the maiden ran with the swiftness of a gazelle, until she came at length to her mother's house. The poor Hebrew woman was at her task, combing flax and weeping as she toiled, feeling that she had parted with her child forever. At the height of her grief the young maid flew in at the door, crying with a voice choked with joy:

"'Mother, run quickly! make no stay! Pharaoh's daughter has found my little brother, taken it from the ark, and sent me for a Hebrew nurse! Come quickly, before any other is found!'

"With a cry of joy, and with hands clasped to heaven in gratitude, I saw the mother about to rush out, wild with happiness, when her daughter said, 'Be calm, mother, or the princess will suspect. Put on your coif! Arrange your dress! Seem quiet, as if you were not its mother!'

"'I will try to do so—oh, I will try to do so!' she said touchingly. I saw that, in her emotion, she did not think of her other boy, who, though hardly four years old, had followed the stream, as if he understood what the ark contained. Him I saw kindly taken pity upon by an Egyptian priest, who carried him away to his house."

Here I uttered an exclamation which attracted the notice of Remeses; for I recollected the story of the young Hebrew ecclesiastic and gold image-caster, dear mother, and saw now that he was this brother of Remeses, and the mystery of the resemblance was solved. I did not make any remark to Remeses, however, in reply to his inquiring look, and he resumed his wonderful narrative.

But I will continue the subject, dear mother, in a subsequent letter. SESOSTRIS.

LETTER XXV

Palace of Remeses, City of On.

My Dearest Mother:—Your courier reached me yesterday with your important letter, advising me of the refusal of the King of Cyprus to receive your ambassador, or release your subjects; and that you only await my return to declare war. I shall not fail to respond to your call, and will next week leave Egypt for Syria. I have not yet visited the Thebaïd, and the superb temples of Upper Egypt, nor seen the wonderful Labyrinth, nor the Cataracts; but I hope at some future day to revisit this interesting land. I feel, indeed, rejoiced to go away now, as the painful and extraordinary events connected with Remeses have cast a gloom over all things here, and changed all my plans.

But I will resume the narrative, interrupted by the abrupt ending of my last letter. That, with the preceding, as well as this, I shall now send to you, as the seal of secrecy is removed from them by the publicity which has been given to all the events by Remeses.

To return, dear mother, to the account of the scenes which the magicians presented to his vision, in the black marble chamber of the pyramid.

"I now," continued Remeses, "beheld the excited mother reach the presence of the princess, trying to calm the wild tumult of hope and fear in her maternal bosom; and to her, I saw the princess, after many inquiries, commit the charge of the infant.

"'I shall adopt this child, O nurse,' she said; 'bring it, therefore, to the palace daily that I may see it. Take as faithful care of it as if it were your own, and you shall be rewarded with my favor, as well as with a nurse's wages.'

"The joyful Hebrew woman tried to repress her happiness, and trembled so that the princess said:

"'Thou art awkward. Carry it tenderly; and see that thou keep this secret closely, or I shall take the boy away from thee, woman, and also punish thee. What is thy name?'

"'Jochebeda,' she answered.

"'And thy husband's?'

"'Amram, your majesty,' she replied.

"I saw her, O Sesostris, when she had well got out of the princess' sight, clasp, by stealth, her recovered child to her bosom, while words of tenderness were in her mouth, and her eyes streaming with tears of gratitude and wonder.

"That child, O Sesostris, was myself!" suddenly exclaimed Remeses. "Of this you have already been convinced. I saw the scene before me rapidly change from day to night, and months and years fly by like a cloud, or like a fleet of ships leaving no trace of their track on the closing waters. Through all I saw myself, from the infant of three years old, taken into the palace from my Hebrew mother, to the boy of twelve—to the youth of twenty! Like the cycle of fate, that scene rolled by before my eyes, until I saw myself, that is, the Hebrew boy, in every scene of my life up to the very moment then present. Then, with a sound of mournful music, the Nile and its scenes slowly faded from before my vision, and I was alone! The whole fearful history had terminated in me, and left me standing there in solitude, to reflect upon what I had seen.

"Rousing myself from my stupor of amazement I staggered back, and sunk in horror upon the stone bench. I know not how long I lay there, but I was at length aroused by a hand upon my shoulder; I looked up and beheld the magician with the emblem of life and the emerald-tipped wand. He said:

"'My son, thou hast read the past of thy life! Wilt thou still be King of Egypt?'

"'By what power hast thou opened the gates of the past? How hast thou known all this?' I cried, with a heart of despair.

"'Dost thou believe?'

"'As if the open Book of Thoth lay before me! I doubt not,' I answered.

"'Wilt thou be King of Egypt?' again asked another voice. A third, in another direction, took it up, and every subterranean echo of the vaulted pyramid seemed to take up the cry. I rushed from the hall, not knowing whither I went. Doors seemed to open before me as if by magic, and I at length found myself emerging, guided by the magician, into the open night. The granite valves of the gate closed behind me, and I was alone, in the quadrangle of the great temple of Thoth. The stars shone down upon me like mocking eyes, watching me. I

fled onward, as if I would fly from myself. I feared to reflect. I passed the sphinx, the pylones, the obelisks; and ran along the avenue of the Lake of the Dead, until I reached the Nile. I crossed it in a boat that I found upon the shore, and, without having formed any clear idea of what I ought to do, sought the palace, and gained my mother's anteroom. Did I say 'my mother,' Sesostris? I meant the good queen. I sent in a page to say I wished to see her. In surprise at my return, before the forty days were fulfilled, she came to the door hurriedly, in her nightrobe, and opened it. I entered as calmly as I could, and did not refuse her kiss, though I knew I was but a Hebrew! One night's scenes, dreadful as they were, O Sesostris, could not wholly break the ties of a lifetime of filial love and reverence. I closed the door, secured it in silence, and then sat down, weary with what I had undergone; and, as she came near and knelt by me, and laid her hand against my forehead, and asked me 'if I were ill, and hence had left the temple,' I was overcome with her kindness; and when the reflection forced itself upon me that I could no more call her mother, or be entitled to these acts of maternal solicitude, I gave way to the strong current of emotion, and fell upon her shoulder, weeping as heartily as she had seen me weep when lying in the little ark a helpless infant.

"During this brief moment, a suspicion flashed across my mind that the magicians might have produced this as a part of my trial as a prince—that it was not real, but that by their wonderful arts of magic they had made it appear so to my vision. I seized upon this idea as a man drowning in the Nile grasps at a floating flower.

"'Mother,' I said, 'I am ill. I am also very sorrowful!'

"'The tasks and toils of thy initiation, my son, have been too great for thee. Thy face is haggard and thy looks unnatural. What is thy sorrow?'

"'I have had a vision, or what was like a dream, my mother. I saw an infant, in this vision, before me, placed in an ark, and set adrift upon the Nile. Lo, after being borne by the current some ways, it was espied by a princess who was bathing, whose maids, at her command, brought it to her. It contained a circumcised Hebrew child. The princess, being childless, adopted it, and educated it, and declared it to be her son. She

placed him next to her in the kingdom, and was about to resign to him the crown, when——'

"Here my mother, whose face I had earnestly regarded, became pale and trembled all over. She seized my hands, and gasped:

"'Tell me, Remeses, tell me, was this a dream, or hast thou heard it?'

"'I saw it, my mother, in a vision, in the subterranean chamber of the pyramids. It was one of those scenes of magic which the arts of the magi know how to produce.'

"'Dost thou believe it?' she cried.

"'Is it not thy secret, O my mother, which Prince Mœris shares with thee? Am I not right? Does not that Hebrew child,' I cried, rising, 'now stand before thee?'

"She shrieked, and fell insensible!

"At length I restored her to consciousness. I related all I have told you. Reluctantly she confessed that all was true as I had seen it. I then, in a scene such as I hope never to pass through again, assured her I should refuse the throne and exile myself from Egypt. She implored me with strong appeals to keep the secret, and mount the throne. I firmly refused to do so, inasmuch as it would be an act of injustice, not only to Mœris, but to the Egyptians, to deceive them with a Hebrew ruler. She reminded me how, for sixty-one years, Prince Joseph had governed Egypt. 'Yes,' I said, 'but it was openly and without deceit; while my reign would be a gross deception and usurpation.' But, O Sesostris, I cannot revive the scene. It has passed!—I have yielded! She showed me the letters of Prince Mœris. She implored me for her sake to keep the secret, and aid her in resisting the conspiracy of the viceroy. When I reflected that he had made my mother so long miserable, and now menaced her throne, I yielded to her entreaties to remain a few days at the head of the affairs that have been intrusted to my control, and to lead the army against Mœris, should he fulfill his menace to invade Lower Egypt. After that, I said, I shall refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and will retire from the Court."

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST

From 'The Prince of the House of David.'

LETTER XXXIX

Bethany, Forty Days after the Resurrection.

DEAR FATHER:—With emotions that nearly deprive me of the power to hold my pen, and with trembling fingers that make the words I write almost illegible, I sit down to make known to you the extraordinary event, which will mark this day in all future time as the most worthy to be noted among men.

In my last I informed you that Jesus after his wonderful resurrection, which was declared to all men by infallible proofs, gathered once more his amazed and adoring disciples about him, and taught them, with more than mortal wisdom and eloquence, the great truths appertaining to his kingdom, which he now appointed them to extend throughout all the world.

On the fortieth day, my dear father, early in the morning, he left the house of Mary and Lazarus, where he had sat up with us all night, (for none of us thought of sleep within the sound of his heavenly voice), speaking to us of the glories of heaven, and the excellency of heart and purity of life required of all who should enter it.

"Lord," said Martha, as he went forth, "whither goest thou?"

"Come and see," he answered. "Whither I go ye shall know, and the way ye shall know: for where I am ye shall also be, and all those who believe in me."

"Lord," said Mary, kneeling at his feet, "return at noon, and remain with us during the heat of the day."

"Mary," said Jesus, laying his hand gently upon her forehead, "I am going to my Father's house! There thou shalt one day dwell with me in mansions not made with hands. Follow me, and thou shalt know the way thither! Through temptation I have first trodden it, through suffering, through death, and through resurrection from the dead. So also must thou and all who love me follow me. To my friends, the gate of the tomb opens into the world of life eternal."

Thus speaking, he walked slowly onward toward the hill

of Bethany, not far from the place where Lazarus was buried. He was followed not only by Mary, Martha, Lazarus, and John, my cousin Mary and myself, each of us expecting from his words and manner, some new and great event to take place; but by all the disciples, who had presently joined him near the cemetery, at the foot of the hill. There were at least five hundred persons in all, moving on with him ere he reached the green hillside beyond the village; for all followed him, expecting to hear more glorious revelations from his lips of the life beyond this.

"He goes to the hill to pray," said one of his disciples.

"Nay," said Peter, "he prays not since his resurrection as before. He has no need of prayer for himself, who has conquered sin, Satan, death, the grave and the world!"

"He goeth to show us some mighty miracle, from the expression of power and majesty in his aspect," said Thomas to me, gazing upon the Lord with awe; for each moment as he ascended the hill his countenance grew more glorious with a certain Godlike majesty, and shone like the face of Moses descending from Mount Sinai. We all hung back with adoring fear, and alone he proceeded onward, a wide space being left by us between ourselves and him. Yet there was no terror in the glory which surrounded and shone out from him; but rather a holy radiance, that seemed to be the very light of holiness and peace.

"So looked he," said John to us, "when we beheld him transfigured in the mount with Elias and Moses."

The hill, which is not lofty, was soon surmounted by his sacred feet. He stood upon its apex alone. We kept back near the brow of the hill, fearing to approach him, for his raiment shone now like the sun, while his countenance was as lightning. We shaded our eyes to behold him. All was now expectation, and looking for some mighty event—what we knew not! John drew nearest to him, and upon his knees, with clasped hands, looked toward him earnestly; for he knew, as he afterward told us, what would take place; Jesus having informed him the night before. Joy and yet tears were on his face, as he gazed with blinded eyes, as one gazes on the noonday sun, upon his Divine Master. It was a scene, dear father, impressive beyond expression. The hilltop was

thronged with an expectant, awe-stricken multitude, which knew not whether to remain or fly from the glorious majesty of the presence of the Son of God. The blue sky spread out its illimitable concave above the hills without a cloud. At the foot of the eminence toward the holy city slept the gardens of Gethsemane, where Jesus loved to walk, and where he was arrested. Jerusalem, with its towers, pinnacles, palaces, and gorgeous Temple, glittered in the distance; and Calvary, studded with fresh Roman crosses, stood out boldly in view, in the transparent air. The tall cypresses which grew above the tomb of Joseph, where he had lain, were also visible. Jesus seemed for a moment to survey these scenes of his suffering, of his ignominy and death, with the look of a divine conqueror. He then turned to his disciples and said:

"Ye have been with me in my sorrows, and you now shall behold my glory, and the reward which my Father doth give me. To-day I take leave of you and ascend to my Father and your Father. Remember all things which I have taught you concerning my kingdom. Go forth and teach the glad tidings of salvation to all men, and baptize all nations in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Thus speaking, in a voice that thrilled every bosom with emotions indescribable, he extended his hands above their heads and blessed them, while we all fell upon our faces to the ground, also to receive his blessing.

He then lifted up his eyes to the calm blue depths of heaven, and said:

"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was!"

As he spoke, we raised our faces from the ground, and saw him leaving the earth, rising from the hilltop into the air, with a slow and majestic ascension; his hands outspread over us beneath, as if shedding down blessings upon us all. The loud burst of surprise which rose from five hundred voices at seeing him soar away into the atmosphere, was followed by a profound and awful silence, as we watched him rise and still rise, ascending and still ascending into the upper air, his whole form growing brighter and brighter, as the distance widened between his feet and the earth!

Upon our knees, in speechless amazement, we followed his ascent with our eyes, not a word being spoken by any soul; and hearts might have been heard beating in the intense expectation of the moment.

Then in the far off height of heaven, we beheld appear a bright cloud, no larger than a man's hand, but each instant it expanded and grew broader and brighter, and swift as the winged lightning, it descended through the firmament downward, until we beheld it evolve itself into a glittering host of angels, which no man could number, countless as the stars of heaven. As these shining legions descended, they parted into two bands, and sweeping along the air, met the ascending Son of God in the mid sky! The rushing of their ten thousand times ten thousand wings, was heard like the sound of many waters. Surrounding Jesus, like a shining cloud, they received him into their midst, and hid him from our eyes, amid the glories of their celestial splendor.

While we stood gazing up into the far skies, hoping, expecting, yet doubting if we should ever behold him again, two bright stars seemed to be descending from the height of heaven toward us. In a few seconds we saw that they were angels. Alighting on the place Jesus had left, they said to the eleven, "Why gaze ye up into heaven, ye men of Galilee? This same Jesus whom ye have seen go into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have now seen him ascend!" Thus speaking, they vanished out of our sight! . . . . . .

The above account, my dear father, of the ascent yesterday into heaven of the Christ, our Blessed Lord Jesus, I wrote the same evening, while all the circumstances were present and vivid upon my mind. Oh, what a sublime spectacle! What human language can describe it! But one thing I have presented clearly to you, dear father, and that is the *fact* that Jesus has ascended into the heaven of heavens! Oh, amazing reality! Overwhelming truth! What, oh what is earth?—What is Judea?—What is man?—that God is mindful of him—that He should so have visited him! And when He has visited us—when His Divine Son, the brightness of the glory of the Father, has descended to earth, and assumed our nature, to reconcile us to God, and obtain an eternal life for us, how has he been received? Shunned for his voluntary poverty—

despised for his humble human parentage—hated for his holiness—tried before tribunals for crimes unknown to him—scourged and spit upon, mocked and buffeted, and crucified with thieves, as if his enemies would render his death as ignominious as it was capable of being made!

But behold the issue! See, when he had paid the debt of death for us, the change in all things! He awakes to life! He bursts the tomb! He walks forth from the sepulcher! Angels are his servants! After forty days on earth, unfolding to his disciples the mysteries of his gospel and the splendor of his kingdom, he ascends visibly to heaven at midday from Bethany, in the sight of many hundreds, and is escorted by armies of angels to the right hand of the Majesty on high!

Such, my dear father, is the appropriate crowning event of the extraordinary life of Jesus, both Lord and Christ! His ascent from the earth into the heaven of heavens not only is proof that he came from God, but that God is well pleased with all that he has done in the flesh. If in any one thing he taught, he spoke what was not true, either concerning the Father or concerning himself, he would not have received such a welcome back to the heavenly abodes! All that Jesus said of himself is therefore true! Jehovah attests it! We must then believe, or we can have no interest in the kingdom which he has gone to prepare for us, and which we can enter only as he has traveled through it, through humiliation, suffering, death, the tomb, resurrection, and also ascension! Thus did he truly say, "The way I go ye shall know!"

His kingdom is, therefore, my dear father, clearly not of this world, as he said to Pilate, the Procurator; but it is above. To it he has triumphantly ascended, attended by legions of Cherubim and Seraphim, an ascent which David clearly foresaw in vision, when he wrote:

"God has gone up with a shout, he has ascended on High!"

Doubt, then, no longer, dearest father! Jesus, the son of Mary in his human nature, was the Son of God in his Divine nature; an incomprehensible and mysterious union, whereby he has brought together in harmony the two natures, separated far apart by sin, by sacrificing his own body as a sin-offering, to reconcile both in one Immaculate body upon the cross. There is now no more condemnation to them who believe in him and

accept him; for in his body he took our sins, and with his precious blood, as that of a lamb without blemish, cleansed them forever away.

But I cannot write all I would say to you, dearest father. When we meet, which you rejoice me in saying, will be on the first day of the week, at Jerusalem, I will unfold to you all that the divine and glorified Jesus has taught me. Doubt not that he is Messias. Hesitate not to accept him; for he is the end of Moses, and of the Law, and of the Prophets, the very Shiloh who should come and restore all things, to whom be glory, power, dominion, majesty, and excellency evermore.

Your loving daughter,

ADINA.

ANDREW JACKSON

[1767—1845]

FREDERICK W. MOORE

ANDREW JACKSON (born March 15, 1767; died June 8, 1845), Major-general in the Regular Army and seventh President of the United States, was a man rather of action than of letters. He was an excellent type of the champion, with all which that can be made to imply of integrity of character, loftiness of purpose, alertness, energy, and effectiveness. He was the defender of justice, the avenger of wrong, not in the abstract, but concretely represented by sinister influence, or individual, or institution. He was better able to destroy the bad than constructively to build up the good. So his apologists have sometimes extolled him too highly and his critics have often disparaged him immoderately. With elements of weakness as patent as the elements of strength, the latter exceeded and the result was a character with definite outlines and force, and with influence on his own generation and ours.

He was a posthumous child, born of a vigorous stock which had not been long enough in this country to have taken root or to overcome poverty. His childhood was spent in a settlement lying across the line dividing the Carolinas, in the edge of the uplands, with Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, and King's Mountain, South Carolina, just beyond. He was only a lad when the Revolution came on; but before its close he had borne arms, suffered imprisonment, and experienced the loss of brothers and mother, who contracted mortal disease while nursing Revolutionary prisoners at Charleston.

Rumor represents that he was a youth of unsettled habits and turbulent disposition; one to whom the adventure and freedom of life across the mountains would be attractive. But we know that he came to the Cumberland settlements bearing a commission as public prosecutor, which even the influence of friends would not have procured for him, we may be sure, without some measure of suitable character and attainments. Certain it is that in the new community he rose to the responsibilities of the position.

He was plain and sometimes even uncouth in speech and conduct; rough, blunt, and severe. He was quick to take offence and on some notorious occasions resorted to the methods of the duel and the street brawl to defend his cause. Yet no hostess of high station in life entertained him so elegantly that he did not honor her by the becoming

and dignified courtliness of his manner. His chivalry was abundant, spontaneous, and sincere. He could unbend and sympathize with a child. His gentle consideration for a woman was knightly. The tenderness with which he cherished his wife during her life and her memory after her death (Mrs. Rachel Donelson Robards, daughter of Colonel John Donelson, married 1791, died 1828) is a great revelation of a softer side of his nature.

Opportunities which other men would have eagerly seized he quietly let pass. His State was prompt to single him out for advancement to high office, opening for him the door to careers in the national legislature and on the State bench. But he turned from them to take up merchandising, land speculation, stock breeding, and planting. Much more to his liking, as it proved, was the position of Major-general, to which the field officers of the State militia elected him (1803) by a bare majority over John Sevier after a contest involving bitter personalities.

It was the War of 1812 that gave him his great military opportunity; and in military service he displayed some of the most striking traits of his character. His first campaign (1813) was a bloodless expedition to Natchez and back, made memorable because of the esteem in which his soldiers learned to hold him and because he characteristically set aside an order of his superior, the Secretary of War, rather than let his soldiers suffer an injustice—in a matter in which the soundness of his judgment is now generally acknowledged. His second campaign was southward through the Indian country to Mobile. Obstacles were many; difficulty with his troops not the least. Aversion to long campaigns, lack of equipment and discipline, and consequent insubordination were weaknesses which the citizen armies of that period were prone to display. Recruited from the sturdy men of the frontier, they were too self-dependent and democratic to obey orders uncomplainingly and not sometimes "to reason why." Jackson's coolness, courage, and determination in keeping them together, almost in the presence of the foe, was remarkable; but equally so was his discernment that the requirements of Indian campaigning made it imperative that he should do it—and the decisive victory of the Horseshoe confirmed his judgment.

His third campaign was for the defence of New Orleans. January 8, 1815, is the date of the victory we celebrate. But the display of Jackson's military genius began a month earlier with the laying of plans to hold the enemy in check while defences were prepared. It was not that the English veterans from the Peninsular failed. It was that their leaders had miscalculated the strategical strength which had been given to the defences and the skill and cool courage of the men behind them. It is futile to point out that the

Peace Commissioners had already agreed upon terms and that the slaughter was as useless as it was horrible. In that battle Americans discovered a military hero; and the discovery thrilled them with a timely sense of self-realization which will not soon pass away.

But the circumstances under which the campaign against the Seminoles (1817) was undertaken were such that his genius in Indian warfare could not find free scope without producing serious complications. Receiving his orders, but assuming that the President's silence gave consent to certain alterations which he proposed in them, he quickly put an end to Indian troubles; but by a campaign in which Spanish soil was violated, the rights of English citizens disregarded, and the negotiations with Spain for the purchase of Florida jeopardized. No wonder that such breach of orders and of international law and propriety seemed to call for reprimand. But neither Calhoun in the Cabinet nor Clay in the House could effect it. Jackson's popularity with the masses not only prevented them but it even grew in consequence of their effort.

One surprising sequel developed fourteen years later, when Calhoun was Vice-president and after several of his friends had been accorded seats in the Cabinet. Jackson's sense of honor was keen; and loyalty was with him a matter of honor. Being at length informed that it was Calhoun who had urged the Cabinet to censure him, his anger burned with seven-fold heat. He could not comprehend that a man who had once felt moved to censure him could afterward honorably come into such confidential relations with him. Jackson was so artless that he often failed to conceive the possibility of an honest difference of opinion; and in matters involving ethical judgments, conscious of his own integrity, he judged harshly those who opposed him, none more so than Calhoun and Clay.

The complete abandon with which Jackson committed himself into the hands of his political friends amounted to a trait of character with him. In their efforts (1822) to secure at Washington a delegation from Tennessee favorable to his nomination for the Presidency, he was himself, without intention on his part, elected to the Senate. In the four-cornered Presidential race which followed he received the plurality both of the popular vote and of the electoral college. But Adams was elected by the House and Clay became his Secretary of State. The pure-minded Jackson had forbidden his friends to treat with Clay for his influence and, unable to appreciate that there might be considerations pointing to the propriety of an alliance between Adams and Clay, he saw in it only convincing circumstantial evidence of a bargain. With equal ingenuousness he exalted the expressed preference of a plurality for him into the "will of the people" and, resigning the senatorship, threw himself

into a long campaign to recover the Presidency from those who had defeated this "will of the people" by a "corrupt bargain."

St. George was not more active and zealous, and he was scarcely more successful, in fighting the legendary dragon than was Jackson in fighting wrong and injustice and in championing right and justice. A large number of the political problems with which he had to deal could be made to appear in an ethical light. Given a wrong and he was ready to become its avenger; given a just cause in distress and he was ready to seek out the oppressor and make eternal war upon him. He could break down the obstacles impeding the progress of the State, but he had little ability to devise new institutions to put in the place of the discarded ones. He was lacking in the constructive powers of statesmanship. Even in his successes, his weakness was most apparent. Not content with vetoing the bill for the re-charter of the monster bank monopoly, he must needs set about working its immediate undoing by diverting the public funds from its channels —but without having the statesmanship wisely to provide whither they should flow.

He was the soul of western democracy. In his day the spirit of the West was leavening even the East, and the West was peopled with men struggling side by side against great natural obstacles, enduring a common lot, consciously thinking out the economic and political problems of their environment, self-dependent to the limit of their powers, and looking to their neighbors or to the Government for coöperation in the greater common tasks. His democracy was one of initiative. He looked not simply to see that the people were left to enjoy the largest sphere of local self-government in local affairs, as Jefferson did; but to know what they would have their Government do. Within the limits of what it was constitutional for the National Government to undertake, he would have it abdicate its discretion and follow the will of the people. And of this people he was himself a part; their struggles were his struggles; their feelings were his feelings; their aspirations his aspirations. He was their greatest and most typical representative. Strange is the contrast between President Jackson coming out of the pioneer West and the long line of college-bred presidents who preceded him, equipped as each was with years of experience in the National Legislature, in the diplomatic service, and in Cabinet office. But in the view of his generation the contrast was not altogether unfavorable to him.

Busy with doing many things, he was not given to much writing or much speaking. Yet on occasion he could use either vehicle to express himself clearly, tersely, and effectively. There are no volumes of "expositions," "dissertations," and polished orations, such as Calhoun and Webster left. In the compilation of "Messages of

the Presidents," published by authority of Congress, his messages fill nearly a volume. Some of his papers, especially those on controverted points, appear in the pages of his biographers. A very large and representative mass of his letters, personal and political, and other manuscripts have within the past few years been acquired by the Library of Congress. Though he bore constant witness in his manner of writing and of speech as well that his childhood was not spent in cultured surroundings and that his youth was not given to the pursuit of the fine arts, there is nothing in either defect for which a biographer need apologize more than he did himself. Occasionally, to a personal friend, he offers excuse for sending off a letter uncopied. But in the transcriptions which he was accustomed to make, as did many other men of the time, the unconventionalities are reduced to a small series of recurring, rather piquant solecisms.

The traits of mind and character and the principles of life which were reflected in his actions are expressed with equal clearness in what he said and wrote. There is the same sympathetic tenderness on occasions that called for it; the same vehemence, force, positiveness, and directness; the same ingenuous artlessness; the same vindication of right; the same arraignment of injustice; the same consciousness of his own integrity; the same conception of the part which the people should have in government. He lived the theories which he subscribed and is the type and idealization of the democracy which bears his name.

Frederick W. Moore

A RESPONSE

Reply to the Abbé Dubourg's Address of Welcome.

Reverend Sir:—I receive with gratitude and pleasure the symbolical crown which piety has prepared; I receive it in the name of the brave men who have so effectually seconded my exertions for the preservation of their country—they well deserve the laurels which their country will bestow.

For myself, to have been instrumental in the deliverance of such a country is the greatest blessing that heaven could confer. That it has been effected with so little loss—that so few tears should cloud the smiles of our triumph, and not a cypress leaf be interwoven in the wreath which you present, is a source of the most exquisite enjoyment.

I thank you, reverend sir, most sincerely for the prayers which you offer up for my happiness. May those your patriotism dictates for our beloved country be first heard. And may mine for your individual prosperity, as well as that of the congregation committed to your care, be favorably received—the prosperity, the wealth, the happiness of this city will then be commensurate with the courage and other qualities of its inhabitants.

ADDRESS TO THE MILITIA

Friends and Fellow-Soldiers:—The President's proclamation, as well as the Secretary of War's letter to me, dated on the nineteenth of last month, has given rise to the preparatory steps taken to have the militia under my command in complete readiness. Those communications sound the tocsin of alarm. They are sufficient evidence to us that the repose of our country is about to be interrupted; that an illegal enterprise has been set on foot by *disappointed, unprincipled, ambitious or misguided individuals;* and that they are about to be carried on against the government of Spain, contrary to the faith of treaties. Other reports state that the adventurers in this enterprise were numerous; that they had assembled at the mouth of Cumberland River, in considerable force and hostile array; that they had for their objects a separation of the western

from the eastern part of the United States; and that an attack would, in the first place, be made on New Orleans.

These things, my fellow-soldiers, gave rise to my orders of the second instant, to the end that twelve companies of volunteer corps might be prepared to march on the fifth. I did at the same time order Brigadier-general James Winchester to take the command. As a previous and necessary measure to any order to march, I dispatched a confidential express to the mouth of Cumberland River and to Massac, with a letter to Captain Bissell, the commanding officer at that place. This express returned on the eighth instant, from whose report, together with the information given by Captain Bissell, we are furnished with the very pleasing news that nothing in that quarter is the least alarming. The alluded to address from the commanding officer had been read to you on parade. Under all these circumstances, added to the limited point of view which the orders given me must be interpreted, I have deemed proper to dismiss the corps under my command, and direct them to return to their respective homes until their country shall require their services, and until further orders shall be given. The appearance of unanimity, the ardor displayed on this occasion, and the promptness with which both the officers and men have attended to their duty and orders, are sure pledges to their country and to their General, that when emergency shall require, they will fly with the wings of Patriotism to support the united government of their country, and the liberty it so bountifully affords. He also clearly sees the great physical strength of our country displayed much to his satisfaction, in the promptness and alacrity with which General Winchester, General Johnston and the officers and men now in view, have shown in their attention to his orders. Here is the bulwark of our country always sufficient to support and defend the constituted authorities of our Government. When the insolence or vanity of the Spanish Government shall dare to repeat their insults on our flag, or shall dare to violate the sacred obligations of the good faith of our treaties with them; or should the disorganizing TRAITOR attempt the dismemberment of our country or criminal breach of our laws, let me ask what will be the effects of the example given by a tender of service made by such men as compose the *Invincible Grays*, commanded, too,

by the father of our infant State, General James Robertson?

It must and will produce effects like these: the youthful patriot will be invigorated to a proper sense of duty and zeal, and the vengeance of an insulted country will burst upon the devoted heads of any foreign invaders, or the authors of such diabolical plans. When we behold aged, deserving and respectable men, whom the laws of their country exempt from common military duty, the very first to come forward in the event of danger, and whose situation is every how comfortable at home, thus to act, what must be the degree of feeling and sensibility excited? It is beyond comprehension, but merits the highest encomium.

Friends and fellow-soldiers, I cannot dismiss you without making honorable mention of the patriotism of Captain Thomas Williamson, displayed on the present occasion, who, in twenty-four hours after the receipt of my letter, notified me that he was ready to march at the head of a full company of volunteers. Such promptness as this will be a fit example for the hardy sons of freedom, should the constituted authorities require our service.

Return, fellow-soldiers, to the bosom of your families, with the best wishes of your General, until your country calls, and then it is expected that you will march on a moment's warning.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 24, 1829.

Fellow-Citizens:—About to undertake the arduous duties that I have been appointed to perform by the choice of a free people, I avail myself of this customary and solemn occasion to express the gratitude which their confidence inspires and to acknowledge the accountability which my situation enjoins. While the magnitude of their interests convinces me that no thanks can be adequate to the honor they have conferred, it admonishes me that the best return I can make is the zealous dedication of my humble abilities to their service and their good.

As the instrument of the Federal Constitution it will de-

volve on me for a stated period to execute the laws of the United States, to superintend their foreign and their confederate relations, to manage their revenue, to command their forces, and, by communications to the Legislature, to watch over and to promote their interests generally. And the principles of action by which I shall endeavor to accomplish this circle of duties it is now proper for me briefly to explain.

In administering the laws of Congress I shall keep steadily in view the limitations as well as the extent of the Executive power, trusting thereby to discharge the functions of my office without transcending its authority. With foreign nations it will be my study to preserve peace and to cultivate friendship on fair and honorable terms, and in the adjustment of any difference that may exist or arise to exhibit the forbearance becoming a powerful nation rather than the sensibility belonging to a gallant people.

In such measures as I may be called on to pursue in regard to the rights of the separate States I hope to be animated by a proper respect for those sovereign members of our Union, taking care not to confound the powers they have reserved to themselves with those they have granted to the Confederacy.

The management of the public revenue—that searching operation in all governments—is among the most delicate and important trusts in ours, and it will, of course, demand no inconsiderable share of my official solicitude. Under every aspect in which it can be considered it would appear that advantage must result from the observance of a strict and faithful economy. This I shall aim at the more anxiously both because it will facilitate the extinguishment of the national debt, the unnecessary duration of which is incompatible with real independence, and because it will counteract that tendency to public and private profligacy which a profuse expenditure of money by the Government is but too apt to engender. Powerful auxiliaries to the attainment of this desirable end are to be found in the regulations provided by the wisdom of Congress for the specific appropriation of public money and the prompt accountability of public officers.

With regard to a proper selection of the subjects of impost with a view to revenue, it would seem to me that the spirit of equity, caution, and compromise in which the Constitution was

formed requires that the great interests of agriculture, commerce and manufactures should be equally favored, and that perhaps the only exception to this rule should consist in the peculiar encouragement of any products of either of them that may be found essential to our national independence.

Internal improvement and the diffusion of knowledge, so far as they can be promoted by the constitutional acts of the Federal Government, are of high importance.

Considering standing armies as dangerous to free governments in time of peace, I shall not seek to enlarge our present establishment, nor disregard that salutary lesson of political experience which teaches that the military should be held subordinate to the civil power. The gradual increase of our Navy, whose flag has displayed in distant climes, our skill in navigation and our fame in arms; the preservation of our forts, arsenals, and dockyards, and the introduction of progressive improvements in the discipline and science of both branches of our military service are so plainly prescribed by prudence that I should be excused for omitting their mention sooner than for enlarging on their importance. But the bulwark of our defence is the national militia, which in the present state of our intelligence and population must render us invincible. As long as our Government is administered for the good of the people, and is regulated by their will; as long as it secures to us the rights of person and of property, liberty of conscience and of the press, it will be worth defending; and so long as it is worth defending a patriotic militia will cover it with an impenetrable ægis. Partial injuries and occasional mortifications we may be subjected to, but a million of armed freemen, possessed of the means of war, can never be conquered by a foreign foe. To any just system, therefore, calculated to strengthen this natural safeguard of the country I shall cheerfully lend all the aid in my power.

It will be my sincere and constant desire to observe toward the Indian tribes within our limits a just and liberal policy, and to give that humane and considerate attention to their rights and their wants which is consistent with the habits of our Government and the feelings of our people.

The recent demonstration of public sentiment inscribes on the list of executive duties, in characters too legible to be over-

looked, the task of *reform,* which will require particularly the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the Federal Government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and the counteraction of those causes which have disturbed the rightful course of appointment and have placed or continued power in unfaithful or incompetent hands.

In the performance of a task thus generally delineated I shall endeavor to select men whose diligence and talents will insure in their respective stations able and faithful coöperation, depending for the advancement of the public service more on the integrity and zeal of the public officers than on their numbers.

A diffidence, perhaps too just, in my own qualifications will teach me to look with reverence to the examples of public virtue left by my illustrious predecessors, and with veneration to the lights that flow from the mind that founded and the mind that reformed our system. The same diffidence induces me to hope for instruction and aid from the coördinate branches of the Government, and for the indulgence and support of my fellow-citizens generally. And a firm reliance on the goodness of that power whose providence mercifully protected our national infancy, and has since upheld our liberties in various vicissitudes, encourages me to offer up my ardent supplications that He will continue to make our beloved country the object of His divine care and gracious benediction.

THE PRESIDENT TO MR. VAN BUREN

From 'Life of Andrew Jackson,' by James Parton.

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1831.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter resigning the office of Secretary of State was received last evening. I could indeed wish that no circumstances had arisen to interrupt the relations which have, for two years, subsisted between us, and that they might have continued through the period during which it may be my lot to remain charged with the duties which the partiality of my countrymen has imposed upon me. But the reasons you present are so strong that, with a proper regard for them, I cannot ask you, on my own account, to remain in the Cabinet.

I am aware of the difficulties you have had to contend with, and of the benefits which have resulted to the affairs of your country, from your continuous zeal in the arduous tasks to which you have been subjected. To say that I deeply regret to lose you, is but feebly to express my feelings on the occasion.

When called by my country to the station which I occupy, it was not without a deep sense of its arduous responsibilities, and a strong distrust of myself, that I obeyed the call; but cheered by the consciousness that no other motive actuated me than a desire to guard her interests, and to place her upon the firm ground of those great principles which, by the wisest and purest of our patriots, have been deemed essential to her prosperity, I ventured upon the trust assigned me. I did this in the confident hope of finding the support of advisers able and true; who, laying aside everything but a desire to give new vigor to the vital principles of our Union, would look with a single eye to the best means of effecting this paramount object. In you, this hope has been realized to the utmost. In the most difficult and trying moments of my administration, I have always found you sincere, able, and efficient—anxious at all times to afford me every aid.

If, however, from circumstances in your judgment sufficient to make it necessary, the official ties subsisting between us must be severed, I can only say that this necessity is deeply lamented by me. I part with you only because you yourself have requested me to do so, and have sustained that request

by reasons strong enough to command my assent. I cannot, however, allow the separation to take place, without expressing the hope that this retirement from public affairs is but temporary; and that if in any other station the Government should have occasion for your services, the value of which has been so sensibly felt by me, your consent will not be wanting.

Of the state of things to which you advert, I cannot but be fully aware. I look upon it with sorrow, and regret the more, because one of its first effects is to disturb the harmony of my Cabinet. It is, however, but an instance of one of the evils to which free governments must ever be liable. The only remedy for these evils, as they arise, lies in the intelligence and public spirit of our common constituents. They will correct them—and in this there is abundant consolation. I cannot quit this subject without adding that, with the best opportunities for observing and judging, I have seen in you no other desire than to move quietly on in the path of your duties, and to promote the harmonious conduct of public affairs. If, on this point, you have had to encounter detraction, it is but another proof of the utter insufficiency of innocence and worth to shield from such assaults.

Be assured that the interest you express in my happiness is most heartily reciprocated—that my most cordial feelings accompany you, and that I am, very sincerely, your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON.

PRESERVATION OF THE UNION

Extract from a Proclamation issued December 10, 1832.

THIS, then, is the position in which we stand: A small majority of the citizens of one State in the Union have elected delegates to a State convention; that convention has ordained that all the revenue laws of the United States must be repealed, or that they are no longer a member of the Union. The Governor of that State has recommended to the Legislature the raising of an army to carry the secession into effect, and that he may be empowered to give clearances to vessels in the name of the State. No act of violent opposition to the laws has yet been committed, but such a state of things is hourly apprehended. And it is the intent of this instrument to *proclaim,* not only that the duty imposed on me by the Constitution "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed" shall be performed to the extent of the powers already vested in me by law, or as such others as the wisdom of Congress shall devise and intrust to me for that purpose, but to warn the citizens of South Carolina who have been deluded into an opposition to the laws of the danger they will incur by the obedience to the illegal and disorganizing ordinance of the convention; to exhort those who have refused to support it to persevere in their determination to uphold the Constitution and laws of their country; and to point out to all the perilous situation into which the good people of that State have been led, and that the course they are urged to pursue is one of ruin and disgrace to the very State whose rights they affect to support.

Fellow-citizens of my native State, let me not only admonish you as the First Magistrate of our common country, not to incur the penalty of its laws, but use the influence that a father would over his children whom he saw rushing to certain ruin. In that paternal language, with that paternal feeling, let me tell you, my countrymen, that you are deluded by men who are either deceived themselves or wish to deceive you. Mark under what pretences you have been led on to the brink of insurrection and treason on which you stand. First, a diminution of the value of your staple commodity, lowered by overproduction in other quarters, and the consequent diminution in the

value of your lands were the sole effect of the tariff laws. The effect of those laws was confessedly injurious, but the evil was greatly exaggerated by the unfounded theory you were taught to believe—that its burthens were in proportion to your exports, not to your consumption of imported articles. Your pride was roused by the assertion that a submission to those laws was a state of vassalage and that resistance to them was equal in patriotic merit to the opposition our fathers offered to the oppressive laws of Great Britain. You were told that this opposition might be peaceably, might be constitutionally, made; that you might enjoy all the advantages of the Union and bear none of its burthens. Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your State pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury, were used to prepare you for the period when the mask which concealed the hideous features of *disunion* should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which not long since you would have regarded with horror. Look back to the arts which have brought you to this state; look forward to the consequences to which it must inevitably lead! Look back to what was first told you as an inducement to enter into this dangerous course. The great political truth was repeated to you that you had the revolutionary right of resisting all laws that were palpably unconstitutional and intolerably oppressive. It was added that the right to nullify a law rested on the same principle, but that it was a peaceable remedy. This character which was given to it made you receive with too much confidence the assertions that were made of the unconstitutionality of the law and its oppressive effects. Mark, my fellow-citizens, that by the admission of your leaders the unconstitutionality must be *palpable,* or it will not justify either resistance or nullification. What is the meaning of the word *palpable* in the sense in which it is here used? That which is apparent to everyone; that which no man of ordinary intellect will fail to perceive. Is the unconstitutionality of these laws of that description? Let those among your leaders who once approved and advocated the principle of protective duties answer the question; and let them choose whether they will be considered as incapable then of perceiving that which must have been apparent to every man of common understanding, or as imposing upon your con-

fidence and endeavoring to mislead you now. In either case they are unsafe guides in the perilous path they urge you to tread. Ponder well on this circumstance, and you will know how to appreciate the exaggerated language they address to you. They are not champions of liberty, emulating the fame of our Revolutionary fathers, nor are you an oppressed people, contending, as they repeat to you, against worse than Colonial vassalage. You are free members of a flourishing and happy Union. There is no settled design to oppress you. You have indeed felt the unequal operation of laws which may have been unwisely, not unconstitutionally, passed; but that inequality must necessarily be removed. At the very moment when you were madly urged on to the unfortunate course you have begun a change in public opinion had commenced. The nearly approaching payment of the public debt and the consequent necessity of a diminution of duties had already produced a considerable reduction, and that, too, on some articles of general consumption in your State. The importance of this change was underrated, and you were authoritatively told that no further alleviation of your burthens was to be expected at the very time when the condition of the country imperiously demanded such a modification of the duties as should reduce them to a just and equitable scale. But, as if apprehensive of the effect of this change in allaying your discontents, you were precipitated into the fearful state in which you now find yourselves.

I have urged you to look back to the means that were used to hurry you on to the position you have now assumed and forward to the consequences it will produce. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country of which you still form an important part. Consider its Government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection so many different States, giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of *American citizen*, protecting their commerce, securing their literature and their arts, facilitating their intercommunication, defending their frontiers, and making their name respected in the remotest parts of the earth. Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the

lights of religion, morality, and general information into every cottage in this wide extent of our Territories and States. Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and support. Look on this picture of happiness and honor and say, *We too are citizens of America.* Carolina is one of these proud States; her arms have defended, her best blood has cemented, this happy Union. And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse, This happy Union we will dissolve; this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface; this free intercourse we will interrupt; these fertile fields we will deluge with blood; the protection of that glorious flag we renounce; the very name of Americans we discard. And for what, mistaken men? For what do you throw away these inestimable blessings? For what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors and a vile dependence on a foreign power. If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home? Are you free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution or contending with some new insurrection, do they excite your envy? But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject; my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution deceived you; they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion. But be not deceived by names. Disunion by armed force is *treason.* Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the heads of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences; on their heads be the dishonor, but on yours may fall the punishment. On your unhappy State will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the Government of your country. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion, of which you would be the first victims. Its First Magistrate cannot, if he would,

avoid the performance of his duty. The consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow-citizens here and to the friends of good government throughout the world. Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal; it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your Revolutionary history will not abandon that Union to support which so many of them fought and bled and died. I adjure you, as you honor their memory, as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives, as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps. Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention; bid its members to reassemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor. Tell them that compared to disunion all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all. Declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country. Its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace, you may interrupt the course of its prosperity, you may cloud its reputation for stability; but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

Fellow-citizens of the United States, the threat of unhallowed disunion, the names of those once respected by whom it is uttered, the array of military force to support it, denote the approach of a crisis in our affairs on which the continuance of our unexampled prosperity, our political existence, and perhaps that of all free governments may depend. The conjuncture demanded a free, a full, and explicit enunciation, not only of my intentions, but of my principles of action; and as the claim was asserted of a right by a State to annul the laws of the

Union, and even to secede from it at pleasure, a frank exposition of my opinions in relation to the origin and form of our Government and the construction I give to the instrument of which it was created seemed to be proper. Having the fullest confidence in the justness of the legal and constitutional opinion of my duties which has been expressed, I rely with equal confidence on your undivided support in my determination to execute the laws, to preserve the Union by all constitutional means, to arrest, if possible, by moderate and firm measures the necessity of a recourse to force; and if it be the will of Heaven that the recurrence of its primeval curse on man for the shedding of a brother's blood should fall upon our land, that it be not called down by any offensive act on the part of the United States.

Fellow-citizens, the momentous case is before you. On your undivided support of your Government depends the decision of the great question it involves—whether your sacred Union will be preserved and the blessing it secures to us as one people shall be perpetuated. No one can doubt that the unanimity with which that decision will be expressed will be such as to inspire new confidence in republican institutions, and that the prudence, the wisdom, and the courage which it will bring to their defence will transmit them unimpaired and invigorated to our children.

May the Great Ruler of Nations grant that the signal blessings with which He has favored ours may not, by the madness of party or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost; and may His wise providence bring those who have produced this crisis to see the folly before they feel the misery of civil strife, and inspire a returning veneration for that Union which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.

EXTRACTS FROM FAREWELL ADDRESS

March 4, 1837.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Being about to retire finally from public life, I beg leave to offer you my grateful thanks for the many proofs of kindness and confidence which I have received at your hands. It has been my fortune in the discharge of public duties, civil and military, frequently to have found myself in difficult and trying situations, where prompt decision and energetic action were necessary, and where the interest of the country required that high responsibilities should be fearlessly encountered; and it is with the deepest emotions of gratitude that I acknowledge the continued and unbroken confidence with which you have sustained me in every trial. My public life has been a long one, and I cannot hope that it has at all times been free from errors; but I have the consolation of knowing that if mistakes have been committed they have not seriously injured the country I so anxiously endeavored to serve, and at the moment when I surrender my last public trust I leave this great people prosperous and happy, in the full enjoyment of liberty and peace, and honored and respected by every nation of the world.

If my humble efforts have in any degree contributed to preserve to you these blessings, I have been more than rewarded by the honors you have heaped upon me, and, above all, by the generous confidence with which you have supported me in every peril, and with which you have continued to animate and cheer my path to the closing hour of my political life. The time has now come when advanced age and a broken frame warn me to retire from public concerns, but the recollection of the many favors you have bestowed upon me is engraven upon my heart, and I have felt that I could not part from your service without making this public acknowledgment of the gratitude I owe you. And if I use the occasion to offer to you the counsels of age and experience, you will, I trust, receive them with the same indulgent kindness which you have so often extended to me, and will at least see in them an earnest desire to perpetuate in this favored land the blessings of liberty and equal law. . . . . .

While I am thus endeavoring to press upon your attention

the principles which I deem of vital importance in the domestic concerns of the country, I ought not to pass over without notice the important considerations which should govern your policy toward foreign powers. It is unquestionably our true interest to cultivate the most friendly understanding with every nation and to avoid by every honorable means the calamities of war, and we shall best attain this object by frankness and sincerity in our foreign intercourse, by the prompt and faithful execution of treaties, and by justice and impartiality in our conduct to all. But no nation, however desirous of peace, can hope to escape occasional collisions with other powers, and the soundest dictates of policy require that we should place ourselves in a condition to assert our rights if a resort to force should ever become necessary. Our local situation, our long line of seacoast, indented by numerous bays, with deep rivers opening into the interior, as well as our extended and still increasing commerce, point to the Navy as our natural means of defence. It will in the end be found to be the cheapest and most effectual, and now is the time, in a season of peace and with an overflowing revenue, that we can year after year add to its strength without increasing the burthens of the people. It is your true policy, for your Navy will not only protect your rich and flourishing commerce in distant seas, but will enable to reach and annoy the enemy and will give to defence its greatest efficiency by meeting danger at a distance from home. It is impossible by any line of fortifications to guard every point from attack against a hostile force advancing from the ocean and selecting its object, but they are indispensable to protect cities from bombardment, dockyards and naval arsenals from destruction, to give shelter to merchant vessels in time of war and to single ships or weaker squadrons when pressed by superior force. Fortifications of this description cannot be too soon completed and armed and placed in a condition of the most perfect preparation. The abundant means we now possess cannot be applied in any manner more useful to the country, and when this is done and our naval force sufficiently strengthened and our militia armed we need not fear that any nation will wantonly insult us or needlessly provoke hostilities. We shall more certainly preserve peace when it is well understood that we are prepared for war.

In presenting to you, my fellow-citizens, these parting counsels, I have brought before you the leading principles upon which I endeavored to administer the Government in the high office with which you twice honored me. Knowing that the path of freedom is continually beset by enemies who often assume the disguise of friends, I have devoted the last hours of my public life to warn you of the dangers. The progress of the United States under our free and happy institutions has surpassed the most sanguine hope of the founders of the Republic. Our growth has been rapid beyond all former example in numbers, in wealth, in knowledge, and all the useful arts which contribute to the comforts and convenience of man, and from the earliest ages of history to the present day there never have been thirteen millions of people associated in one political body who enjoyed so much freedom and happiness as the people of these United States. You have no longer any cause to fear danger from abroad; your strength and power are well known throughout the civilized world, as well as the high and gallant bearing of your sons. It is from within, among yourselves—from cupidity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition and inordinate thirst for power—that factions will be formed and liberty endangered. It is against such designs, whatever disguise the actors may assume, that you have especially to guard yourselves. You have the highest of human trusts committed to your care. Providence has showered on this favored land blessings without number, and has chosen you as the guardians of freedom, to preserve it for the benefit of the human race. May He who holds in His hands the destinies of nations make you worthy of the favors He has bestowed and enable you, with pure hearts and pure hands and sleepless vigilance, to guard and defend to the end of time the great charge He has committed to your keeping.

My own race is nearly run; advanced age and failing health warn me that before long I must pass beyond the reach of human events and cease to feel the vicissitudes of human affairs. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty and that He has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son. And filled with gratitude for your constant and unwavering kindness, I bid you a last and affectionate farewell.

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON

[1820—1898]

J. H. T. McPHERSON

IN 1772 a sturdy Devonshire lad of fifteen, moved by alluring reports from one of his father's friends who had won position and success in the New World, left his native village of Moreton, Hampstead, to find a home and a career in America. He settled in Savannah, studied law, and on the outbreak of the Revolution became an ardent patriot. This was James Jackson, one of the most striking figures of the early annals of Georgia. Active in affairs of war and peace, he won the rank of brigadier-general in the provincial army at the age of twenty-one, took part in the first Georgia Constitutional Convention, and represented his State in the first Federal Congress, later rising to the positions of Governor and Senator.

In 1790 he brought over from the Devonshire home a younger brother, Henry Jackson, then a boy twelve years of age, whom he adopted and cared for as a son. Henry was educated in Savannah, was graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania and in course of time became professor of physics and chemistry in the University of Georgia, a position which he held, with some intermissions, from 1811 to 1827. When William H. Crawford was Minister to France, Jackson was appointed his Secretary of Legation, and upon his return to accept a position in the Cabinet served for a year, 1815-1816, as *chargé d'affaires*. He married in 1819 Martha Jacqueline Rootes Cobb, the daughter of Thomas Reade Rootes of Fredericksburg, Virginia, who had come to Georgia six years before as the young bride of Captain Howell Cobb, and was now in the first year of her widowhood.

Henry Rootes Jackson, born at Athens on June 24, 1820, was the son of this marriage. He received his early education in Athens, attended the University of Georgia, and later the College of New Jersey and Yale, whence he was graduated in 1839. The following year he was admitted to the Georgia Bar, and began practice in Savannah. In 1843 President Tyler appointed him United States District Attorney for Georgia. He early displayed qualities of leadership, and on the declaration of war with Mexico was made captain of the "Irish Jasper Greens" and led them from Savannah, later becoming colonel of the only regiment that went to the war from Georgia. A number of his poems were written in camp during this

campaign. After the war he edited a paper, the *Georgian*, in Savannah, for a time, and from 1850 to 1853 served as judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern circuit.

In 1853 he received appointment as *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna and the following year was made Resident Minister to Austria, a post which he ably filled until July, 1858. On his return to America he was retained by the Federal Government to assist the District Attorney in the prosecution of certain violators of the laws forbidding the African slave trade, particularly those connected with the operations of the notorious slave yacht, the *Wanderer*. This task, in which he displayed great energy for several years, winning a reputation for high forensic ability, involved in those days no small degree of public odium, and proved a test of the courage and keen sense of duty which form the keynote of his character. His connection with these trials made him unpopular for a time, and greatly diminished his law practice; but in the end it redounded to his credit. During this period he was offered the chancellorship of the University of Georgia, on the resignation of Dr. Alonzo Church. He submitted a scheme of education, the main idea of which was to make the University a State military institution, whose graduates should be commissioned as second lieutenants of Georgia volunteers, to be called into service when emergency required. The plan was not approved, and he declined the appointment.

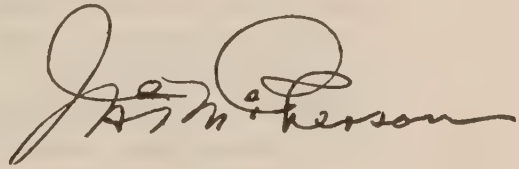
On the eve of the war between the States he threw himself vigorously into the political agitation as a champion of Southern principles, and made many forcible speeches and addresses. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention which met at Charleston April 23 and at Richmond June 21, 1860. On the withdrawal of Georgia from the Union he was appointed by Governor Brown major-general of the State forces, and later served as a judge of the Confederate courts. He joined the Confederate Army in 1861, served against McClellan in West Virginia, and on July thirteenth succeeded to the command of General R. S. Garnett, who was killed at Carrick's Ford on that date. This brilliant beginning was soon clouded. Governor Brown offered him command of a division of Georgia troops, and, anxious to serve with the men of his native State, he applied for leave of absence from the regular army. This was refused, and to attain his end he resigned his commission, a step by which he incurred the disfavor of the Administration. Jackson had scarcely brought his division into perfect shape when the Conscript Law went into effect, and Governor Brown, in order not to waste the efforts spent on the organization, turned over the command intact to the Confederate authorities. General Jackson resigned, as a formal step of the transfer, but ex-

pected reappointment by President Davis. The recommendation of the Governor was coldly received by the Administration, nor did repeated attempts of the Georgia delegation at Richmond to secure another command for Jackson meet with better results. For three years he was kept out of honorable military employment. In 1864, however, he served under Hood in the Atlanta campaign, and commanded a brigade of the Army of Tennessee in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. At Nashville he was taken prisoner, with his whole division, and was detained, first at Johnston's Island and then at Fort Warren, until the end of the war.

Returning to Savannah, he resumed the practice of the law and built up a highly successful and lucrative practice, acquiring wealth and fame and rising to foremost distinction in the State. His professional renown was rivaled by his reputation for high principle, dauntless courage, warm emotions, social charm, and interest in art and letters. In 1885 President Cleveland appointed him Minister to Mexico, where he acquired new laurels, which were not lessened by the disagreement with Bayard over the Cutting affair and his consequent resignation. He held many offices of trust; among others he was trustee of the University of Georgia, from which he received the honorary degrees of A.M. and LL.D.; trustee of the Peabody Fund, president of the Georgia Historical Society, president of the Telfair Art Academy, and director of the Central Railroad Company.

He was twice married, in 1843 to Miss Cornelia Augusta Davenport of Savannah, who died in 1853, and in 1866 to Miss Florence King of St. Simon's Island. There were four children by the first marriage, of whom two, a son and a daughter, survive him. He died of paralysis in Savannah, on May 23, 1898.

Jurist, statesman, soldier, diplomatist, General Jackson in his later years esteemed but lightly the little volume of verse published in 1850, entitled 'Tallulah and Other Poems.' Indeed, he is said to have made strenuous and fairly successful efforts to buy up and destroy the edition. Yet many of the verses possess decided charm and literary merit; and one in particular—"The Red Old Hills of Georgia"—went to the heart of the people of his State in a way that will cause it to be remembered long after his substantial services are forgotten.



THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA

The red old hills of Georgia!
So bald, and bare, and bleak—
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak.
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast;
And yet, of all the varied earth,
I love them best at last.

I love them for the pleasure
With which my life was blest,
When erst I left in boyhood
My footsteps on their breast.
When in the rains had perished
Those steps from plain and knoll,
Then vanished, with the storm of grief,
Joy's footprints from my soul!

The red old hills of Georgia!
My heart is on them now;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
Oconee's waters flow!
I love them with devotion,
Though washed so bleak and bare—
Oh! can my spirit e'er forget
The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living—
The generous, kind, and gay;
And for the dead who slumber
Within their breasts of clay.
I love them for the bounty
Which cheers the social hearth;
I love them for their rosy girls—
The fairest on the earth!

The red old hills of Georgia!
  Oh! where upon the face
Of earth is freedom's spirit
  More bright in any race?
In Switzerland and Scotland
  Each patriot breast it fills,
But oh! it blazes brighter yet
  Among our Georgia hills!

And where, upon their surface,
  Is heart to feeling dead?
Oh! when has needy stranger
  Gone from those hills unfed?
There bravery and kindness
  For aye go hand in hand,
Upon your washed and naked hills,
  My own, my native land!

The red old hills of Georgia
  I never can forget;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
  My heart is on them yet;
And when my course is ended—
  No more to toil or rove,
May I be held in their dear clasp
  Close, close to them I love!

MY FATHER

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep,
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles on the tearless soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the penciled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth—

And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread—
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand—
And widowed in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree—

Oh! Father! *then* for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly,
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you!

MY WIFE AND CHILD

The tattoo beats; the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on.
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh! dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh! guard that little sleeper's rest!

* * * * * *

Wherever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day, by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled—
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

OCONEE

Oconee! in my tranquil slumbers,
  At the silent dead of night,
Oft I see thy golden waters
  Flashing in the rosy light—
And flashing brightly, gushing river,
  On the spirit of my dream,
As in moments fled forever,
  When I wandered by thy stream.

* * * * * *

And there I lay in pleasant slumber,
  And the rushing of thy stream
Ever made a gentle music,
  Blending softly with my dream—
My dream of her who near thy waters
  Grew beneath my loving eye,
Fairest maid of Georgia's daughters,
  Sweetest flower beneath her sky!

With snowy brow and golden ringlets,
  Eyes that beggared heaven's blue,
Voice as soft as summer's streamlets,
  Lips as fresh as morning's dew!
Although she played me oft the coquette,
  Dealing frowns and glances shy,
These but made her smiles the dearer
  To a rover such as I.

What if earth by fairer river
  Nursed more beauteous maid than she—
He had found a slow believer
  Who had told that tale to me!
And sure I am no knighted lover
  Truer faith to ladye bore,
Than the little barefoot rover,
  Dreaming on thy pleasant shore.

The happiest hours of life are vanished;
She has vanished with them too!
Other bright-eyed Georgia damsels
Blossom where my lily grew;
And yet the proudest and the sweetest
To my heart can never seem
Lovely as the little Peri,
Mouldering by thy murmuring stream!

THE MOUNTAINS IN GEORGIA

Ye glorious Alleghanies! from this height
I see your peaks on every side arise;
Their summits roll beneath the giddy sight,
Like ocean billows heaved among the skies.
In wild magnificence upon them lies
The primal forest—kindling in the glow
Of this mild autumn sun with golden dyes,
While, in his slanting ray, their shadows grow
Broad o'er the paradise of vale and wood below.

How beautiful! though, fresh from Nature's God,
They show no footstep of an elder race;
No human hand has ever turned their sod,
Or heaved their massive granite from its place;
The green banks of their floods bear not a trace
Of pomp and power, which have come and gone,
And left their crumbling ruins to deface
The virgin earth. Here Nature rules alone;
The beauty of the hill and valley is her own.

Nor might the future generations know
Aught of the simple people who have made
Their habitations by the streams that flow
So fresh and stainless from the forest shade,
Who built their council fires on hill and glade,
And in yon pleasant valleys, by the fall
Of crystal founts, perchance, their dead have laid;
But for the names of mountain, river, cataract—all
Significant of thought and sweetly musical.

A GEORGIA NIGHT

The dreamy midnight rests upon the scene;
The gentle moon in heaven hangs serene,
And sheds her light o'er groves where infant spring
Is working joyous on each living thing;
Dips her fair fingers in the dewy showers,
To curl her vines and tint her budding flowers.
The careless zephyrs toss their wings on high,
And balmy fragrance mantles to the sky!

Let other minstrels choose for soul-inspiring themes
Thy grots, fair Hellas, and thy haunted streams!
Or sing, Italia, in their glowing lays
Thy gorgeous nights and passion-stirring days!
Or Scotland's floods, and lakes, and rugged braes
May furnish themes for their resounding praise!
Me Georgia charms, fair clime of sun and flowers,
Of waving woods, of birds and balmy showers;
Me Georgia charms, nor on the varied earth
Smiles land more fair than that which gave me birth!

THE FARMERS OF GEORGIA

Ye farmers of my native State! a noble race are ye!
The world contains no sounder heads, no hearts more bold and free;
You love the glorious Union with affection firm and true,
And yet of earth is Georgia far the dearest spot to you.

Ye've lived beneath her Southern sun, until his blazing eye
Has left upon your inmost souls the impress of her sky!
For Georgia's friends they softly glow, as when the days expire;
For Georgia's foes (and there are such) they kindle into fire!

Your hearts are generous as her soil from which you dig your bread,
And never goes the stranger from your open doors unfed;
The currents of your life are fresh as the flowing of her rills;
The granite of your will is firm as her eternal hills.

Ye farmers of my native State! ye loyal men, and true!
As ye are fond of Georgia, so is Georgia proud of you;
She sees no manlier spirits far as day his circle runs;
She leans upon your stalwart arms as a mother on her sons,

And knows that when the tempest comes ye'll stand before
the blast,
As sternly as her forest oaks, unflinching to the last!
Then while ye love the Union with affection firm and true,
Let Georgia still of all the earth be dearest far to you!

HAROUN ALRASCHID

A dogwood tree, with berries red,
Hung darkling o'er my woodland seat,
And far abroad its branches spread,
To shield me from the summer's heat,
As, buried in that copse the while,
Mid scented boughs of shrubbery hid,
I read of Crusoe's desert isle,
And Haroun Alraschid.

The solemn oak, with foliage dusk,
Became a palace as I read;
A dome of Oriental mosque,
The pine tree towered overhead;
And precious gems and jewels rare
Were thickly strung the leaves amid,
As rose bright cities in the air
Of Haroun Alraschid.

And veilèd maid, with sparkling eyes,
And Mussulman, with stately pace,
And genii, reaching to the skies,
And caliphs of a royal race,
And palaces, as of the dead,
Within the breast of mountains hid,
Gleamed through the forest, as I read
Of Haroun Alraschid!

Oh! often since, in lonely hours,
My heart reverts to childhood's day,
When generous fancy scattered flowers
So thickly o'er life's sunny way;
And often to the dogwood tree,
The shadows of the grove amid,
I hie in thought to dream of thee,
Great Haroun Alraschid!

THE LIVE-OAK

With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long since dead and gone.

For the Indian hunter 'neath his shade
Has rested from the chase;
And he here has wooed his dusky maid—
The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies:
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

In former days, when the battle's din
  Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
  Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
  To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone—the bold and free—
  And he moans above their grave.

THE DOGWOOD TREE

When spring is come, on the forest height
  You may see the dogwood tree,
With its robe of green, and its flowers of white,
Like a simple maid in her mantle dight,
  And bedecked not gorgeously.

When the spring is here with its voice of glee,
  Through the woods 'tis sweet to stray,
And to sit and muse by the dogwood tree,
While the zephyrs now are sporting free,
  And the birds are on each spray.

* * * * * *

But the maid I love is as chastely dight
  As the bloom of the dogwood tree.
Not hers are the colors that dazzle the sight,
But the charms that bring to the heart delight
  Are the maid's who is dearest to me!

ELLA
(A Fragment)

Oh! I have tried the stormy world,
And been within its eddies whirled,
And found its joys—if ever sought—
If ever won—are dearly bought;
And I have learned that pomp and power,
The triumphs of a fleeting hour,
And all the heraldry of fame—
A world's applause—a glorious name—
Not half the sacred bliss impart
As to be loved by one true heart!

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Bird of the night, sad Whip-poor-will,
  Alight upon yon waving tree,
And with thy sweetest warblings fill
  The starlit grove for me!
And I will listen to the strain,
While eve is on her peaceful wane,
  And echo on her hill,
And Nature drops her dewy tear,
And holds her softest breath to hear
  Thy ditty, Whip-poor-will!

* * * * * *

Oh! some prefer the mock-bird's note
  Or queenly nightingale to hear,
Or lark's shrill quaverings, as they float
  Upon the morning clear;
But none to me are half so sweet
As thus, upon a mossy seat,
  To list thee, bird of grief,
And dream of hopes forever fled,
The distant past, the silent dead,
  And love—the withered leaf!

And oh! when life is ended, here
  I'd wish to lay me down to sleep,
Where rustling leaves shall deck my bier,
  And eve her dewdrops weep;
And thou shalt keep thy vigils here,
And pour upon my spirit's ear
  Thy plaintive ditty still;
And sweet shall be the melody,
And sweeter far my slumbers be,
  To hear thee, Whip-poor-will!

EULOGY ON BISHOP ELLIOTT

From Eulogy on Bishop Elliott. Delivered February 12, 1867.

But, at last, the man, the scholar, the orator, the philosopher, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, combining together, culminating in the bishop at his holy ministrations. If a thing of beauty be a joy forever, here is a memory which can never die. The majestic figure that so well became the flowing robe; the benignant features kindling up with intellectual fire and pure emotion; the ringing voice, with its own peculiar tone of soulful melody; the lucid thought, the graceful diction—"touching nothing which they did not beautify"; a strong, vigorous mind, enriched by the lore of the theological schools, but yet more characterized by its quick, clear perception of the practical and the human, resulting from his knowledge of men and the ways of the world, giving at times a striking originality to his scriptural interpretations—for to the Bible at last must we look for the profoundly human and the profoundly practical—and trusting, in this age and among this people, rather to the love of the Son and the glories of Paradise to attract, than to the frowns of the Father and the terrors of Hell to appal; and, crowning all, a soul exhaustless of its sympathies as the sky of its stars, or the ocean of its pearls, and a charity broad as the shadow of an archangel's wing.

And here was the true benediction of this man; large in stature, large in intellect, in soul he was grand! And it is the soul only which grows forever; and grows most rapidly when it is fed by sorrow. Suffering and sorrow were the daily food of a God! And as they came to him, in those later and darker years, cup after cup of gall and wormwood, how grandly did he grow as he drank!

> Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though rolling clouds around its breast are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

WOMAN IN LITERATURE AND ART

From an Address on "Woman in Literature and Art."

THERE is an education far more comprehensive than the education of the schoolroom or the college; more comprehensive even than the education of the Church; for it embraces them all, and something beside. It is an education which begins the first, but which never ends. Commencing on the mother's knee, attending the individual from the cradle to the grave, it gives to family, to tribe, to nation, to race, their characteristic features; forms their habits, regulates their morals, moulds their manners, fashions their tastes, directs their aspirations, and graduates their rank upon the scale of social or civilized being. It is an education which may exalt to the highest, which may debase to the lowest point of human existence; an education which no human creature can possibly escape, for it is the offspring of a law as general, as despotic in the spiritual as is the law of gravitation in the physical universe. We must gravitate towards, we must assimilate to whatever we admire, to whatever we love, to whatever we adore, to the full extent of our capacity for admiration, for love, for adoration; always, of course, dependent upon the exercise of that capacity. Hence it is not possible for us to be brought into constant and intimate association with the beautiful, be it in the spiritual life, where it is synonymous with the pure; be it in the works of nature or in the works of art—impossible for us to learn to admire and love it without absorbing into our own being something of its beauty. I am sure that I exaggerate in nothing; that I lay down no proposition which a philosophic study of the world's history will not fully establish, when I say that, under the operation of this cardinal law, the love of the beautiful, innate in the human soul, has been not simply the originating germ, but the vitalizing essence, of all the civilizations. . . . The desire to express —the actual expression, of ideal beauty is as natural to the human soul—ay! to the humblest human soul—in its normal condition, as are its rays to the star, its fragrance to the flower, its song to the bird. Under the impulse of this passion, the imagination has ever been at work, utilizing the elements of

material nature for the expression of ideal beauty. The earth, the air, the light, sound, color, the marble, the canvas, have all been made subservient to the creative passion, as mediums for the communication of its ideals, through the material senses, to the recipient passion. Call the former art-talent, if you please; call the latter art-taste; but behold the birth and life of art!

ADDRESS ON THE "WANDERER" CASE

Extract from Address on the "Wanderer" Case.

THE next day found me actively engaged in examining the map to ascertain in what Southern States fortresses similar to Pulaski were located. At quite a late hour the following night I sent a telegram to the governors of all such states, mentioning what we were about to do and requesting them to do likewise, the telegram closing with these words: "This is fighting for our rights in the Union." And the small hours of the night found me descending the Savannah River in a small boat with one oarsman, and favored by the tide. In our descent we encountered one of the very heaviest rainfalls I have ever seen, and I remember that I saddened myself with the inquiry whether it might not be ominous of the future.

The dawn of day saw me capture Fort Pulaski by simply walking into it. No killed, no wounded, no glory. And so while Peyton—poor gallant Peyton—were he still alive, might fairly claim to be the first, last and only man active in suppressing the African slave trade at the North, I can fairly, as I do proudly, claim to be the first rebel, so-called, actively engaged upon land or water, at the South.

Gentlemen of the committee, a few more words and I shall have concluded what will probably be the last elaborate address of my life. In the year 1860 behold the two sections of the American Union! The North densely populated, marvelously inventive, poor but aggressive, chafing beneath the dominion of the South—a section of shifty shop-keepers, of laboring artisans and of struggling manufacturers. But everywhere among her people prevailed the ruling sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon race, an intense yearning for dominion.

which should soon culminate in the principle of "rule or ruin." It is true that from her statesmen and her philosophers, her priests and her poets, there came creations which have upon them the impress of the touch of the divine, which the world denominates genius. The attrition which had resulted from the hard life imposed upon her by her poverty had polished the genius of many of her sons, and placed their names among the immortals. But wealth she wanted and wealth she would have at any cost, whether of principle or of policy, whether through the slave trade or through imposition of an iniquitous tariff. "Put money in thy purse" was the shibboleth of the section.

On the other hand, behold our section—the fair land of the South! Radiant in the soft sunlight which warmed her breast into generous fertility, she stood before the civilized world as the favorite child of a bountiful Providence. The loyalty of black slave to white master, the fertility of her fields, and the industry of her sons, had produced a wealth sufficient to enable a portion of her children to devote their time to affairs of state. She governed this Union for more than seventy years, but with a purpose so honest, a hand so gentle, and a heart so pure, that Heaven smiled upon this Southern queen. Her daughters excelled the storied beauty of the Orient, and her sons, in all that proclaimed true and noble manhood, had placed themselves upon an elevation which made them the envy of the struggling masses—laborers and shop-keepers—of the North. The civilization that produced these results must be destroyed! The North had the population, and precisely as the gem of purest ray serene may be overwhelmed by brass and lead and iron—so the old South fell! But from the date of her fall to the present moment, I have been entering my protest against the wanton and cruel falsehood which seeks to fasten upon her fair fame the horrors of the African slave trade and the occasional unfortunate results of slavery. The stern glory of Sparta, the rich beauty of Athens, the splendors of imperial Rome, the brilliancy of ancient Carthage, all pale before the glories of the old South —the sunny South of our forefathers—of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison, and last, but not least, of Lee; and it is a source of profound satisfaction that I am able here, to-

night, once again to raise my voice in denunciation of the foul slanders which would put a single stain upon her fair limbs, and once more to fervently utter the prayer that the same principles which made her the most beautiful of the creations of God and man may prevail in the future government of my country, and may bring to my fellow-countrymen everywhere, peace, prosperity and good will! But let the truth of history prevail, and each youth who first sees light in this sunny clime will, wherever his wanderings may have carried him, proudly proclaim: "Thank God, I belong to the blood and lineage of the South!"

SAMUEL M. JANNEY

[1801—1880]

JOHN W. WAYLAND

THE long life and remarkable versatility of the subject of this sketch might readily supply matter for a volume—an interesting volume, too, as his own 'Memoirs' give proof; but conditions demand brevity of the present writer; moreover, the purposes of literary history seem to require the portrayal of certain phases of that versatility to the comparative neglect of others.

Samuel M. Janney was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, January 11, 1801; or, as he himself wrote it, "the 11th of 1st. month, 1801"; for he and his parents, Abijah and Jane Janney, as well as his grandparents, Janneys and McPhersons, were esteemed members of the Society of Friends. Indeed, his paternal ancestors appear to have been identified with the denomination from its beginning. Samuel's mother died when he was about twelve years old, and soon afterward his father located in the adjoining county of Fairfax, four miles west of Alexandria, where the family trade of milling was continued. At the age of fourteen the boy was placed in the counting-house of an uncle in Alexandria, and remained a member of his uncle's family until his marriage, in 1826, to Elizabeth Janney, a distant relative. During the nine years following 1830 he lived at Occoquan, sixteen miles south of Alexandria, where he was partner in a cotton factory; but, his business here proving a financial failure, he returned to his native county, Loudoun, in 1839, and established at Lincoln, near Leesburg, a boarding-school for girls. This school was called Springdale, and was conducted with success fifteen years.

The same year that Mr. Janney established this school he published his first considerable book: 'The Last of the Lenapé, and Other Poems.' From that date until the close of the Civil War period he produced his chief books—the bulk of his extensive writings. For two years and a half, beginning with May, 1869, he was Government Superintendent of Indian Affairs for seven of the northern tribes, with headquarters at Omaha. During the remainder of his life his home was at the village of Lincoln, where he died April 30, 1880. For nearly half a century prior to his death he was an active and prominent minister of the Gospel, influential and respected in Friends' councils, local and general. In doing the work of a counselor and

evangelist, he made frequent trips into adjacent states; going occasionally as far north as New York, and as far west as Illinois and Iowa.

Mr. Janney's success as a teacher, his effectiveness as a preacher, and his scholarly work as a writer, are all the more remarkable in view of his meager opportunities for educational training. Altogether he attended school but a few years. While still a small boy in Loudoun he was taught to read; when his father located in Fairfax he went to school in Alexandria for a short time; and after entering his uncle's counting-house he attended night school for the study of French and surveying. In speaking French he became so proficient that he was complimented by a distinguished French scholar. It becomes evident, however, that his general culture must be credited in large measure to his own initiative in study, and to his fertility of resource. Being fond of books—especially of the Bible—from a boy, he spent his leisure intervals in the counting-house in their company. He not only read much, but also reviewed his arithmetic and began the study of algebra. Having a liking for natural philosophy and chemistry, he organized his young friends into a scientific club. Apparatus was purchased, experiments were made, and lectures were delivered in turn by the several members. But the young man's strongest predilection was for literature. Accordingly, he joined a number of his associates in forming a literary society, which met once a month to read and criticize original essays. This organization existed several years, and many of the essays produced were published in literary journals.

Personally, Mr. Janney possessed a trim figure and a pleasing, refined countenance; socially, he was of genial and inviting presence; intellectually, he was acute, discriminating, and quick at repartee, though the arrows of his wit were carefully shorn of the barbs that give pain. With young and old he was a general favorite; and no wedding festivity in his neighborhood was complete without the presence of "Cousin Samuel." Serious and pious in every thought, he yet had a keen sense of humor and the artist's eye for beauty—physical beauty as well as spiritual, and for moral worth. Ecstatic amid the fields and flowers, and awed beneath the stars, he still had voice to sing:

> "The latest work of heavenly care
> Was woman's form divinely fair."

His integrity was proved by trial. When he opened the Springdale school he had little to call his own save a huge debt depending from the business failure at Occoquan; but within the next twenty

years, by writing, teaching, and settling estates, aided by his devoted wife's small income, he paid his debts—fourteen thousand dollars—and rose from the struggle with conscience clear and hope renewed. His public spirit was comprehensive and active. In common with his Society, he was a zealous advocate of peace, temperance, and freedom. As early as 1827 he published in the Alexandria *Gazette* a series of essays against slavery and the domestic slave trade. In 1850 his public advocacy of anti-slavery views and principles caused his prosecution in court; but his telling defence, no less than the inoffensiveness of his previous utterances, secured his release and vindication. In 1845 and 1846 he did effective work in the promotion of free public schools. As a delegate from Loudoun, he attended a convention in Richmond, and was there appointed one of a committee of fifteen, of which T. Jefferson Randolph was chairman, to draw up a report on common school education. With one other, a member of the State Legislature from Wheeling, Janney presented a minority report, favoring a system of free schools such as was then in operation in New York and New England; and, after a debate of a day and a half, carried the vote of the convention by a majority of at least three fourths. He also, in the same convention, led the opposition to the project of establishing another State military school, a project that was defeated by a close vote.

Next to all-pervasive piety, the crowning and animating virtue of Mr. Janney's character was philanthropy. This quality was in constant evidence throughout the long period of his Christian ministry, and was no less prominent in all his social and secular relations. In 1824 he assisted in teaching the poor, under the auspices of a Presbyterian Sunday-school. Soon afterward, with other young Friends, he established a First-Day school for colored children in the second story of the Friends' meeting-house. About forty years later, toward the close of the Civil War, he was instrumental in founding for the freedmen, in his native county, a Sunday-school and a week-day school, the latter of which was still in successful operation in 1899 as a graded school. Four years before Garrison established the *Liberator* Janney took part with other Friends in the endeavor to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. During the war he and his family ministered to the sick and wounded of both armies, and upon several occasions he rendered effective service in obtaining the release of Confederate hostages.

From early life the sufferings of the Indians enlisted his sympathy. Two of the longest poems in his collection, "The Last of the Lenapé" and "Tewinissa," exalt the Indian character and portray the pathos that attends the race. As already noted, two and a

half years of his old age were given to the arduous and dangerous supervision of tribes in the Northwest. When accepting this position he did not think to ask the amount of the salary. With him, as with Tewinissa,

> "None but the treasures of the heart
> For works of love can pay."

In a letter written August 27, 1853, Mr. Janney says: "Having given up my school, I have no secular business except that of an author." He was then about completing his second important prose work: the 'Life of George Fox.' At intervals from his youth he had been a poet and an essayist. In 1824 a poem of his, "The Country School-House," sent to New York in a competitive contest, was awarded a prize, and was published in the New York *Mirror*. Upon invitation of the editor, George P. Morris, he made other contributions to the same magazine. His two-months' wedding tour in 1826 must have stimulated his poetic instincts and given him many new themes, for the time was spent at Niagara Falls, Montreal, Quebec, Lake Champlain, Glens Falls, Boston, New York, in the Catskills, and amid other scenes beautiful by nature and already storied in the rising literature of the new nation. A fine poem on Lake George dates from that year.

The volume of poems published in 1839 is a sextodecimo of 180 pages, containing in all forty-four numbers, prefaced by an excellent "Essay on Poetry." In the latter the author's poetic creed is set forth without equivocation. Poetry should portray beauty and purity; it should lift the soul of man into a contemplation of the beautiful and sublime in nature, the wise and benevolent in human life, and the benignity of the divine character. And he is true to his creed.

The forty-four pieces in the little book are grouped in six classes: Two narrative poems; six descriptive; thirteen "On the Affections"; three elegiac; five scientific—on Caloric, Light, Electricity, Astronomy, and Attraction; and fifteen miscellaneous. The longest piece of all, and the best as a whole, is a blank verse fragment of 296 lines entitled "The Triumphs of Truth"; which is the "*First Part* of a Poem intended to illustrate the Christian doctrine of non-resistance, and to show that the gospel has always been advanced by the sufferings of the faithful."

The verse-form throughout the collection shows much variety, blank verse alternating with the Spenserian stanza, the heroic rhyme-couplet, and other forms less distinctly named. There is one sonnet.

Occasional feminine rhymes break the masculine tread. No less than seven of the pieces are written in the verse-form of Gray's famous "Elegy." This leads to the remark that the spirit and sentiment of the author frequently remind the reader of Gray and Goldsmith. The influence of Milton is sometimes apparent; from him two or three quotations are made; and a few times, notably in "The Triumphs of Truth," the stride and strain are almost epic. Classical allusions are few; but references to Scripture are frequent. David is preferred to all the sons of Jupiter. There are occasional well-made metaphors, with abundance of pleasing similes. There is a soft caress for the primrose, and a throbbing stroke for burning Ætna. Remarkable skill is shown in making poetry out of science. For example, the lines on Caloric begin:

> "Companion of the sunbeam!—thy swift flight,
> Though felt by all, eludes all human sight."

Perhaps the finest passage in the whole book may be found in a score of blank-verse lines in the poem on "Astronomy."

Says Mr. Janney, in his 'Memoirs':

"The edition of one thousand copies was disposed of readily, but there seemed to be no demand for another edition. Some years later I wrote and published a few other poems, but gradually my taste for poetry declined and I came to the conclusion that I should succeed better in prose, which proved to be the case."

It is certainly true that his most valuable service as an author was performed in the field of prose, though only a few words in reference to his prose works are necessary in this place. 'The Life of William Penn' (1851) and 'The Life of George Fox' (1853) ran through repeated editions, being favorably received in England as well as in America. The clear, terse style of the author, his painstaking study, and his copious reproductions of original sources make his books both interesting and valuable. From 1860 to 1868 the four volumes of his 'History of the Friends' came out. The last book he published himself was a little volume entitled 'Peace Principles Exemplified,' issued from the press in 1876. His 'Memoirs,' at first intended for the exclusive use of his children, he finally allowed to be published. The book appeared in 1881.

Thus the versatility of the man would appear if we should consider him only as an author, since he wrote, and right well, both poetry and prose, each in various fields. In the one form he sought beauty, in the other knowledge; but neither for its own sake nor his own

sake. His desire passed beyond himself to others, and again beyond all creatures to the Creator:

"To trace His wonders thro' each varying clime,
And all His mercies to the sons of men."

John W. Wayland.

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AN ESSAY ON POETRY

All selections are from 'The Last of the Lenapé, and other Poems.'

THERE have been periods when an essay in defence of Poetry, would have been deemed as superfluous as an attempt to defend the cultivation of flower gardens and orchards; but in this utilitarian age, the wonderful discoveries of science, the progress of civil liberty, and the rapid march of improvement in the mechanic arts, in manufactures, and in navigation, have turned the attention of the public almost entirely to those pursuits which minister to the physical wants of man. It is not the design of this essay to discourage those pursuits, but merely to show that there are others which relate more immediately to the wants of the mind, and which have an equal, if not a still greater tendency to extend the sphere of human enjoyment. The happiness of man does not depend so much upon the extent of his temporal possessions, as upon the purity of his desires, and the harmonious action of his moral and intellectual powers. The proper regulation of these powers depends much upon early associations, and upon a refined taste which enables us to enjoy the grand and beautiful in nature, and teaches to appreciate those ennobling qualities of the mind and of the heart, which constitute the real dignity of man.

There is something so intrinsically beautiful in a life spent in innocence and peace amid the shades of rural retirement, that it has in all ages formed the favourite theme of the moral poet; and there are few men of cultivated minds, however they may be engrossed by the business of life, who do not indulge the hope that they will one day retire from the world, and realize those visions of happiness so long and so fondly cherished. These views, although they may never be realized in actual experience, have still a favourable influence upon the heart, and prevent its tender sensibilities from being entirely destroyed by the withering influence of a worldly spirit. If such minds could trace back the current of their thoughts to the source from whence those associations were derived, they would often find it to be from the perusal, in their youthful days, of some poem, in which the beauties of nature, and the happiness of rural life, were themes of praise.

These effects may likewise be produced by compositions in prose, conveying to the mind the same kind of impressions —but verse, if well executed, has many advantages over prose, especially as a medium to convey moral sentiments to the young. There is a natural taste in all young persons for the melody of verse—they generally show a fondness for the rhymes, the metre, and the alliteration of poetry, before they are capable of appreciating the beauty of the sentiments it conveys.

As the youthful mind advances in knowledge, the taste for metrical composition generally increases in proportion as the capacity to perceive the higher beauties of style, becomes enlarged and improved. Perhaps there is no season in which we enjoy those pleasures with a higher relish, than just before that period arrives when we are to enter upon the arduous duties of life. After the cares of business, and the intercourse of the world, have in some degree worn off the sensibilities of youth, we are apt not only to lose for a season, our relish for literature, but even to find impaired, our love for the beautiful scenery of nature. But that love, if it has once taken root, will again revive, and may in after life, become one of the sources of our highest enjoyment. For whether a man be successful or unsuccessful in the pursuit of worldly objects, he will find at last that the bright anticipations of happiness which he indulged in early life, are not to be realized in the acquisition of wealth or power; and after having joined the crowd in their eager pursuits, he will, if he attends to the admonition of experience, endeavour to attain the object of his desire in the calm and tranquil enjoyment of domestic life. Then he will find the tastes of his youth again revived; and if in early life he has imbibed a relish for intellectual and spiritual enjoyments, they will become the solace of his declining years.

But there are persons who object to the reading of poetry, because of the wild and extravagant fictions with which it abounds, and the impure images it sometimes conveys. This objection will apply equally well to compositions in prose, and until the public shall learn to discriminate, and to encourage only that which is good, we must expect the evil to continue. There is, however, no necessity for resorting to such means for entertainment, for the records of past ages, the tradition

of our fathers, and the scenes of real life now acting around us, furnish the poet with abundant materials for the construction of his works. There is no necessity laid upon him to depart from the truth in his narratives or descriptions; but like the historical painter, who takes his figures from real life, and places them in attitudes suited for the performance of some action related in authentic history—although the characters may be copied from nature, yet the attitudes, the grouping, the expression, and the drapery, are his own—and these furnish him all the scope for the exercise of his talent that can be desired.

It does not however follow, because a story is true that it is therefore suitable for poetry, or even for instructive prose —for some incidents are too trivial, and others too low or disgusting, to be introduced, and it requires a discriminating taste to copy from real life, and yet to furnish a picture that shall at once afford pleasure and instruction. Fidelity to nature, and purity of moral sentiments, ought to be required of every author who aspires to public favour—but it must be acknowledged, that many modern writers in prose and verse, are sadly deficient in both of these qualifications. It was remarked some years ago, by an able writer in one of the foreign Magazines, "that in perusing some of the most popular English productions of the present day, it is impossible not to observe to what an extent our literature has been infected by the system of substituting the turbulence and sophistries of lawless passion, for the delineation of those more regular and decent movements, which appeal to our sympathy through our moral approbation. In our poets and poetical novel writers, this innovation has been most flagrant and systematic, and most successful as far as to be read with avidity, and applauded by the *unthinking,* can constitute success. The fashionable notion now is, that in a work of true genius, everything must be made subordinate to passion, no matter how unnatural or presumptuous a tone it may assume; and accordingly, our recent literature has teemed with impassioned railers against the decencies of life—impassioned marauders by sea and land—impassioned voluptuaries—impassioned renegadoes—impassioned striplings—impassioned hags: all of them venting furious sublimity upon the astonished read-

er, and boldly demanding his profound admiration, because they have lost all control over their actions and words."

It must be acknowledged that there is a class of writers, of whom this picture is a faithful portrait—men who have devoted the energies of the loftiest genius, to decorate the couch of voluptuousness, to conceal the deformity of vice, and to strew with the flowers of poesy, the path that leads to destruction. The personages who figure in their pages, although invested with much of heroic sentiment, would, if they lived and moved among us, be considered the most dangerous associates: and can they be proper subjects for contemplation to the inexperienced mind? There may be characters found or imagined of the most flagrant wickedness—yet having some traits that bear a resemblance to virtue, and it is in the power of a vivid imagination, by dwelling upon these, to shed around them a deceptive light which dazzles the beholder.

How many a youthful mind has followed with enthusiasm the story of some imaginary hero through all the vicissitudes of a career stained with crime! His deeds of cruelty, his relentless hate, and his unbridled passions, are lightly passed over, while the imagination is dazzled by "deeds of noble daring," by a boundless generosity, and by an impassioned devotion to some fair being who leans on him for protection.

Such characters have been portrayed by many of the poets and novelists of modern times, and their effects upon the youthful reader cannot fail to be injurious; if they do not in direct terms encourage vice, they at least sap the foundation of virtue.

But the poets and the novelists are not alone obnoxious to this charge, for even the historian has too often followed in the same path, and bestowed upon personal bravery, that praise which is only due to moral greatness. In casting the mind's eye over the literature of past ages, how much do we find that is calculated to encourage the spirit of war, and how little that tends to cherish the Christian virtues! Some of our earliest impressions derived from poetry and history, are inimical to the meek and peaceable spirit of the gospel. "We are intoxicated with the exploit of the conqueror as recorded in real history or in glowing fiction. We follow with a sympathetic ardour, his rapid and triumphant career in battle, and, unused as we are to suffering and death, forget the fallen and miserable

who are crushed under his victorious car. Particularly by the study of the ancient poets and historians, the sentiments of early and barbarous ages on the subject of war are kept alive in the mind. The trumpet which roused the fury of Achilles, and of the hordes of Greece, still resounds in our ears, and though *Christians by profession,* some of our earliest and deepest impressions are received in the school of uncivilized antiquity." May we not hope that the benign influence of the gospel of Christ, and increasing light of civilization, will yet more and more influence mankind, until we shall have a literature suited to the wants of a Christian people—a literature that instead of rousing the warlike passions, and inciting the love of worldly glory, will tend to soothe the perturbed spirit, and inspire the contemplated mind with a relish for piety, harmony and peace? It appears to me that such a day must yet arrive, and he that would write for posterity, must cultivate in his own mind, and endeavour to impress upon his works, those sentiments which are suited for a purer and happier age. In these views I am supported by one of the greatest of modern poets, who says:

"Noise, is there not enough in doleful war,
But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth
And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
To multiply and aggravate the din?
Pangs, are there not enough in hopeless love;
And in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety and fear,
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe insidiously, to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind where'er he may?
Ah! who (and with such rapture as befits
The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
The good man's deeds and purposes, retrace
His struggles, his discomfiture deplore,
His triumphs hail, and glorify his end?"

—*Wordsworth.*

It is not favourable to virtue, for the mind to dwell too much upon scenes of depravity and guilt, whether they be de-

scribed in authentic history, or portrayed in glowing colours by the novelist or the poet. But let us rather contemplate the beautiful and sublime in nature, and the wise and benevolent in human life, and more especially let us keep ever in our view the glorious benignity of the divine character, as exhibited in the works of creation, and taught and exemplified by Jesus Christ.

> "For the attentive mind
> By this harmonious action on her powers,
> Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
> In outward things to meditate the charm
> Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
> To find a kindred order, to exert
> Within herself this elegance of love,
> This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
> Refine at length, and every passion wears
> A chaster, milder, more attractive mien."
>
> —*Akenside.*

We shall then find that poetry of the highest order will find a response in our own feelings, and be like a mirror to present to our view the images of our past emotions—for true poetic feeling is not confined to the bosom of the poet—it is felt at times by every pure and elevated mind, when placed in circumstances favourable for its development. For instance, when, retired from the bustle of the world and surrounded by beautiful and tranquil scenery, we muse upon the uncertainty of life and think upon the dear companions of our childhood who have passed away from this scene of existence. Who is there that does not realize on such an occasion, that impassioned feeling which is the soul of poetry? The impressions which are thus made upon the mind may lie concealed for years, but if we meet with a passage by which they are revived, or by which kindred associations are produced, how delightful it is to hear the harmonious numbers sounding in our ears like the echoes of the past! But although these emotions which are poetical in their nature, may at times prevail in almost every mind, it must be conceded that the power of describing them so as to convey their images distinctly to others, is a faculty

possessed by few; and in this faculty chiefly consists the characteristic of the poet.

If this view be correct, it would seem that although poetry, *as an art,* must be confined to a few, yet the cultivation of poetic feelings and associations is open for us all; and there can be no doubt it was intended by the beneficent Author of our being, to be a source of refined and exalted enjoyment. And this enjoyment does not depend entirely upon the beauty of language, or the harmony of verse—although these have conferred upon it additional charms—it depends chiefly upon that harmony of the mind—that music of the soul—which is independent of audible sounds, and which may be felt by the contemplative mind to draw us away from the things of time, and to direct our thoughts to that region of sublime enjoyment, where every heart will be attuned to harmony and love.

"Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar day by day
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls."

—*Akenside.*

THE PEAKS OF OTTER

Behold yon peak with rocks gigantic crown'd,
And with a forest girdle circled round;
Its graceful outline swells before the eye,
In pleasing contrast with the azure sky;
And clothed in richest robes of living green,
It towers, the monarch of the mountain scene.
Tho' years have flown, and joys and sorrows past
Have o'er my path their lights and shadows cast;
Yet memory still in vivid colours shows,
The glorious scene that on my vision rose,
When on that peak in musing solitude,
To watch the dawning of the day I stood.
First in the eastern sky those streaks of gray,
The blended hues of light and shade display:

Succeeded soon by tints of roseate dye,
Whose brightening radiance spreads along the sky;
And many a cloud attends in rich array,
To catch the glories of the rising day.
Far as the eye can reach, the prospect wide
With valleys, hills, and plains diversified,
Seen in the distance from this mountain height,
Like one vast plain is spread before the sight:
Where, seen at times and then conceal'd from view,
The glittering streams their winding course pursue,
And sleeping mists in every valley lie,
Like bright, still lakes, deceptive to the eye.
But see! the rising sun with splendour glows,
The mists, awaken'd from their deep repose,
In graceful shapes their changeful forms display!
Then take the morning's wing and soar away;
What beauteous colours burst upon the sight,
Caught and reflected from the orb of light,
By whose bright beams uplifted, they appear
To rise triumphant to a higher sphere.
Does not yon glorious orb an emblem seem
Of that eternal and life giving Beam,
Which from the soul can chase the gloom of night,
Refine and clothe it with a robe of light,
Endow with feelings of celestial birth,
And bear triumphant o'er the things of earth?
As westward now we turn our wondering view
O'er yon wide-scattered hills and mountains blue;
We see the shadow of this lofty cone,
O'er many a distant ridge distinctly thrown,
Whose long-extended lines and graceful sweep,
Seem like the billows of the rolling deep.
Oh! who on such a scene as this can gaze,
Nor feel his bosom glow with grateful praise
To Him whose potent voice the word but said,
And mountains started from their ocean bed.
And oh! my country when I thus behold
The wide-extended plains, and mountains bold,
The vales secluded, thy embow'ring woods,
Thy rivers rolling their majestic floods,

Thy mighty cataract's unrivall'd scene,
And thy broad lakes that spread their waves serene—
I feel the greatness of thy destiny,
And breathe to heaven the fervent prayer for thee,
That like thy scenery may thy virtues shine,
And bear the impress of a stamp divine.

TO SERENA

Oh! why, Serena, dost thou wear,
So frequent on thy placid brow,
That sweetly musing pensive air,
That clothes it now?

Methinks in many a lonely hour,
The fading charms of earth resign'd,
Thou find'st in contemplation's bower,
Joys more refin'd.

When worldly cares, and scenes of mirth,
And all the fleeting dreams of life,
Whose influence binds us down to earth,
Have ceas'd their strife,

Thou know'st 'tis then the unfetter'd soul,
Enraptur'd, seeks the "world of mind,"
And spurning earth's severe control,
Soars unconfin'd.

'Tis then we find this speck of earth
Was never destin'd to confine
A soul that claims a heavenly birth—
A spark divine.

Hast thou not thought in hours like this,
How strange that mortals should forego,
The only lasting source of bliss,
And balm of woe?

To sport awhile on pleasure's stream,
  To breathe of flattery's pois'nous breath,
And then from life's illusive dream
  Awake in death.

For me, all heedless as I am,
  A wanderer from the perfect way,
When restless fancy finds a calm,
  These feelings sway.

Then looking back with heartfelt pain,
  Life's fleeting pleasures I review,
Repent, and say to Folly's train,
  Vain shades, adieu!

But ah! this vital spark, the mind,
  Is wedded to a frame of clay,
And all the follies, thus resign'd,
  Resume their sway.

Still then, Serena, may'st thou wear,
  Forever on thy placid brow,
That sweetly musing, pensive air,
  That clothes it now.

What tho' thy heart of purity,
  Life's various follies hath resign'd,
Still may'st thou mourn—yes, mourn for me,
  And all mankind.

Should some pure seraph from above,
  A being of celestial birth,
Come down, a messenger of love,
  And dwell on earth:

When he beheld th' afflictive scene,
  The prostrate state of souls divine,
His brow, methinks, a pensive mien
  Would wear like thine.

SOMETHING NEW

There is, methinks, beneath the sun
(Whate'er the Jewish sage may say)
One object fair, and only one,
That still is new from day to day.

Is it the bright kaleidoscope,
That changes, turn it as you will?
Is it the rainbow, arch of hope,
More beauteous and more changeful still?

Is it the cloud that veils the west,
So gorgeously at summer even;
Which seems as tho' some spirit blest,
Were opening the gates of heaven?

Oh! no; it wears one constant hue,
More bright than all of these can prove;
It is (I trust thou know'st it too)
It is the holy flame of love.

The brightest things of earth will tire,
Whate'er the charms they may display—
The birds of spring, the minstrel's lyre,
And e'en the cheering light of day.

But ah! there is in this a light,
So clear, so constant, and so true;
From night till morn, and morn till night,
We watch it, and it still is new.

EVENING ENJOYMENTS

Come gentle eve, I long to prove
The sweets of thy delightful reign,
When Luna walks in light above,
And Vesper leads her starry train.

But 'tis not Luna's silvery ray,
Nor Vesper's light I long to see,
For love, Serena, lights my way,
And guides my gladsome steps to thee.

I haste thy tender smile to meet,
To gaze on thy soul-beaming eye,
To hear thy voice so soft and sweet,
And breathe for thee affection's sigh.

Or when the pleasing cares of home
Thy hands engage in cheerful toil,
Bright fancy's page, or wisdom's tome,
I'll ope and read for thee, the while.

Thus, joyfully, we'll pass the eve,
While northern tempests sweep the air,
And thus the hand of love shall weave,
For Winter's brow, a garland fair.

And may that Power who reigns above,
And smiles on hearts united here,
Preserve the beauteous wreath of love,
And make it brighter every year.

ASTRONOMY

How do I love when Evening spreads her veil,
And Silence keeps her secret watch around,
To cast aside the anxious cares of life,
And hold communion with the starry spheres.
Still, as the glimmering day-light fades away,
The constellations one by one emerge;
Scarce seen at first amidst the depths of ether,
But soon more numerous, more refulgent glow,
Till all the sky is spangled with their blaze.
But see! with graceful step their Science comes!
Her optic tube she holds before our sight,
And countless stars, lost to unaided vision,
Burst forth from darkness on the raptur'd view:

In every star another sun we trace,
Round which vast worlds unceasingly revolve,
And likewise these encircled by their moons,
Harmonious, moving in their lesser spheres.
But still the mind would soar beyond this scene,
And thoughtful muse on Him—the Great Supreme;
Who, like a shepherd on some eminence,
That watches o'er his flock, beholds with joy
Their sportive gambols o'er the extended plain.

How sinks vain boastful man in nothingness
With such a scene compar'd! What is our earth,
This little scene of tumult and turmoil,
Where warriors strive for empire—statesmen grasp
That phantom power—and misers gather dust?

Oh! say, ye radiant orbs that wheel thro' space,
In distance vast, in number infinite—
Lives there upon your surfaces a race,
Like ours in form, like ours of transient date,
And fallen like ours from pristine purity?

To say ye shine for us, and us alone,
Presumption's height would be—shall those vast orbs
Form'd like our earth, but how much more immense!
Wheel through the deserts of infinity,
And waft no praises to their Maker's ear?
Reason forbids. Methinks I see the forms
Of beings like ourselves move thro' the scene:
Fain would I hope, more pure, more blest than we
Perhaps amid those worlds to us unknown,
Some blooming Edens yet there may remain,
Where man, the image of his Sire divine,
Still tastes the raptures of unsullied bliss.
Perhaps those countless myriads yet are pure,
And ours the only world defil'd with sin.

But these are subjects hidden from our search—
In bounteous wisdom hid—for could we see
The just amount of our own littleness,
And magnitude immense of Power divine,
Hope would expire amid the blaze of Truth.
Oh! how immense His goodness then who breathes
His quickening spirit thro' the universe,

Controls the movements of the vast machine,
And all its light and energy imparts:
Who not alone permits our being here,
But makes his dwelling with the pure in heart.
Should we not then to nobler life aspire,
Cast off the cares which bind us down to earth
And hail the approach of that auspicious day,
When the dark veil which now obscures our sight,
By death shall be withdrawn, and the pure soul
Soar thro' the regions of infinity,
All light, and life, intelligence and joy?

LINES

Written in an Album.

Methinks an emblem of the cultur'd mind,
The rich and varied Album was design'd;
Friendship and love, like amaranthine flowers,
Bloom here, selected from unnumber'd bowers;
And taste and genius each succeeding year,
Shall bring fresh flowers to shed their fragrance here
Fain would I plant in this delightful spot,
That little modest flower—Forget-me-not:
And oh! how happy, could I dare presume,
'Twere worth transplanting in *thy heart* to bloom.

THE PATIENT SUFFERER

From 'The Triumphs of Truth.'

But oh! Celestial Love, be thou my theme,
Whose reign was promis'd by the heavenly choir,
When erst the babe of Bethlehem was born.
In him thy spirit dwelt in fulness then,
And with thy people still in measure dwells,
Proclaiming peace on earth, good-will to men.
Tho' meek and lowly does thy form appear
To him whose eye is dazzled by the blaze
Of martial fame, yet do they hold thee dear,

Whose hearts are touch'd with thy celestial flame,
Whose eyes are open'd to behold the joys
That from obedience to thy dictates flow.
How hast thou suffer'd in the sons of men
And how the sufferings of thy righteous seed
In every age, have been the means ordain'd,
The light of truth to spread, the hearts of men
To subjugate, and even to draw forth
From persecuting zeal, a pitying tear.
Behold the sufferings of the Son of God,
And mark the triumph by those sufferings wrought!
He came to bear a testimony pure
To heavenly Truth: to manifest on earth
The love unspeakable of God to man.
At every step his progress was oppos'd
By bigotry, hypocrisy, and pride.
Their errors he condemn'd, their pride reprov'd,
And all their vile hypocrisy expos'd.
They rose against him, and he meekly bore
Their taunts and their derision—when they smote,
His unresisting form was like the sheep
Before its shearers dumb: the stripes severe,
By their iniquity impos'd—the crown
And purple robe, in mockery put on,
And even the tortures of that lingering death
Caus'd not a murmur to escape his lips.
At that dread hour the heavens were veil'd in gloom
And earth affrighted, with convulsions shook;
Yet still the patient sufferer on the cross,
Look'd down benignly on the sons of men.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

[1743—1826]

THOMAS E. WATSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, April 13 (April 2d., O.S.), 1743. His father was Peter Jefferson, a surveyor, of Welsh descent; his mother, Jane Randolph, was a daughter of a patrician house of Virginia, tracing her ancestry back to the Earls of Murray in Scotland.

After preparatory training at home, Thomas Jefferson entered William and Mary College, from which he was graduated in 1762. He gave himself to study at home, and returned to Williamsburg to read law under George Wythe. He was admitted to the Bar in 1767, and at once began the practice of law. His public career began with his election to represent his native county, Albemarle, in the House of Burgesses. This was in 1767, when he was but twenty-three years old. He gave personal attention to his farming operations, but never allowed this to interfere with his reading and special studies.

On New Year's Day of 1772 he married Martha Skelton, a childless young widow, daughter of John Wayles, a rich lawyer of Williamsburg. By this marriage he added to his patrimony of eight thousand acres an additional forty thousand acres. This dowry, however, was burdened by a British debt of $19,000. That Mr. Jefferson allowed this debt to accumulate by neglecting the payment of principal or interest, and at the same time expanded his household expenses on the most lavish scale, finally led to his financial embarrassment.

In 1773 he was again elected a member of the House of Burgesses, and signalized his return to public life by writing the "summary view" of the cause of trouble between the American colonies and the mother country. The next year he was elected to Congress, and was made chairman of a committee to draft the Declaration of Independence. In 1776 he refused reëlection to Congress because he preferred to serve in the lower house of the Virginia General Assembly. Here, within two years, he succeeded in revising the laws of Virginia, in abolishing the laws of entail and primogeniture, and in effecting the separation of Church and State. In 1779 he was elected Governor, and then reëlected to serve a second time. During

this term he narrowly escaped capture by the invading British Army; but in spite of occupations and disturbances he prepared his famous 'Notes on Virginia.' On the sixth day of September of this year, 1781, he lost his wife.

Reëlected to Congress in 1783, he secured the passage of a bill making the dollar the unit of value of United States coins. In the following year he was given a general commission as Minister to Europe to negotiate treaties of commerce, and in 1785 succeeded Dr. Franklin as Minister to France. He returned to America in 1790 to accept the highest position in President Washington's first Cabinet, but resigned in 1793. He was Republican candidate for President, but was defeated by John Adams, becoming himself, according to the rules of that time, Vice-president. His duties as presiding officer of the Senate led him to prepare his 'Manual of Parliamentary Practice.' His States' Rights views were set forth in the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798.

Having become Vice-president under Adams, he finally became President by the action of the House of Representatives in breaking the tie between himself and Aaron Burr. The purchase of the Louisiana Territory was the major achievement of his first administration, as "laying the embargo" was of his second.

In 1809 he retired to Monticello and to private life, and from that time never sought public office or mingled much with people away from Monticello. To relieve himself of pressing debt, he sold his library to Congress for $23,000, and tried to put his large plantation in good condition. His chief employment up to 1816 was found in corresponding with a large circle of personal and public friends at home and abroad.

The last ten years of his life were given with singleness of purpose, unflagging interest, and energy to establishing the University of Virginia. He saw it opened on March 7, 1825, and lived into the middle of its second summer, giving to every detail of its material and spiritual existence his liveliest attention.

On July 4, 1826, near the middle of the day, the illustrious statesman breathed his last. He was buried on the slope of the little mountain, by the side of his brother-in-law and bosom friend, Dabney Carr, who had died in the very dawn of his greatness.

After his death his debts swept away all of his accumulated possessions, including his beloved home on the little mountain where he had brought his young bride, and where throughout his life he had dispensed so lavish a hospitality.—Ed.]

The characters of such men as Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun are comparatively simple,

but anyone who has made a study of Thomas Jefferson is impressed by the complexity and variety of the subject.

Hamilton was a lawyer-statesman and nothing else, unless credit be given him for a certain aptitude for military affairs. Daniel Webster presents the same familiar type of lawyer-statesman—a man of few convictions upon any subject, an intellectual gladiator of colossal proportions, to whom the world owes but little in the way of creative statesmanship. Mr. Clay was also the lawyer-statesman, whose actual achievements in legislative fields were of very great importance in shaping the destinies of his country. Mr. Calhoun was the student-statesman—intense, almost fanatical in his devotion to his convictions. When we remember his herculean labors and his wonderful intellectual equipment, the comparative barrenness of results presented by his record is almost pathetic.

Turning from these, we find in Mr. Jefferson infinite variety, a range of thought and of work that takes him from the most trivial actuality to the sublimest heights of vague philanthropic speculation. In a small way, he was a manufacturer; on an extensive scale, he was a farmer; he was a practical architect and landscape gardener; he was an inventor, a surveyor, a mechanic, a musician, a scholar, a lawyer, a politician, a diplomatist, a constructive statesman, a founder of educational institutions, a successful law-giver, a chief magistrate, a bold theorist and a radical thinker, who in religion and in politics scouted authority and rested all convictions upon enlightened reason.

The estate of Monticello was almost a self-sustaining republic, governed by the patriarchal authority of Mr. Jefferson himself. In his garden, in his orchards, in his fields, in his pastures, were grown everything that was needed to support life on the place. The bread on the table at the "Big House" and in the cabin came from the grain grown upon the estate, and was made into flour, or meal, at Mr. Jefferson's own mill on the Rivanna. The clothing that was used on the plantation was woven on the farm; the brick which entered into the construction of the buildings, large and small, were burned upon the place; the nails were forged in his own blacksmith shop, or nail factory. The mutton that came to his table was a home product—so with the various other necessary provisions. Not content with the very best that the American market offered, he sought abroad for improved seeds, implements, and methods. He introduced heavy upland rice from Italy and Africa; he imported Merino sheep to improve native stock; he himself designed patterns of plows, and is, perhaps, entitled to the credit of being the original inventor of the mould-board of the turn-plow. His talent for practical invention manifested itself in his famous "whirligig chair," of which so much fun was made at the time, and which was the forerunner of the re-

volving chair of our day. The extension-top buggy and carriage of the modern world dates from the modest invention of Mr. Jefferson, and it would seem that he was the first to contrive the folding-chair. As a lawyer, Mr. Jefferson was more profound than practical. He had mastered the science of jurisprudence, but a natural shrinking from wordy debate, and a huskiness of throat which prevented his speaking long above a conversational tone, made it impossible for him to cope with attorneys very much less fully equipped with legal lore, but more richly endowed with self-confidence and strong lungs. Mr. Jefferson enjoyed a comfortable law practice and a fairly good income, but this practice was probably business which was transacted in his office or before the chancelor. We do not hear of his taking a conspicuous part in any great battle before a jury. Doubtless he was employed often to assist in the preparation of such cases, for his learning and ability were recognized by every member of his profession.

As a party leader, a practical politician, Mr. Jefferson easily ranks among the first. Although he never made a political speech during the whole course of his life, never had a newspaper controversy, and never conducted a personal canvass, he was, nevertheless, one of the most expert managers who ever brought into organization the various elements which go to make up a strong political party. So far as we know, he is the only party chief who ever accomplished his purpose by the writing of private letters. The skill with which he did this, and the perfect success with which he organized the Republicans to overthrow the Federalists, immediately after the retirement of Washington, was wonderful. Before they knew what was happening, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, and Washington himself, found their party broken into fragments and the advancing column of Jeffersonians marching to take possession of the Government.

In practical statesmanship, the fame of Mr. Jefferson must always rest in a large measure upon his work in his own State. Personally, very much of an aristocrat, and a *grand seigneur* in his style of living, he was in principle a Democrat to the core. He detested special privilege, abhorred class-distinction, believed in keeping the doors open for all. In Virginia he found a union of Church and State which taxed the people and divided the spoils; he made war upon the Established Church, divorced it from the State, and put all religious denominations upon an equal footing. He found a land monopoly perpetuating itself by means of the laws of entail and primogeniture. He made war upon this wreck of feudalism, abolished the law of entail, made all the children equally the heirs of the parents,

and thus shattered the landed aristocracy of the Old Dominion. It is needless to say that they never forgave him for it.

He also endeavored to secure the passage of an act in favor of religious freedom, but failed. It was not until 1786 that Mr. Madison succeeded in securing the adoption of the Bill for Religious Toleration which Mr. Jefferson had first presented in 1776. He formulated a magnificent system of graded schools for his native State, and the Legislature gave its enthusiastic approval to the plan. To the counties, however, was left the option of taxing themselves to support these schools, and they would never consent to assume the burden.

In national life, Mr. Jefferson's statesmanship is shown in his bold leadership of the revolutionary movement; his masterly statement of the rights and the grievances of the colonies; in the Declaration of Independence, which he drafted at the request of the committee chosen by Congress for that work; his efforts to abolish slavery in Virginia, and his attempt to debar it from the great Northwestern Territory after the year 1800; his plan for the admission of new states, as they should be formed out of the Northwestern Territory; his coöperation with Gouverneur Morris in creating a national currency system based upon the dollar unit; his putting an end to the exactions of the Barbary Powers, partly by fighting and partly by negotiations; his check to monarchical tendencies, which were rapidly growing up under the administration of General Washington and the elder Adams; and his daring initiative in making the Louisiana Purchase, whereby the area of the Republic was doubled, at an expense of $15,000,000.

New England historians find an inexhaustible source of ridicule and denunciation in the embargo which Mr. Jefferson laid upon American commerce. They make no proper allowance for the situation in which Mr. Jefferson found himself—a situation for which he was not at all responsible. The infant Republic had no navy; Mr. Jefferson could not improvise one. Without a navy, the United States was helpless on the high seas. In the furious combat between Great Britain and Bonaparte, a weak neutral was between the hammer and the anvil. Outraged by both contending Powers, we were unable to protect ourselves from either. It is difficult to see what better plan could have been adopted than that which Mr. Jefferson favored. The embargo simply kept our vessels at home. Had New England showed any of the spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism, the embargo might have brought Great Britain to terms; but the position of the New England States was so very selfish, so very unpatriotic, that the embargo never had a fair chance. With the New England States plotting treason with Great Britain and violating the laws of our own country, openly defying the Government and threatening to secede from the Union,

the task of Mr. Jefferson was rendered doubly difficult. Those who carefully study the later history of the mother country must be impressed by the fact that she suffered terribly from the embargo, and that had New England been as loyal to the Government as was the South—which was the heavier loser by the embargo—this much maligned measure of Mr. Jefferson's administration might have been one of his most brilliant triumphs.

As a scholar, a man of letters, Mr. Jefferson is a most attractive study. Emphatically, he was a lover of learning. He was a model schoolboy, a model college student. He never skimmed anything; he went to the very bottom of everything. He was a master of mathematics, of Latin, of Greek, of French; he explored the whole field of ancient and modern literatures; he was probably the best read statesman of his time; not one of his compeers had so easy and flowing a style of composition. From the writings of no other public man of his time can be selected so many quotable sentences. The history of the world presents no parallel to the manner in which he wrote himself upon his own age, and subsequent ages, with his pen. He was no teacher, like Plato; he was not a professional littérateur, like Voltaire; he was not a mere maker of books, like Carlyle; and yet *he put his stamp indelibly upon the minds and the hearts of English-speaking people during his own day and for all time to come.*

The world knows him best, of course, by the Declaration of Independence, but that is not by any means the best specimen of his composition; in fact, the famous Declaration is little more than a clever stringing together of truisms and generalities which were current in the spoken and written discussions of that period. His letters on finance—for instance, those to John W. Eppes; his letters on religion—for instance, those to his nephew, Peter Carr; his letters from Paris to James Madison on questions of government, land ownership, and public debt; the Diary which he kept while Minister to France, descriptive of the conditions of the French people prior to their Revolution; the various gems which are to be found in his 'Notes on Virginia'; his masterly Preamble and Bill in favor of Religious Freedom; his denunciations of the national banking system; his arraignment of the Federal Judiciary, and his prophetic predictions of the manner in which that body would usurp jurisdiction, destroy States' Rights, and build up imperialism; his magnificent paragraphs arraigning Hamilton's theories and setting forth his own glorious conception of government—these portions of Mr. Jefferson's writings rank far above anything that can be found in the Declaration of Independence.

Men of letters, at home and abroad, delighted in the companionship of Mr. Jefferson. The most distinguished savants of Europe felt complimented by his friendship. His hospitable home was a

Mecca toward which every wandering scholar touring our country invariably turned his footsteps. The most distinguished nobles, like the Marquis de Chastellux and the Marquis de La Fayette, as well as the plain civilian, without title or fortune, found a warm welcome at Monticello. Whether it was a world-hero like Kosciuszko, or a discredited patriot like Thomas Paine, to the royal friendship of Mr. Jefferson it made no difference. The world's praise of his friends added nothing to the warmth of Mr. Jefferson's attachment, and the world's coldness toward a friend never chilled his courageous kindness.

There are so many fine passages in the writings of Mr. Jefferson that it is no easy task to select those which are the most excellent. In a letter to Mrs. Maria Cosway, written from Paris in 1786, occurs a tribute to friendship which is as nearly perfect as anything to be found in literature; his analysis of the character of George Washington; his description of the character and doctrines of Jesus Christ; his prophetic arraignment of the Federal Judiciary in his letters to Thomas Ritchie, Judge Roane, and in his autobiography; his letter to Governor Langdon on the kings of Europe; his prophecy of the civil convulsion which was sure to follow the establishment of a geographical principle in the choice of a president of the United States; his letter to James Smith on Unitarianism; his description of the passage of the united Shenandoah and Potomac Rivers through the Blue Ridge Mountains; his study of the North American Indians and of the Negro (in his 'Notes on Virginia')—these are but a few examples of Mr. Jefferson's power in prose composition.

In reviewing his voluminous writings, it is but just to him to remember that instead of being a recluse, a bookworm, a writer by profession, he was from early youth to old age at the very forefront of the world-movements of his time. His activity covered a broader surface, and his range of thought a wider territory, than those of any other American statesman.

From the day when he took up a popular subscription to clear the Rivanna of its obstructions, so that local produce might have a convenient highway to market, to the day when, as a tottering old man, he superintended the progress of the building of the University of Virginia, going in person as long as he could ride, and then watching the work through a telescope from the terrace at Monticello, there is a nobler sum total of effort and achievement than can be shown by any worker that ever toiled on this continent.

The enemies of Mr. Jefferson have accused him of effeminancy, if not of cowardice. They have accused him of double-dealing and political dishonesty. Was it an effeminate man, a coward, who

bearded the haughty landed aristocracy of Virginia, fought it foot to foot, and with calm intrepidity overthrew it? Was it a coward who took unflinchingly the terrible denunciations of New England preachers, never so much as condescending to say a word to the public on the subject of his religious beliefs? Was it a coward who so boldly led the younger and more radical statesmen during the Revolutionary period that his name was honored by a place on the list of those whom the King of England marked for destruction? Was it a coward who violated the Constitution, and took the tremendous responsibility of purchasing all of Louisiana, when the country at that time wanted no more than New Orleans and the right to navigate the Mississippi? Was it a coward who threw himself against the disunion movement of his own people after the passage of the Alien and Sedition Acts?

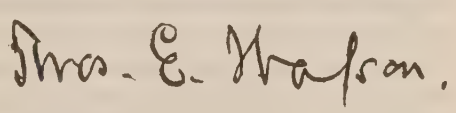
Like all politicians, from Washington down to Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Jefferson dealt in diplomacy. He was not a man without guile; he did not always try to walk through the woods with a plank strapped to his chest. He generally followed the line of least resistance. The manner in which he played with Aaron Burr, smiling upon him to the very day when it was safe to throw him over, and then throwing him over without hesitation or scruple, or the slightest remembrance of the splendid service which Burr had rendered to the Republicans in New York, does not make a pretty picture. The way in which he treated John Randolph, of Roanoke, is far from being admirable. But the career of every practical politician presents just such disagreeable features; and, after all, one must judge the statesman by his purpose, by his motive, by his achievement. The master mind moves smaller men, here and there, as the exigencies of the case seem to require; the smaller men are but pawns on the board.

Far ahead of his day, Mr. Jefferson used his utmost efforts to have Virginia adopt a plan of gradual emancipation, and it is worthy of notice that his plan contemplated the removal of the Negro from this country. He was an expansionist of imperial proportions. He was not only first in demanding that our frontiers reach from sea to sea and from Lakes to Gulf, but he longed for Cuba and cast wistful glances upon Canada.

He believed that the Government should be the sole creator of money; that banks should be restricted to legitimate banking—loans, discounts, and exchange. He favored free commerce with all nations; he was opposed to standing armies and expensive naval establishment; he placed economy among the first and most important of republican virtues, and declared that a permanent public debt was one of the dangers to be feared. The true purpose of government,

according to him, was to guarantee the equal rights of man. He was opposed to intermeddling with the affairs of Europe, and he was equally opposed to European intermeddling in affairs on this side of the Atlantic. He bitterly denounced our internal revenue system. On the subject of protection he could never be persuaded further than to say that "it might be best for the general interest to foster for a while certain infant manufactures until they are strong enough to stand against foreign rivals; but when evident that they could never be so, it is against right to make the other branches of industry support them." He was a strong believer in states' rights, opposing the Federal Government in its usurpation of powers not expressly granted by the States. He was opposed to the elaboration of our diplomatic establishment; did not favor the multiplication of offices and high salaries; was in favor of the utmost freedom of conscience and of the press, always regarding with instinctive jealousy the encroachment of religious intolerance and bigotry.

Like most public men, the end of his career found him steeped in disappointment and melancholy. Did not the brave and dashing Henry Clay at last lose hope and say bitterly to the young men about him: "Be dogs rather than politicians"? Did not the vulture of vain regrets and black broodings eat out the heart of John C. Calhoun? Did any mortal ever carry a sadder face, or more despairing eyes, than did Daniel Webster as he tottered toward the grave? We are not surprised, therefore, when we find Mr. Jefferson, in a moment when despondent, writing to Francis Willis: "The happiest moments of my life have been the few which I have passed at home in the bosom of my family. Employment anywhere else is a mere loss of time. It is burning the candle of life in perfect waste for the individual himself. I have no complaint to make against anybody. I have had more of the confidence of my country than my share. I only say that public employment contributes neither to advantage nor happiness; it is but exile from one's family and affairs."



ACT ESTABLISHING RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Well aware that Almighty God hath created the mind free; that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either, as was in his Almighty power to do; that the impious presumption of legislators and rulers, civil as well as ecclesiastical, who, being themselves but fallible and uninspired men, have assumed dominion over the faith of others, setting up their own opinions and modes of thinking as the only true and infallible, and as such endeavoring to impose them on others, hath established and maintained false religions over the greatest part of the world, and through all time; that to compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical; that even the forcing him to support this or that teacher of his own religious persuasion, is depriving him of the comfortable liberty of giving his contributions to the particular pastor whose morals he would make his pattern, and whose powers he feels most persuasive to righteousness, and is withdrawing from the ministry those temporal rewards, which proceeding from an approbation of their personal conduct, are an additional incitement to earnest and unremitting labors for the instruction of mankind; that our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, more than our opinions in physics or geometry; that, therefore, the proscribing any citizen as unworthy the public confidence by laying upon him an incapacity of being called to the offices of trust and emolument, unless he profess or renounce this or that religious opinion, is depriving him injuriously of those privileges and advantages to which in common with his fellow citizens he has a natural right; that it tends also to corrupt the principles of that very religion it is meant to encourage, by bribing, with a monopoly of worldly honors and emoluments, those who will externally profess and conform to it; that though indeed those are criminal who do not withstand such temptation, yet neither are those innocent who lay the bait in their

way; that to suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles, on the supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all religious liberty, because he being of course judge of that tendency, will make his opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn the sentiments of others only as they shall square with or differ from his own; that it is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government, for its offices to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order; and finally, that truth is great and will prevail if left to herself, that she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict, unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons, free argument and debate, error ceasing to be dangerous when it is permitted freely to contradict them.

Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly, That no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body, or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions, or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in nowise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.

And though we well know this Assembly, elected by the people for the ordinary purposes of legislation only, have no power to restrain the acts of succeeding assemblies, constituted with the powers equal to our own, and that therefore to declare this act irrevocable would be of no effect in law, yet we are free to declare and do declare, that the rights hereby asserted are of the natural rights of mankind, and that if any act shall be hereafter passed to repeal the present or to narrow its operation, such act will be an infringement of natural right.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1805.

Proceeding, fellow citizens, to that qualification which the Constitution requires, before my entrance on the charge again conferred upon me, it is my duty to express the deep sense I entertain of this new proof of confidence from my fellow citizens at large, and the zeal with which it inspires me, so to conduct myself as may best satisfy their just expectations.

On taking this station on a former occasion, I declared the principles on which I believed it my duty to administer the affairs of our commonwealth. My conscience tells me that I have, on every occasion, acted up to that declaration, according to its obvious import, and to the understanding of every candid mind.

In the transaction of your foreign affairs, we have endeavored to cultivate the friendship of all nations, and especially of those with which we have the most important relations. We have done them justice on all occasions, favored where favor was lawful, and cherished mutual interests and intercourse on fair and equal terms. We are firmly convinced and we act on that conviction, that with nations, as with individuals, our interests soundly calculated, will ever be found inseparable from our moral duties; and history bears witness to the fact, that a just nation is taken on its word, when recourse is had to armaments and wars to bridle others.

At home, fellow citizens, you best know whether we have done well or ill. The suppression of unnecessary offices, of useless establishments and expenses, enabled us to discontinue our internal taxes. These covering our land with offices, and opening our doors to their intrusions, had already begun that process of domiciliary vexation which, once entered, is scarcely to be restrained from reaching successively, every article of produce and property. If among these taxes some minor ones fell which had not been inconvenient, it was because their amount would not have paid the officers who collected them, and because, if they had any merit, the State authorities might adopt them, instead of others less approved.

The remaining revenue on the consumption of foreign articles is paid cheerfully by those who can afford to add foreign luxuries to domestic comforts, being collected on our seaboards and frontiers only, and incorporated with the transactions of our mercantile citizens, it may be the pleasure and pride of an American to ask, what farmer, what mechanic, what laborer, ever sees a tax-gatherer of the United States? These contributions enable us to support the current expenses of the government, to fulfil contracts with foreign nations, to extinguish the native right of soil within our limits, to extend those limits, and to apply such a surplus to our public debts, as places at a short day their final redemption, and that redemption once effected, the revenue thereby liberated may, by a just repartition among the states, and a corresponding amendment of the Constitution, be applied, *in time of peace,* to rivers, canals, roads, arts, manufactures, education, and other great objects within each state. *In time of war,* if injustice, by ourselves or others, must sometimes produce war, increased as the same revenue will be increased by population and consumption, and aided by other resources reserved for that crisis, it may meet within the year all the expenses of the year, without encroaching on the rights of future generations, by burthening them with the debts of the past. War will then be but a suspension of useful works, and a return to a state of peace, a return to the progress of improvement.

I have said, fellow citizens, that the income reserved had enabled us to extend our limits; but that extension may possibly pay for itself before we are called on, and in the meantime, may keep down the accruing interest; in all events, it will repay the advances we have made. I know that the acquisition of Louisiana has been disapproved by some, from a candid apprehension that the enlargement of our territory would endanger its union. But who can limit the extent to which the federative principle may operate effectively? The larger our association, the less will it be shaken by local passions; and in any view, is it not better that the opposite bank of the Mississippi should be settled by our own brethren and children, than by strangers of another family? With which shall we be most likely to live in harmony and friendly intercourse?

In matters of religion, I have considered that its free exercise is placed by the Constitution independent of the powers of the general government. I have therefore undertaken, on no occasion, to prescribe the religious exercises suited to it; but have left them, as the Constitution found them, under the direction and discipline of State or Church authorities acknowledged by the several religious societies.

The aboriginal inhabitants of these countries I have regarded with the commiseration their history inspires. Endowed with the faculties and the rights of men, breathing an ardent love of liberty and independence, and occupying a country which left them no desire but to be undisturbed, the stream of overflowing population from other regions directed itself on these shores; without power to divert, or habits to contend against, they have been overwhelmed by the current, or driven before it; now reduced within limits too narrow for the hunter's state, humanity enjoins us to teach them agriculture and the domestic arts; to encourage them to that industry which alone can enable them to maintain their place in existence, and to prepare them in time for that state of society, which to bodily comforts adds the improvement of the mind and morals. We have therefore liberally furnished them with the implements of husbandry and household use; we have placed among them instructors in the arts of first necessity; and they are covered with the ægis of the law against aggressors from among ourselves.

But the endeavors to enlighten them on the fate which awaits their present course of life, to induce them to exercise their reason, follow its dictates, and change their pursuits with the change of circumstances, have powerful obstacles to encounter; they are combated by the habits of their bodies, prejudice of their minds, ignorance, pride, and the influence of interested and crafty individuals among them, who feel themselves something in the present order of things, and fear to become nothing in any other. These persons inculcate a sanctimonious reverence for the customs of their ancestors; that whatsoever they did, must be done through all time; that reason is a false guide, and to advance under its counsel, in their physical, moral, or political condition, is perilous innovation; that their duty is to remain as their Creator made them,

ignorance being safety, and knowledge full of danger; in short, my friends, among them is seen the action and counteraction of good sense and bigotry; they, too, have their antiphilosophers, who find an interest in keeping things in their present state, who dread reformation, and exert all their faculties to maintain the ascendency of habit over the duty of improving our reason, and obeying its mandates.

In giving these outlines, I do not mean, fellow citizens, to arrogate to myself the merit of the measures; that is due, in the first place, to the reflecting character of our citizens at large, who, by the weight of public opinion, influence and strengthen the public measures; it is due to the sound discretion with which they select from among themselves those to whom they confide the legislative duties; it is due to the zeal and wisdom of the characters thus selected, who lay the foundations of public happiness in wholesome laws, the execution of which alone remains for others; and it is due to the able and faithful auxiliaries, whose patriotism has associated with me in the executive functions.

During this course of administration, and in order to disturb it, the artillery of the press has been leveled against us, charged with whatsoever its licentiousness could devise or date. These abuses of an institution so important to freedom and science, are deeply to be regretted, inasmuch as they tend to lessen its usefulness, and to sap its safety; they might, indeed, have been corrected by the wholesome punishments reserved and provided by the laws of the several States against falsehood and defamation; but public duties more urgent press on the time of the public servants, and the offenders have therefore been left to find their punishment in the public indignation.

Nor was it uninteresting to the world, that an experiment should be fairly and fully made, whether freedom of discussion unaided by power, is not sufficient for the propagation and protection of truth—whether a government, conducting itself in the true spirit of its constitution, with zeal and purity, and doing no act which it would be unwilling the whole world should witness, can be written down by falsehood and defamation. The experiment has been tried; you have witnessed the scene; our fellow citizens have looked on, cool and collected;

they saw the latent source from which these outrages proceeded; they gathered around their public functionaries, and when the Constitution called them to the decision by suffrage, they pronounced their verdict, honorable to those who had served them, and consolatory to the friend of man, who believes he may be intrusted with his own affairs.

No inference is here intended, that the laws, provided by the State against false and defamatory publications, should not be enforced; he who has time, renders a service to public morals and public tranquillity, in reforming these abuses by the salutary coercions of the law; but the experiment is noted, to prove that, since truth and reason have maintained their ground against false opinions in league with false facts, the press, confined to truth, needs no other legal restraint; the public judgment will correct false reasonings and opinions, on a full hearing of all parties; and no other definite line can be drawn between the inestimable liberty of the press and its demoralizing licentiousness. If there be still improprieties which this rule would not restrain, its supplement must be sought in the censorship of public opinion.

Contemplating the union of sentiment now manifested so generally, as auguring harmony and happiness to our future course, I offer to our country sincere congratulations. With those, too, not yet rallied to the same point, the disposition to do so is gaining strength; facts are piercing through the veil drawn over them; and our doubting brethren will at length see, that the mass of their fellow citizens, with whom they cannot yet resolve to act, as to principles and measures, think as they think, and desire what they desire; that our wish, as well as theirs, is, that the public efforts may be directed honestly to the public good, that peace be cultivated, civil and religious liberty unassailed, law and order preserved, equality of rights maintained, and that state of property, equal or unequal, which results to every man from his own industry, or that of his fathers. When satisfied with these views, it is not in human nature that they should not approve and support them; in the meantime let us cherish then with patient affection; let us do them justice, and more than justice, in all competitions of interest; and we need not doubt that truth, reason, and their own interests will at length prevail, will

gather them into the fold of their country, and will complete their entire union of opinion, which gives to a nation the blessing of harmony, and the benefit of all its strength.

I shall now enter on the duties to which my fellow citizens have again called me, and shall proceed in the spirit of those principles which they have approved. I fear not that any motives of interest may lead me astray; I am sensible of no passion which could seduce me knowingly from the path of justice; but the weakness of human nature, and the limits of my own understanding, will produce errors of judgment sometimes injurious to your interests. I shall need, therefore, all the indulgence I have heretofore experienced—the want of it will certainly not lessen with increasing years. I shall need, too, the favor of that Being in whose hands we are, who led our forefathers, as Israel of old, from their native land, and planted them in a country flowing with all the necessaries and comforts of life; who has covered our infancy with his providence, and our riper years with his wisdom and power; and to whose goodness I ask you to join with me in supplications, that he will so enlighten the minds of your servants, guide their councils, and prosper their measures, that whatsoever they do, shall result in your good, and shall secure to you the peace, friendship, and approbation of all nations.

LETTER TO JOHN LANGDON

PARIS, September 11, 1785.

DEAR SIR:—Your Captain Yeaton being here, furnishes me an opportunity of paying the tribute of my congratulations on your appointment to the government of your State, which I do sincerely. He gives me the grateful intelligence of your health, and that of Mrs. Langdon. Anxious to promote your service, and believing he could do it by getting himself naturalized here, and authorized to command your vessel, he came from Havre to Paris. But on making the best inquiries I could, it seemed that the time requisite to go through with this business, would be much more than he could spare. He therefore declined it. I wish it were in my power to give you a hope that our commerce, either with this country or its islands,

was likely to be put on a better footing. But if it be altered at all, it will probably be for the worse. The regulations respecting their commerce are by no means sufficiently stable to be relied on.

Europe is in quiet, and likely to remain so. The affairs of the Emperor and Dutch are as good as settled, and no other cloud portends any immediate storm. You have heard much of American vessels taken by the Barbary pirates. The Emperor of Morocco took one last winter, (the brig Betsey from Philadelphia) he did not however, reduce the crew to slavery, nor confiscate the vessel or cargo. He has lately delivered up the crew on the solicitation of the Spanish court. No other has ever been taken by them. There are, indeed, rumors of one having been lately taken by the Algerines. The fact is possible, as there is nothing to hinder their taking them, but it is not as yet confirmed. I have little doubt, that we shall be able to place our commerce on a popular footing with the Barbary States, this summer, and thus not only render our navigation to Portugal and Spain safe, but open the Mediterranean as formerly. In spite of treaties, England is still our enemy. Her hatred is deep-rooted and cordial, and nothing is wanting with her but the power to wipe us, and the land we live on, out of existence. Her interest, however, is her ruling passion; and the late American measures have struck at that so vitally, and with an energy, too, of which she had thought us quite incapable, that a possibility seems to open of forming some arrangement with her. When they shall see decidedly, that, without it, we shall suppress their commerce with us, they will be agitated by their avarice, on the one hand, and their hatred and their fear of us, on the other. The result of this conflict of dirty passions is yet to be awaited. The body of the people of this country love us cordially. But ministers and merchants love nobody. The merchants here, are endeavoring to exclude us from their islands. The ministers will be governed in it by political motives, and will do it, or not do it, as these shall appear to dictate, without love or hatred to anybody. It were to be wished that they were able to combine better, the various circumstances which prove, beyond a doubt, that all the advantages of their colonies result, in the end, to the mother country. I pray you to present me in

the most friendly terms to Mrs. Langdon, and to be assured of the esteem with which I am, your Excellency's most obedient, and most humble servant.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

ANALYSIS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one

would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

TRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP

Letter to Maria Cosway.

PARIS, October 12, 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM:—Having performed the last sad office of handing you into your carriage, at the pavillon de St. Denis, and seen the wheels get actually into motion, I turned on my heel and walked, more dead than alive, to the opposite door, where my own was awaiting me. Mr. Danquerville was missing. He was sought for, found, and dragged down stairs. We were crammed into the carriage, like recruits for the Bastille, and not having soul enough to give orders to the coachman, he presumed Paris our destination, and drove off. After a considerable interval, silence was broke, with a "*Je suis vraiment affligé du départ de ces bons gens.*" This was a signal for a mutual confession of distress. We began immediately to talk of Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, of their goodness, their talents, their amiability; and, though we spoke of nothing else, we seemed hardly to have entered into the matter, when the coachman announced the rue St. Denis, and that we were opposite Mr. Danquerville's. He insisted on descending there, and traversing a short passage to his lodgings. I was carried home. Seated by my fireside, solitary and sad, the following dialogue took place between my Head and my Heart:

Head. Well, friend, you seem to be in a pretty trim.

Heart. I am indeed the most wretched of all earthly beings. Overwhelmed with grief, every fibre of my frame distended beyond its natural powers to bear, I would willingly meet whatever catastrophe should leave me no more to feel, or to fear.

Head. These are the eternal consequences of your warmth and precipitation. This is one of the scrapes into which you are ever leading us. You confess your follies, indeed; but still you hug and cherish them; and no reformation can be hoped where there is no repentance.

Heart. Oh, my friend! this is no moment to upbraid my foibles. I am rent into fragments by the force of my grief! If you have any balm, pour it into my wounds; if none, do not harrow them by new torments. Spare me in this awful

moment! At any other, I will attend with patience to your admonitions. . . . . .

Head. I did not begin this lecture, my friend, with a view to learn from you what America is doing. Let us return, then, to our point. I wish to make you sensible how imprudent it is to place your affections, without reserve, on objects you must so soon lose, and whose loss, when it comes, must cost you such severe pangs. Remember the last night. You knew your friends were to leave Paris to-day. This was enough to throw you into agonies. All night you tossed us from one side of the bed to the other; no sleep, no rest. The poor crippled wrist, too, never left one moment in the same position; now up, now down, now here, now there; was it to be wondered at, if its pains returned? The surgeon then was to be called, and to be rated as an ignoramus, because he could not divine the cause of this extraordinary change. In fine, my friend, you must mend your manners. This is not a world to live at random in, as you do. To avoid those eternal distresses, to which you are forever exposing us, you must learn to look forward, before you take a step which may interest our peace. Everything in this world is matter of calculation. Advance then with caution, the balance in your hand. Put into one scale the pleasures which any object may offer; but put fairly into the other, the pains which are to follow, and see which preponderates. The making an acquaintance, is not a matter of indifference. When a new one is proposed to you, view it all round. Consider what advantages it presents, and to what inconveniences it may expose you. Do not bite at the bait of pleasure, till you know there is no hook beneath it. The art of life is the art of avoiding pain; and he is the best pilot, who steers clearest of the rocks and shoals with which it is beset. Pleasure is always before us; but misfortune is at our side; while running after that, this arrests us. The most effectual means of being secure against pain, is to retire within ourselves, and to suffice for our own happiness. Those which depend on ourselves, are the only pleasures a wise man will count on; for nothing is ours, which another may deprive us of. Hence the inestimable value of intellectual pleasures. Ever in our power, always leading us to something new, never cloying, we ride serene and sublime

above the concerns of this mortal world, contemplating truth and nature, matter and motion, the laws which bind up their existence, and that Eternal Being who made and bound them up by those laws. Let this be our employ. Leave the bustle and tumult of society to those who have not talents to occupy themselves without them. Friendship is but another name for an alliance with the follies and the misfortunes of others. Our own share of miseries is sufficient: why enter then as volunteers into those of another? Is there so little gall poured into our cup, that we must need help to drink that of our neighbor? A friend dies, or leaves us: we feel as if a limb was cut off. He is sick: we must watch over him, and participate of his pains. His fortune is shipwrecked: ours must be laid under contribution. He loses a child, a parent, or a partner: we must mourn the loss as if it were our own.

Heart. And what more sublime delight than to mingle tears with one whom the hand of heaven hath smitten! to watch over the bed of sickness, and to beguile its tedious and its painful moments! to share our bread with one to whom misfortune has left none! This world abounds indeed with misery; to lighten its burthen, we must divide it with one another. But let us now try the virtue of your mathematical balance, and as you have put into one scale the burthens of friendship, let me put its comforts into the other. When languishing then under disease, how grateful is the solace of our friends! how are we penetrated with their assiduities and attentions! how much are we supported by their encouragements and kind offices! When heaven has taken from us some object of our love, how sweet is it to have a bosom whereon to recline our heads, and into which we may pour the torrent of our tears! Grief, with such a comfort, is almost a luxury! In a life, where we are perpetually exposed to want and accident, yours is a wonderful proposition, to insulate ourselves, to retire from all aid, and to wrap ourselves in the mantle of self-sufficiency! For, assuredly, nobody will care for him who cares for nobody. But friendship is precious, not only in the shade, but in the sunshine of life; and thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine. I will recur for proof to the days we have lately passed. On these, indeed, the sun shone brightly. How gay did the face

of nature appear! Hills, valleys, châteaux, gardens, rivers, every object wore its liveliest hue! Whence did they borrow it? From the presence of our charming companion. They were pleasing because she seemed pleased. Alone, the scene would have been dull and insipid: the participation of it with her gave it relish. Let the gloomy monk, sequestered from the world, seek unsocial pleasures in the bottom of his cell! Let the sublimated philosopher grasp visionary happiness, while pursuing phantoms dressed in the garb of truth! Their supreme wisdom is supreme folly; and they mistake for happiness the mere absence of pain. Had they ever felt the solid pleasure of one generous spasm of the heart, they would exchange for it all the frigid speculations of their lives, which you have been vaunting in such elevated terms. Believe me, then, my friend, that that is a miserable arithmetic which could estimate friendship at nothing, or at less than nothing. Respect for you has induced me to enter into this discussion, and to hear principles uttered which I detest and abjure. Respect for myself now obliges me to recall you into the proper limits of your office. When nature assigned us the same habitation, she gave us over it a divided empire. To you, she allotted the field of science; to me, that of morals. When the circle is to be squared, or the orbit of a comet to be traced; when the arch of greatest strength, or the solid of least resistance, is to be investigated, take up the problem; it is yours; nature has given me no cognizance of it. In like manner in denying to you the feelings of sympathy, of benevolence, of gratitude, of justice, of love, of friendship, she has excluded you from their control. To these, she has adapted the mechanism of the heart. Morals were too essential to the happiness of man, to be risked on the uncertain combinations of the head. She laid their foundation, therefore, in sentiment, not in science. That she gave to all, as necessary to all; this to a few only, as sufficing with a few. I know, indeed, that you pretend authority to the sovereign control of our conduct, in all its parts; and a respect for your grave saws and maxims, a desire to do what is right, has sometimes induced me to conform to your counsels. A few facts, however, which I can readily recall to your memory, will suffice to prove to you that nature has not organized you for our moral direction. When

the poor, wearied soldier whom we overtook at Chickahominy, with his pack on his back, begged us to let him get up behind our chariot, you began to calculate that the road was full of soldiers, and that if all should be taken up, our horses would fail in their journey. We drove on therefore. But, soon, becoming sensible you had made me do wrong, that, though we cannot relieve all the distressed, we should relieve as many as we can, I turned about to take up the soldier; but he had entered a byepath, and was no more to be found; and from that moment to this, I could never find him out, to ask his forgiveness. Again, when the poor woman came to ask a charity in Philadelphia, you whispered that she looked like a drunkard, and that half a dollar was enough to give her for the ale-house. Those who want the dispositions to give, easily find reasons why they ought not to give. When I sought her out afterwards, and did what I should have done at first, you know that she employed the money immediately towards placing her child at school. If our country, when pressed with wrongs at the point of the bayonet, had been governed by its heads instead of its hearts, where should we have been now? Hanging on a gallows as high as Haman's. You began to calculate, and to compare wealth and numbers; we threw up a few pulsations of our blood; we supplied enthusiasm against wealth and numbers; we put our existence to the hazard, when the hazard seemed against us, and we saved our country: justifying, at the same time, the ways of Providence, whose precept is, to do always what is right, and leave the issue to Him. In short, my friend, as far as my recollection serves me, I do not know that I ever did a good thing on your suggestion, or a dirty one without it. I do forever, then, disclaim your interference in my province. Fill paper as you please with triangles and squares; try how many ways you can hang and combine them together. I shall never envy nor control your sublime delights. But leave me to decide, when and where friendships are to be contracted. You say, I contract them at random. So you said the woman at Philadelphia was a drunkard. I receive none into my esteem, till I know they are worthy of it. Wealth, title, office, are no recommendations to my friendship. On the contrary, great good qualities are requisite to make amends for their having wealth,

title, and office. You confess, that, in the present case, I could not have made a worthier choice. You only object, that I was so soon to lose them. We are not immortal ourselves, my friend; how can we expect our enjoyments to be so? We have no rose without its thorn; no pleasure without alloy. It is the law of our existence; and we must acquiesce. It is the condition annexed to all our pleasure, not by us who receive, but by him who gives them. True, this condition is pressing cruelly on me at this moment. I feel more fit for death than life. But, when I look back on the pleasures of which it is the consequence, I am conscious they were worth the price I am paying. Notwithstanding your endeavors, too, to damp my hopes, I comfort myself with expectations of their promised return. Hope is sweeter than despair; and they were too good to mean to deceive me. "In the summer," said the gentleman; but "in the spring," said the lady; and I should love her forever, were it only for that! Know, then, my friend, that I have taken these good people into my bosom; that I have lodged them in the warmest cell I could find; that I love them, and will continue to love them through life; that if fortune should dispose them on one side the globe, and me on the other, my affections shall pervade its whole mass to reach them. Knowing then my determination, attempt not to disturb it. If you can, at any time, furnish matter for their amusement, it will be the office of a good neighbor to do it. I will, in like manner, seize any occasion which may offer, to do the like good turn for you with Condorcet, Rittenhouse, Madison, La Cretelle, or any other of those worthy sons of science, whom you so justly prize.

I thought this a favorable proposition whereon to rest the issue of the dialogue. So I put an end to it by calling for my nightcap. Methinks, I hear you wish to heaven I had called a little sooner, and so spared you the ennui of such a sermon. I did not interrupt them sooner, because I was in a mood for hearing sermons. You too were the subject; and on such a thesis I never think the theme long; not even if I am to write it, and that slowly and awkwardly, as now, with the left hand. But, that you may not be discouraged from a correspondence which begins so formidably, I will promise you, on my honor, that my future letters shall be of a reasonable

length. I will even agree to express but half my esteem for you, for fear of cloying you with too full a dose. But, on your part, no curtailing. If your letters are as long as the Bible, they will appear short to me. Only let them be brimful of affection. I shall read them with the dispositions with which Arlequin, in *Les deux billets,* spelt the words *"je t'aime,"* and wished that the whole alphabet had entered into their composition.

We have had incessant rains since your departure. These make me fear for your health, as well as that you had an uncomfortable journey. The same cause has prevented me from being able to give you any account of your friends here. This voyage to Fontainebleau will probably send the Count de Moutier and the Marquis de Brehan to America. Danquerville promised to visit me, but has not done it as yet. De la Tude comes sometimes to take family soup with me, and entertains me with anecdotes of his five and thirty years' imprisonment. How fertile is the mind of man, which can make the Bastille and dungeon of Vincennes yield interesting anecdotes! You know this was for making four verses on Madame de Pompadour. But I think you told me you did not know the verses. They were these: *"Sans esprit, sans sentiment, Sans être belle, ni neuve, En France on peut avoir le premier amant: Pompadour en est l'épreuve."* I have read the memoir of his three escapes. As to myself, my health is good, except my wrist which mends slowly, and my mind, which mends not at all, but broods constantly over your departure. The lateness of the season obliges me to decline my journey into the south of France. Present me in the most friendly terms to Mr. Cosway, and receive me into your own recollection with a partiality and warmth, proportioned not to my own poor merit, but to the sentiments of sincere affection and esteem, with which I have the honor to be, my dear Madam, your most obedient humble servant.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

LETTER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF VIRGINIA

WASHINGTON, February 16, 1809.

I RECEIVE with peculiar sensibility the affectionate address of the General Assembly of my native State, on my approaching retirement from the office with which I have been honored by the nation at large. Having been one of those who entered into public life at the commencement of an era the most extraordinary which the history of man has ever yet presented to his contemplation, I claim nothing more, for the part I have acted in it, than a common merit of having, with others, faithfully endeavored to do my duty in the several stations allotted me. In the measures which you are pleased particularly to approve, I have been aided by the wisdom and patriotism of the national legislature, and the talents and virtues of the able coadjutors with whom it has been my happiness to be associated, and to whose valuable and faithful services I with pleasure and gratitude bear witness.

From the moment that to preserve our rights a change of government became necessary, no doubt could be entertained that a republican form was most consonant with reason, with right, with the freedom of man, and with the character and situation of our fellow citizens. To the sincere spirit of republicanism are naturally associated the love of country, devotion to its liberty, its rights, and its honor. Our preference to that form of government has been so far justified by its success, and the prosperity with which it has blessed us. In no portion of the earth were life, liberty and property ever so securely held; and it is with infinite satisfaction that withdrawing from the active scenes of life, I see the sacred design of these blessings committed to those who are sensible of their value and determined to defend them.

It would have been a great consolation to have left the nation under the assurance of continued peace. Nothing has been spared to effect it; and at no other period of history would such efforts have failed to ensure it. For neither belligerent pretends to have been injured by us, or can say that we have in any instance departed from the most faithful neutrality; and certainly none will charge us with a want of forbearance.

In the desire of peace, but in full confidence of safety from our unity, our position and our resources, I shall retire into the bosom of my native State, endeared to me by every tie which can attach the human heart. The assurances of your approbation, and that my conduct has given satisfaction to my fellow citizens generally, will be an important ingredient in my future happiness; and that the Supreme Ruler of the universe may have our country under His special care, will be among the latest of my prayers.

THE UNION OF THE SHENANDOAH AND THE POTOMAC

The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that in this place, particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean, which filled the whole valley; that continuing to rise they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrupture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small patch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below.

Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

FROM THE REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS OF THE LITERARY FUND

In the same report of the commissioners of 1818 it was stated by them that "in conformity with the principles of constitution, which place all sects of religion on an equal footing, with the jealousies of the different sects in guarding that equality from encroachment or surprise, and with the sentiments of the Legislature in freedom of religion, manifested on former occasions, they had not proposed that any professorship of divinity should be established in the University; that provision, however, was made for giving instruction in the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages, the depositories of the originals, and of the earliest and most respected authorities of the faith of every sect, and for courses of ethical lectures developing those moral obligations in which all sects agree. That, proceeding thus far, without offence to the constitution, they had left, at this point, to every sect to take into their own hands the office of further instruction in the peculiar tenet of each."

It was not, however, to be understood that instruction in religious opinion and duties was meant to be precluded by the public authorities, as indifferent to the interests of society. On the contrary, the relations which exist between man and his Maker, and the duties resulting from those relations, are the most interesting and important to every human being, and the most incumbent on his study and investigation. The

want of instruction in the various creeds of religious faith existing among our citizens presents, therefore, a chasm in a general institution of the useful sciences. But it was thought that this want, and the entrustment to each society of instruction in its own doctrine, were evils of less danger than a permission to the public authorities to dictate modes or principles of religious instruction, or than opportunities furnished them by giving countenance or ascendency to any one sect over another. A remedy, however, has been suggested of promising aspect, which, while it excludes the public authorities from the domain of religious freedom, will give to the sectarian schools of divinity the full benefit the public provisions made for instruction in the other branches of science. These branches are equally necessary to the divine as to the other professional or civil characters, to enable them to fulfill the duties of their calling with understanding and usefulness. It has, therefore, been in contemplation, and suggested by some pious individuals, who perceive the advantages of associating other studies with those of religion, to establish their religious schools on the confines of the University, so as to give to their students ready and convenient access and attendance on the scientific lectures of the University; and to maintain, by that means, those destined for the religious professions on as high a standing of science, and of personal weight and respectability, as may be obtained by others from the benefits of the University. Such establishments would offer the further and greater advantage of enabling the students of the University to attend religious exercises with the professor of their particular sect, either in the rooms of the building still to be erected, and destined to that purpose under impartial regulations, as proposed in the same report of the commissioners, or in the lecturing room of such professor. To such propositions the visitors are disposed to lend a willing ear, and would think it their duty to give every encouragement, by assuring to those who might choose such a location for their schools, that the regulations of the University should be so modified and accommodated as to give every facility of access and attendance to their students, with such regulated use also as may be permitted to the other students, of the library which may hereafter be acquired, either by public or private munificence. But

always understanding that these schools shall be independent of the University and of each other. Such an arrangement would complete the circle of the useful sciences embraced by this institution, and would fill the chasm now existing, on principles which would leave inviolate the constitutional freedom of religion, the most inalienable and sacred of all human rights, over which the people and authorities of this State, individually and publicly, have ever manifested the most watchful jealousy; and could this jealousy now be alarmed, in the opinion of the Legislature, by what is here suggested, the idea will be relinquished on any surmise of disapprobation which they might think proper to express.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

From the 'Autobiography.'

The King was now become a passive machine in the hands of the National Assembly, and had he been left to himself he would have willingly acquiesced in whatever they should devise as best for the nation. A wise constitution would have been formed, hereditary in his line, himself placed at its head, with powers so large as to enable him to do all the good of his station, and so limited, as to restrain him from its abuse. This he would have faithfully administered, and more than this, I do not believe, he ever wished. But he had a Queen of absolute sway over his weak mind and timid virtue, and of a character the reverse of his in all points. This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois and others of her *clique,* had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness, and dauntless spirit, led herself to the Guillotine, drew the King on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will forever stain the pages of modern history. I have

ever believed that, had there been no Queen, there would have been no revolution. No force would have been provoked, nor exercised. The King would have gone hand in hand with the wisdom of his sounder counsellors, who, guided by the increased lights of the age, wished only, with the same pace, to advance the principles of their social constitution. The deed which closed the mortal course of these sovereigns, I shall neither approve nor condemn. I am not prepared to say that the first magistrate of a nation cannot commit treason against his country, or is unamenable to its punishment; nor yet, that where there is no written law, no regulated tribunal, there is not a law in our hearts, and a power in our hands, given for righteous employment in maintaining right, and redressing wrong. Of those who judged the King, many thought him wilfully criminal; many, that his existence would keep the nation in perpetual conflict with the horde of kings who would war against a generation which might come home to themselves, and that it were better that one should die than all. I should not have voted with this portion of the Legislature. I should have shut up the Queen in a convent, putting harm out of her power, and placed the King in his station, investing him with limited powers, which, I verily believe, he would have honestly exercised, according to the measure of his understanding. In this way, no void would have been created, courting the usurpation of a military adventurer, nor occasion given for those enormities which demoralized the nations of the world, and destroyed, and are yet to destroy, millions and millions of its inhabitants. . . . . .

And here, I cannot leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its preëminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society, to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this, with other countries, we have the proof of

primacy, which was given to Themistocles, after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So, ask the traveled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly, in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France.

LETTER TO PETER CARR

From the 'Autobiography.'

PARIS, August 19, 1785.

DEAR PETER:—I received, by Mr. Mazzei, your letter of April the twentieth. I am much mortified to hear that you have lost so much time; and that, when you arrived in Williamsburg, you were not at all advanced from what you were when you left Monticello. Time now begins to be precious to you. Every day you lose will retard a day your entrance on that public stage whereon you may begin to be useful to yourself. However, the way to repair the loss is to improve the future time. I trust, that with your disposition, even the acquisition of science is a pleasing employment. I can assure you, that the possession of it is, what (next to an honest heart) will above all things render you dear to your friends, and give you fame and promotion in your own country. When your mind shall be well improved with science, nothing will be necessary to place you in the highest points of view, but to pursue the interests of your country, the interests of your friends, and your own interests also, with the purest integrity, the most chaste honor. The defect of these virtues can never be made up by all the other acquirements of body and mind. Make these, then, your first object. Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that in any possible situation, or under any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing, however slightly so it may appear to you. Whenever you are to do a thing, though it can never be known but to yourself, ask yourself how you would

act were all the world looking at you, and act accordingly. Encourage all your virtuous dispositions, and exercise them whenever an opportunity arises; being assured that they will gain strength by exercise, as a limb of the body does, and that exercise will make them habitual. From the practice of the purest virtue, you may be assured you will derive the most sublime comforts in every moment of life, and in the moment of death. If ever you find yourself environed with difficulties and perplexing circumstances, out of which you are at a loss how to extricate yourself, do what is right, and be assured that that will extricate you the best way out of the worst situations. Though you cannot see, when you take one step, what will be the next, yet follow truth, justice, and plain dealing, and never fear their leading you out of the labyrinth, in the easiest manner possible. The knot which you thought a Gordian one, will untie itself before you. Nothing is so mistaken as the supposition, that a person is to extricate himself from a difficulty, by intrigue, by chicanery, by dissimulation, by trimming, by an untruth, by an injustice. This increases the difficulties tenfold; and those, who pursue these methods, get themselves so involved at length, that they can turn no way but their infamy becomes more exposed. It is of great importance to set a resolution, not to be shaken, never to tell an untruth. There is no vice so mean, so pitiful, so contemptible; and he who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it much easier to do it a second and third time, till at length it becomes habitual; he tells lies without attending to it, and truths without the world's believing him. This falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions. . . . . .

LETTER TO JOHN ADAMS, RECALLING THEIR LONG FRIENDSHIP

MONTICELLO, October 12, 1823.

. . . PUTTING aside these things, however, for the present, I write this letter as due to a friendship coeval with our government, and now attempted to be poisoned, when too late in life to be replaced by new affections. I had for some time observed in the public papers, dark hints and mysterious innuendoes of a correspondence of yours with a friend, to whom you had opened your bosom without reserve, and which was to be made public by that friend or his representative. And now it is said to be actually published. It has not yet reached us, but extracts have been given, and such as seemed most likely to draw a curtain of separation between you and myself. Were there no other motive than that of indignation against the author of this outrage on private confidence, whose shaft seems to have been aimed at yourself more particularly, this would make it the duty of every honorable mind to disappoint that aim, by opposing to its impression a seven-fold shield of apathy and insensibility. With me, however, no such armor is needed. The circumstances of the times in which we have happened to live, and the partiality of our friends at a particular period, placed us in a state of apparent opposition, which some might suppose to be personal also; and there might not be wanting those who wished to make it so, by filling our ears with malignant falsehoods, by dressing up hideous phantoms of their own creation, presenting them to you under my name, to me under yours, and endeavoring to instil into our minds things concerning each other the most destitute of truth. And if there had been, at any time, a moment when we were off our guard, and in a temper to let the whispers of these people make us forget what we had known of each other for so many years, and years of so much trial, yet all men who have attended to the workings of the human mind, who have seen the false colors under which passion sometimes dresses the actions and motives of others, have seen also those passions subsiding with time and reflection, dissipating like mists before the rising sun, and restoring to us

the sight of all things in their true shape and colors. It would be strange, indeed, if, at our years, we were to go back an age to hunt up imaginary or forgotten facts, to disturb the repose of affections so sweetening to the evening of our lives. Be assured, my dear sir, that I am incapable of receiving the slightest impression from the effort now made to plant thorns on the pillow of age, worth and wisdom, and to sow tares between friends who have been such for near half a century. Beseeching you, then, not to suffer your mind to be disquieted by this wicked attempt to poison its peace, and praying you to throw it by among the things which have never happened, I add sincere assurances of my unabated and constant attachment, friendship, and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

"THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

[Written by Thomas Jefferson. After certain amendments, adopted in its present form by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled at Philadelphia, on Thursday, 4 July, 1776.]

WHEN, in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That, to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to affect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and

accordingly, all experience has shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his Assent to Laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the Population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their

migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and Payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harrass our People and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of Peace, Standing Armies, without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to, the Civil Power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury;

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences;

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies;

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering, fundamentally, the Forms of our Governments;

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here by declaring us out of his Protection, and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the Lives of our People.

He is, at this time, transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens, taken Captive on the High Seas, to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions, We have Petitioned for Redress, in the most humble terms; Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their Legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—Enemies in War—in Peace, Friends.

We, Therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, Do, in the Name and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly Publish and Declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to

be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

JOHN HANCOCK,

BUTTON GWINNETT,
LYMAN HALL,
GEO. WALTON,
WM. HOOPER,
JOSEPH HEWES,
JOHN PENN,
EDWARD RUTLEDGE,
THOS. HEYWARD, JUNR.,
THOMAS LYNCH, JUNR.,
ARTHUR MIDDLETON,
GEORGE WYTHE,
RICHARD HENRY LEE,
TH. JEFFERSON,
BENJA. HARRISON,
THOS. NELSON, JR.,
FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE,
CARTER BRAXTON,
ROBT. MORRIS,
BENJAMIN RUSH,
BENJA. FRANKLIN,
JOHN MORTON,
GEO. CLYMER,
JAS. SMITH,
GEO. TAYLOR,
JAMES WILSON,
GEO. ROSS,
CAESAR RODNEY,
GEO. READ,
THO. M'KEAN,
SAMUEL CHASE,
WM. PACA,
THOS. STONE,
CHARLES CARROLL,
of Carrollton,
WM. FLOYD,
PHIL. LIVINGSTON,
FRANS. LEWIS,
LEWIS MORRIS,
RICHD. STOCKTON,
JNO. WITHERSPOON,
FRAS. HOPKINSON,
JOHN HART,
ABRA. CLARK,
JOSIAH BARTLETT,
WM. WHIPPLE,
MATTHEW THORNTON,
SAM. ADAMS,
JOHN ADAMS,
ROBT. TREAT PAINE,
ELBRIDGE GERRY,
STEP. HOPKINS,
WILLIAM ELLERY,
ROGER SHERMAN,
SAML. HUNTINGTON,
WM. WILLIAMS,
OLIVER WOLCOTT.

ANDREW JOHNSON

[1808—1875]

R. H. BATTLE

THE subject of this sketch was born in the city of Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. His father, Jacob Johnson, was then a hostler for Tasso's Tavern, and he and his wife, being dependent and unlettered, readily consented to the naming of the boy by a daughter of Mr. Tasso, afterward Mrs. Hannah Stuart. It has been said that she named him for Andrew Jackson, who even then had become a popular hero. There is no evidence that Andrew Johnson was baptized by any name, whether as an infant or in after life; and if he was ever called by the full name of "Old Hickory," he dropped the middle name before he became a public man.

While some of the family of Jacob Johnson, the father, were degraded as well as poor, the following testimony was borne of him, after his death, by the editor of the *Raleigh Star,* in its issue of January 12, 1812: "Although for many years Jacob Johnson had occupied but an humble station, in his last illness he was visited by the principal inhabitants of the city, by whom he was esteemed for his honesty, sobriety, industry and humane friendly disposition. Among all by whom he was known and esteemed none lament him more, except perhaps his own relatives, than the publisher of this paper; for he owes his life on a particular occasion to the kindness and humanity of Johnson." This act of humanity was, doubtless, his saving the publisher from drowning, with some risk of his own life. The testimony of an intelligent countryman of the neighborhood was to the effect that Mrs. Jacob Johnson, though of humble origin, was an honest, good woman.

Andrew was just three years old when his father died. There were no free schools in Raleigh in those days, and when he became old enough to go to school, his mother was unable to pay for his tuition; and, that he might not grow up in idleness, when he arrived at the age of ten years, she had him apprenticed to a tailor named Selby. The post-office was kept in or near the tailor-shop, and the young apprentice soon began to profit by the conversation of educated men and youths, who dropped in for or with their mail. One of the latter, Johnson's senior by a few years, noticed his eagerness in listening to anyone who would read aloud in the office, regaled

him with specimens of eloquence from the 'Columbian Orator,' and afterward gave him the book. This young benefactor was William G. Hill, who became a leading physician of Raleigh in the last generation; and it is said that the apprentice learned to read from the book so given, some one teaching him the letters. When he was about sixteen years old, he and a few heedless companions got into trouble by *rocking* the house of a disreputable old woman, and to avoid threatened prosecution he ran away. With a scant change of clothes in a little handbag, he made his way on foot to Laurens Court House, South Carolina, and there he supported himself awhile by working at his trade. Young Johnson returned to Raleigh in about two years, and after a short sojourn, in May, 1826, left the old home, not to revisit it for more than two-score years. He, his mother, and stepfather loaded their earthly possessions in a two-wheeled cart, to which was hitched a blind pony, and proceeded to make a long journey across the mountains, to Greenville, Tennessee; and there Andrew Johnson made his home for nearly all the rest of his life. His mother's health was probably undermined by the wearisome journey and its exposures, and she soon died. At all events, history is thereafter silent about her. Settling in Greenville, young Johnson obtained employment in the tailoring business, and soon married Eliza McCardle, a young woman whose advantages and social position were superior to his. She was helpmate for him and taught him to write.

So much has been said of the origin and early years of Andrew Johnson, that it must be apparent what strength of mind and will he had to rise from such beginnings and surroundings, overcoming all obstacles, to the highest elective office on earth. That Johnson must have used the spare hours from his trade and his evenings in reading good literature is proved by the fact that in a few years he had acquired a vocabulary and style, in speaking and writing, which made him the peer in debate of the many great orators of which his adopted State was justly proud. His native ability was soon recognized at his new home, and in 1829, before he was of age, and again in 1830, he was elected one of the aldermen of the town. In the latter year he was advanced to its mayoralty. In the year following, by the election of the county court, he was chosen a trustee of a public academy. Bent upon availing himself of every opportunity to improve, he obtained permission to participate in the debates of a literary society of the College of Greenville. In that he laid the foundation of his readiness and force as a debater, which were exhibited when, at the age of twenty-five, in the year 1834, he canvassed and won a seat in the Legislature.

In 1840 his prominence had become such that his party made him a candidate for elector for the State-at-large on the Van Buren ticket. From 1843, for ten years by successive elections, he was a member of the House of Representatives in the National Legislature. His powers as a popular orator being recognized throughout the State, his party gave him the nomination for Governor in 1853 and 1855. He was triumphantly elected, and on the expiration of his second term as Governor, in 1857, he was elected by the Legislature to the United States Senate; and he continued to be a member of that body until March 4, 1862, when he was appointed by President Lincoln Military Governor of Tennessee. In his canvasses for the office of Governor in 1853 and 1855, and in his messages to the Legislature when Governor, he advocated measures favoring "the working people"; so that he was often called "the Mechanic Governor." As if to give color to his reputation as such, he is said to have lived part of the time, while he was in executive office, over a livery stable in Nashville. In the United States Senate he was a strenuous advocate of a liberal homestead bill, and in May, 1858, he made a speech on the subject which gave him a national reputation. He was also a strong advocate of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, of which Stephen A. Douglas was the champion. The Senate then contained many great men, such as Seward, Fessenden, Sumner, Edwards, Trumbull, Chase, and Wade of the North, and Davis, Toombs, Benjamin, and Wigfall of the South, and Johnson proved himself to be the peer of the best of them in debate. When the question of the secession was the paramount issue in the Senate and before the country, in 1860, he made a great speech from his seat on the side of the Union. His decided stand on this subject made him unpopular with the extremists of the South, while his insistence on slavery as an institution guaranteed by the Constitution, with right in the slave owners to carry slave property into the territories, prevented his being classed with the Republicans. He was the only member of Congress from either house from the South who retained his seat after his State adopted the ordinance of secession; even most of those of the border States, Kentucky and Missouri, resigned their seats and did what they could for the Confederate cause. Under these circumstances Johnson was a very prominent figure during the war, and it was natural for the President to appoint him Military Governor of Tennessee, after the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, in February, 1862, had opened the way for the Union armies to take possession of Nashville. Appointed March fourth, on the eighth day thereafter he assumed the duties of the office, and proceeded to make himself felt in behalf

of the Union. He built a railroad from Nashville to the Tennessee River, made speeches in all parts of the State which were accessible to him, issued a proclamation confiscating property of rich Confederates, and raised twenty-five regiments in Tennessee for service in the Union army. As that State was then the *storm center* of the war in the West, these services of the Military Governor were of immense value to the side which he had so zealously espoused. On this account some assert that no man did more for the triumph of the Union cause than he. These services were recognized by the Republican party, and for their influence on the border States, and otherwise, he was selected as the candidate for Vice-president, with Mr. Lincoln at the head of the ticket, in 1864. In his letter of acceptance of the nomination he asserted himself still to be a Democrat; but said that the cause of the Union was superior to all other considerations.

Elected Vice-president, and Mr. Lincoln being assassinated within six weeks after the inauguration, Mr. Johnson became President of the United States. He was sworn in at his hotel, the Kirkwood House, at eleven o'clock A.M., April 15, 1865, in the presence of members of the Cabinet and a few other leading men, Chief Justice Chase administering the oath of office. He thus obtained the acme of his vaulting ambition, at the age of fifty-six years. Unless he delighted in strife, however, his nearly four years of service must have been the least happy of his public life.

Mr. Lincoln having been shot about ten o'clock the night before, and his great soul having left his body about seven in the morning, Johnson had but a few hours for the preparation of his brief inaugural address, printed in full on page 2732. It may not be in his best style, but it is an indication of his character and egotism. Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire, who was present at its delivery, wittily remarked: "Johnson seemed willing to share the glory of his achievements with his Creator, but he utterly forgot that Mr. Lincoln had any share of credit in the suppression of the rebellion."

He retained the Cabinet of his predecessor, and for a time made no changes, though soon a violent enmity arose between him and Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. His ideas about the reconstruction of the Union were substantially the same as those of Mr. Lincoln, who doubtless approved the terms of surrender of Johnson to Sherman. His first message to Congress, on its assembling December 4, 1865, sets forth his convictions on this subject, and presents the argument against the right of secession very forcibly. That message is in the best style of his speeches on the Union of the States, and is probably the best composition which came from his

pen. The extracts that are given from this message present his argument and show with what force and correctness this self-taught man could express himself.

Johnson strongly insisted that the States should regulate suffrage according to their own will. Very soon thereafter the differences between the President and Congress on this question, and others analogous, became irreconcilable. He proceeded to veto such bills in reference to former slaves and to reconstruction as were inconsistent with his own plans. Among these was the bill continuing the Freedmen's Bureau. Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, showing sympathy with the President's antagonists in Congress, was suspended from office in contravention of the Tenure of Office law, after he had refused to resign upon the President's request. This brought about the impeachment of Mr. Johnson as President. He had previously vetoed the bill as unconstitutional, and it passed over his veto.

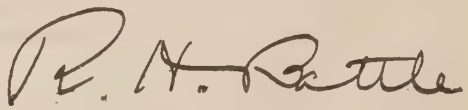
His enemies had tried to find grounds for his impeachment as early as December, 1866, partly on account of his personal habits—it being alleged that he drank to excess—a fault to which General Carl Schurz alludes in his 'Reminiscences,' as a fact he learned when he was stationed in Nashville, during Johnson's term as military governor. But sufficient grounds were not found to justify presentment of articles. He removed Stanton from office February 21, 1868, and, on the twenty-fourth, the House resolved to impeach him. Articles of impeachment, eleven in number, were prepared, and presented to the Senate. The stress of the prosecution was on the eleventh article, which charged the illegal removal of Mr. Stanton. The trial lasted till the sixteenth of May, when the test vote was taken on the eleventh article. Thirty-five senators voted for conviction and nineteen for acquittal. Two thirds being required to convict, he was declared *not guilty* as to that article. Votes were taken on other articles with a like result, and the President was discharged and resumed the duties of his office. A change of one vote would have resulted in conviction. All the Democrats voted for acquittal, as did a number of Republicans, on the grounds that the laws he was charged with violating were of doubtful constitutionality.

Mr. Johnson's aggressive spirit was unbroken by the impeachment, and he continued to veto bills which did not command his approval to the end of his term. He had made a vigorous speech in favor of the veto power, when he was a member of the Senate, and he exercised that power, while he was President, more frequently than any five of his predecessors had done.

Returning to Tennessee upon the expiration of his term, March 4, 1869, he lived there the rest of his life. Having been in public

life since his early manhood, he could not be content to be a private citizen. Soon after his return he was a candidate before the Legislature for a seat in the United States Senate, but was defeated. In 1872 he was defeated as a candidate for congressman-at-large. In January, 1875, he was elected United States Senator, as a Democrat, and took his seat at an extra session held that spring. His only speech of note during the session was a bitter attack on General Grant, who had not been subservient to him during his contest with Congress; but it was couched in such terms as to avoid the charge of a breach of privilege. On July 29, 1875, he was stricken with paralysis, when on a visit to his daughter, near Elizabethtown in east Tennessee, and died the next day.

That Andrew Johnson was a patriot as well as a demagogue, on a large scale, must appear from the foregoing. His services to the country for the preservation of the Union, at the critical period of the contest were invaluable. That his talents were great and versatile is evident from his wonderful success over such great obstacles, and during such a chaotic period. Whether Lincoln, had he lived, could have carried out his plans of reconstruction, which his successor adopted, against the influence of Stevens, Sumner, and others, can only be conjectured. Johnson made a strenuous fight for it, and almost sacrificed himself as the result. For it, he is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the people of the South, and it is a satisfaction for us to know that, though his and our cause was defeated then, the country is generally now of the opinion that his was the wiser policy. His public papers and orders from April, 1865, to March, 1869, as found in the Congressional Records and in the archives of the several departments in Washington, are a lasting monument to his unflagging industry, his dauntless courage, and his signal ability.



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SPEECH ON THE HOMESTEAD BILL

Delivered in the United States Senate May 29, 1858.

. . . I KNOW there are many, and even some in the Democratic ranks, whose nerves are a little timid in regard to trusting the people with too much power. Sir, the people are the safest, the best, and the most reliable lodgment of power, if you have a population of this kind. Keep up the middle class; lop off an aristocracy on the one hand, and a rabble on the other; let the middle class maintain the ascendency, let them have the power, and your Government is always secure. Then you need not fear the people. I know, as I have just remarked, that some are timid in regard to trusting the people; but there can be no danger from a people who are interested in their Government, who have homes to defend, and wives and children to care for. Even if we test this proposition by that idea of self-interest which is said to govern and control man, I ask you if a man, who has an interest in his country, is not more reliable than one who has none? Is not a man who is adding to the wealth of his country more reliable than one who is simply a consumer and has no interest in it? If we suppose a man to be governed only by the principle of self-interest, is he not more reliable when he has a stake in the country, and is it not his interest to promote and advance his own condition? Is it not the interest of the great mass to have everything done rightly in reference to Government? The great mass of the people hold no office; they expect nothing from the Government. The only way they feel, and know, and understand the operations of the Government is in the exactions it makes from them. When they are receiving from the Government protection in common, it is their interest to do right in all governmental affairs; and that being their interest, they are to be relied upon, even if you suppose men to be actuated altogether by the principle of self-interest. It is the interest of the middle class to do right in all governmental affairs; and hence they are to be relied upon. Instead of requiring you to keep up your armies, your mounted men, and your footmen on the frontier, if you will let the people go and possess this public land on the conditions proposed in this bill, you will have an army on the frontier composed of

men who will defend their own firesides, who will take care of their own homes, and will defend the other portions of the country, if need be, in time of war.

I would remark in this connection, that the public lands have paid for themselves. According to the report of Mr. Stuart of Virginia, the Secretary of the Interior in 1850, it was shown that then the public lands had paid for themselves, and sixty millions over. We have received into the Treasury since that time about thirty-two million dollars from the public lands. They have, therefore, already paid the Government more than they cost, and there can be no objection to this bill on the ground that the public lands have been bought with the common treasure of the whole country. Besides, this bill provides that each individual making an entry shall pay all the expenses attending it.

We see, then, Mr. President, the effect this policy is to have on population. Let me ask here—looking to our popular elections, looking to the proper lodgment of power—is it not time that we had adopted a policy which would give us men interested in the affairs of the country to control and sway our elections? It seems to me that this cannot long be debated; the point is too clear. The agricultural and mechanical portion of the community are to be relied upon for the preservation and continuance of this Government. The great mass of the people, the great middle class, are honest. They toil for their support, accepting no favor from Government. They live by labor. They do not live by consumption, but by production; and we should consume as small a portion of their production as it is possible for us to consume, leaving the producer to appropriate to his own use and benefit as much of the product of his own labor as it is possible in the nature of things to do. The great mass of the people need advocates —men who are honest and capable, who are willing to defend them. How much legislation is done for classes, and how little care seems to be exercised for the great mass of the people! When we are among our constituents, it is very easy to make appeals to the people and professions of patriotism, and then—I do not mean to be personal or invidious—it is very easy, when we are removed from them a short distance, to forget the people and legislate for classes, neglecting the

interest of the great mass. The mechanics and agriculturists are honest, industrious, and economical. Let it not be supposed that I am against learning or education, but I might speak of the man in the rural districts in the language of Pope:

> Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
> No language but the language of the heart;
> By nature honest, by experience wise;
> Healthy by temperance and exercise.

This is the kind of men whom we must rely upon. Let your public lands be settled; let them be filled up; let honest men become cultivators and tillers of the soil. I do not claim to be prophetic, but I have sometimes thought that if we would properly direct our legislation in reference to our public lands and our other public policy, the time would come when this would be the greatest government on the face of the earth. Go to the great valley of the Mississippi; take the western slope of the mountains to the Pacific Ocean; take the whole area of this country, and we find that we have over three million square miles. Throw off one fourth as unfit for cultivation, reducing the area of the United States to fifteen hundred million acres, and by appropriating three acres to a person, it will sustain a population of over five hundred million people; and I have no doubt, if this continent was strained to its utmost capacity, it could sustain the entire population of the world. Let us go on and carry out our destiny; interest men in the soil; let your vacant land be divided equally so that men can have homes; let them live by their own industry; and the time will come when this will be the greatest nation on the face of the earth. Let agriculture and the mechanic arts maintain the ascendency, and other professions and pursuits be subordinate to them, for on these two all others rest.

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I live in a Southern State; and, if I know myself, I am as good a Southern man as any one who lives within the borders of the South. It seems to be feared that by this bill we compel men to go on the lands. I want to compel no man to go. I want to leave each and every man to be controlled by his own inclination, by his own interest, and not to force him; but is it statesmanlike, is it philanthropic, is it Christian,

to keep a man in a State, and refuse to let him go, because, if he does go, he will help to populate some other portion of the country? If a man lives in the county in which I live, and he can, by crossing the line into another county, better his condition, I say let him go. If, by crossing the boundary of my State and going into another, he can better his condition, I say let him go. If a man can go from Tennessee into Illinois, or Louisiana, or Mississippi, or Arkansas, or any other State, and better his condition, let him go. I care not where he goes, so that he locates himself in this great area of freedom, becomes attached to our institutions, and interested in the prosperity and welfare of the country. I care not where he goes, so that he is under the protection of our Stars and Stripes. I say, let him go where he can better the condition of himself, his wife, and children; let him go where he can receive the greatest remuneration for his toil and for his labor. What kind of a policy is it to say that a man shall be locked up where he was born, and shall be confined to the place of his birth?

Take the State of North Carolina, represented by the honorable Senator before me—and I have no doubt it is his intention to represent that people to their satisfaction—would it have been proper to require the people of North Carolina, from her early settlement to the present time, to be confined within her boundaries? Would they not have looked upon it as a hard sentence? Would they not have looked upon it as oppressive and cruel? North Carolina has supplied the Western States with a large proportion of her population, for the reason that by going West they could better their condition. Who would prevent them from doing it? Who would say to the poor man in North Carolina, that has no land of his own to cultivate, that lives upon some barren angle, or some piny plain, or in some other State upon some stony ridge, that he must plough and dig the land appointed to him by his landlord, and that he is not to emigrate to any place where he can better his condition? What is his prospect? He has to live poor; he has to live hard; and, in the end, when he dies poverty, want, is the only inheritance he can leave his children. There is no one who has a higher appreciation of North Carolina than I have; she is my native State. I found it to be my interest to emigrate, and I should have thought it cruel and

hard if I had been told that I could not leave her boundary. Although North Carolina did not afford me the advantages of education, though I cannot speak in the language of the schoolmen, and call her my cherishing mother, yet, in the language of Cowper, "with all her faults, I love her still." She is still my mother; she is my native State; and I love her as such, and I love her people, too. But what an idea is it to present, as influencing the action of a statesman, that people may not emigrate from one State to another! Sir, I say let a man go anywhere within the boundaries of the United States where he can better his condition.

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Sir, carry out the Homestead policy, attach the people to the soil, induce them to love the Government, and you will have the North reconciled to the South, and the South to the North, and we shall not have invidious doctrines preached to stir up bad feelings in either section. I know that in my own State, and in the other Southern States, the men who do not own slaves are among the first to take care of the institution. They will submit to no encroachment from abroad, no interference from other sections.

I have said, Mr. President, much more than I intended to say, and, I fear, in rather a desultory manner, but I hope I have made myself understood. I heard that some gentleman was going to offer an amendment to this bill, providing that the Government should furnish every man with a slave. So far as I am concerned, if it suited him, and his inclination led him that way, I wish to God every head of a family in the United States had one to take the drudgery and menial service off his family. I would have no objection to that; but this intimation was intended as a slur upon my proposition. I want that to be determined by the people of the respective States, and not by the Congress of the United States. I do not want this body to interfere by innuendo or by amendment, prescribing that the people shall have this or the other. I desire to leave that to be determined by the people of the respective States, and not by the Congress of the United States.

I hope, Mr. President, that this bill will be passed. I think it involves the very first principles of the Government: it is founded upon statesmanship, humanity, philanthropy, and even

upon Christianity itself. I know the argument has been made, why permit one portion of the people to go and take some of this land and not another? The law is in general terms; it places it in the power of every man who will go to take a portion of the land. The Senator from Alabama suggests to me that a person, in order to get the benefit of this bill, must prove that he is not the owner of other land. An amendment was yesterday inserted in the bill striking out that provision. Then it places all on an equality to go and take. Why should this not be done? It was conceded yesterday that the land was owned by the people. There are over three million heads of families in the United States; and if every man who is the head of a family were to take a quarter section of public land, there would still be nearly four million quarter-sections left. If some people go and take quarter-sections it does not interfere with the rights of others, for he who goes takes only a part of that which is his, and takes nothing that belongs to anybody else. The domain belongs to the whole people; the equity is in the great mass of the people; the Government holds the fee and passes the title, but the beneficial interest is in the people. There are, as I have said, two quarter-sections of land for every head of a family in the United States, and we merely propose to permit a head of a family to take one half of that which belongs to him.

I believe the passage of this bill will strengthen the bonds of the Union. It will give us a better voting population, and just in proportion as men become interested in property, they will become reconciled to all the institutions of property in the country, in whatever shape they may exist. Take the institution of slavery, for instance: would you rather trust it to the mercies of a people liable to be ruled by the mobs of which my honorable friend from South Carolina spoke, or would you prefer an honest set of landholders? Which would be the most reliable? Which would guarantee the greatest security to our institutions, when they come to the test of the ballot-box?

Mr. President, I hope the Senate will pass this bill. I think it will be the beginning of a new state of things—a new era.

So far as I am concerned—I say it not in any spirit of boasting or egotism—if this bill were passed, and the system

it inaugurates carried out, of granting a reasonable quantity of land for a man's family, and looking far into the future I could see resulting from it—a stable, an industrious, a hardy, a Christian, a philanthropic community, I should feel that the great object of my little mission was fulfilled. All that I desire is the honor and the credit of being one of the American Congress to consummate and carry out this great scheme that is to elevate our race and to make our institutions more permanent. I want no reputation, as some have insinuated. You may talk about Jacobism, Red Republicanism, and so on. I pass by such insinuations as the idle wind which I regard not.

I know the motives that prompt me to action. I can go back to that period in my own history when I could not say that I had a home. This being so, when I cast my eyes from one extreme of the United States to the other, and behold the great number that are homeless, I feel for them. I believe this bill would put them in possession of homes; and I want to see them realizing that sweet conception when each man can proclaim, "I have a home; an abiding place for my wife and for my children; I am not the tenant of another; I am my own ruler; I will move according to my own will, and not at the dictation of another."

Yes, Mr. President, if I should never be heard of again on the surface of God's habitable globe, the proud satisfaction of having contributed my little aid to the consummation of this great measure is all the reward I desire.

The people need friends. They have a great deal to bear. They make all; they do all; but how little they participate in the legislation of the country! All, or nearly all, of our legislation is for corporations; for monopolies, for classes, and individuals; but the great mass who produce while we consume, are little cared for; their rights and interests are neglected and overlooked. Let us, as patriots, as statesmen, let us as Christians, consummate this great measure which will exert an influence throughout the civilized world in fulfilling our destiny. I thank the Senate for their attention.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Delivered April 15, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:—I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform duties so important and responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me. As to an indication of any policy which may be pursued by me in the administration of the Government, I have to say that that must be left for development as the Administration progresses. The message or declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future is reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past in connection with this rebellion must be regarded as a guaranty of the future. My past public life, which has been long and laborious, has been founded, as I in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of right, which lies at the basis of all things. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government, and I believe that the Government in passing through its present perils will settle down upon principles consonant with popular rights more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, that I have long labored to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been my lot. Duties have been mine; consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed, and I feel that in the end the Government will triumph and that these great principles will be permanently established.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask and rely upon you and others in carrying the Government through its present perils. I feel in making this request that it will be heartily responded to by you and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people.

FIRST ANNUAL MESSAGE

WASHINGTON, December 4, 1865.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:—To express gratitude to God in the name of the people for the preservation of the United States is my first duty in addressing you. Our thoughts next revert to the death of the late President by an act of parricidal treason. The grief of the nation is still fresh. It finds some solace in the consideration that he lived to enjoy the highest proof of his confidence by entering on the renewed term of the Chief Magistracy to which he had been elected; that he brought the Civil War substantially to a close; that his loss was deplored in all parts of the Union, and that foreign nations have rendered justice to his memory. His removal cast upon me a heavier weight of cares than ever devolved upon any one of his predecessors. To fulfill my trust I need the support and confidence of all who are associated with me in the various departments of Government and the support and confidence of the people. There is but one way in which I can hope to gain their necessary aid. It is to state with frankness the principles which guide my conduct, and their application to the present state of affairs, well aware that the efficiency of my labors will in a great measure depend upon your and their undivided approbation.

The Union of the United States of America was intended by its authors to last as long as the states themselves shall last. "The Union shall be perpetual" are the words of the Confederation. "To form a more perfect Union," by an ordinance of the people of the United States, is the declared purpose of the Constitution. The hand of Divine Providence was never more plainly visible in the affairs of men than in the framing and the adopting of that instrument. It is beyond comparison the greatest event in American history, and, indeed, is it not of all events in modern times the most pregnant with consequences for every people of the earth? The members of the Convention which prepared it brought to their work the experience of the Confederation, of their several States, and of other republican governments, old and new; but they needed and they obtained a wisdom superior to experience. And when

for its validity it required the approval of a people that occupied a large part of a continent and acted separately in many distinct conventions, what is more wonderful than that, after earnest contention and long discussion, all feelings and all opinions were ultimately drawn in one way to its support? The Constitution to which life was thus imparted contains within itself ample resources for its own preservation. It has power to enforce the laws, punish treason, and insure domestic tranquillity. In case of the usurpation of the government of a State by one man or an oligarchy, it becomes a duty of the United States to make good the guaranty to that State of a republican form of government, and so to maintain the homogeneousness of all. Does the lapse of time reveal defects? A simple mode of amendment is provided in the Constitution itself, so that its conditions can always be made to conform to the requirements of advancing civilization. No room is allowed even for the thought of a possibility of its coming to an end. And these powers of self-preservation have always been asserted in their complete integrity by every patriotic Chief Magistrate—by Jefferson and Jackson not less than by Washington and Madison. The parting advice of the Father of his Country, while yet President, to the people of the United States was that the free Constitution, which was the work of their hands, might be sacredly maintained; and the inaugural words of President Jefferson held up "the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad." The Constitution is the work of "the people of the United States," and it should be as indestructible as the people.

It is not strange that the framers of the Constitution, which had no model in the past, should not have fully comprehended the excellence of their own work. Fresh from a struggle against arbitrary power, many patriots suffered from harassing fears of an absorption of the State governments by the General Government, and many from a dread that the States would break away from their orbits. But the very greatness of our country should allay the apprehension of encroachments by the General Government. The subjects that come unquestionably within its jurisdiction are so numerous that it must ever naturally refuse to be embarrassed by questions that lie

beyond it. Were it otherwise the Executive would sink beneath the burden, the channels of justice would be choked, legislation would be obstructed by excess, so that there is a greater temptation to exercise some of the functions of the General Government through the States than to trespass on their rightful sphere. The "absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority" was at the beginning of the century enforced by Jefferson as "the vital principle of republics;" and the events of the last four years have established, we will hope forever, that there lies no appeal to force.

The maintenance of the Union brings with it "the support of the State governments in all their rights," but it is not one of the rights of any State government to renounce its own place in the Union or to nullify the laws of the Union. The largest liberty is to be maintained in the discussion of the acts of the Federal Government, but there is no appeal from its laws except to the various branches of that Government itself, or to the people, who grant to the members of the legislative and of the executive departments no tenure but a limited one, and in that manner always retain the powers of redress.

"The sovereignty of the States" is the language of the Confederacy, and not the language of the Constitution. The latter contains the emphatic words—

This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Certainly the Government of the United States is a limited government, and so is every State government a limited government. With us this idea of limitation spreads through every form of administration—general, State, and municipal—and rests on the great distinguishing principle of the recognition of the rights of man. The ancient republics absorbed the individual in the state—prescribed his religion and controlled his activity. The American system rests on the assertion of the equal right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to freedom of conscience, to the culture and exercise of all of his faculties. As a consequence the State govern-

ment is limited—as to the General Government in the interest of union, as to the individual citizen in the interest of freedom.

States, with proper limitations of power, are essential to the existence of the Constitution of the United States. At the very commencement, when we assumed a place among the powers of the earth, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by States; so also were the Articles of Confederation; and when "the people of the United States" ordained and established the Constitution it was the assent of the States, one by one, which gave it vitality. In the event, too, of any amendment to the Constitution, the proposition of Congress needs the confirmation of States. Without States one great branch of the legislative government would be wanting. And if we look beyond the letter of the Constitution to the character of our country, its capacity for comprehending within its jurisdiction a vast continental empire is due to the system of States. The best security of the perpetual existence of the States is the "supreme authority" of the Constitution of the United States. The perpetuity of the Constitution brings with it the perpetuity of the States; their mutual relation makes us what we are, and in our political system their connection is indissoluble. The whole cannot exist without the parts, nor the parts without the whole. So long as the Constitution of the United States endures, the States will endure. The destruction of the one is the destruction of the other; the preservation of the one is the preservation of the other.

I have thus explained my views of the mutual relations of the Constitution and the States, because they unfold the principles on which I have sought to solve the momentous questions and overcome the appalling difficulties that met me at the very commencement of my Administration. It has been my steadfast object to escape from the sway of momentary passions and to derive a healing policy from the fundamental and unchanging principles of the Constitution.

I found the States suffering from the effects of a civil war. Resistance to the General Government appeared to have exhausted itself. The United States had recovered possession of their forts and arsenals, and their armies were in the occupation of every State which had attempted to secede. Whether the territory within the limits of those States should

be held as conquered territory, under military authority emanating from the President as the head of the Army, was the first question that presented itself for decision.

Now military governments, established for an indefinite period, would have offered no security for the early suppression of discontent, would have divided the people into the vanquishers and the vanquished, and would have envenomed hatred rather than have restored affection. Once established, no precise limit to their continuance was conceivable. They would have occasioned an incalculable and exhausting expense. Peaceful emigration to and from that portion of the country is one of the best means that can be thought of for the restoration of harmony, and that emigration would have been prevented; for what emigrant from abroad, what industrious citizen at home, would place himself willingly under military rule? The chief persons who would have followed in the train of the Army would have been dependents on the General Government or men who expected profit from the miseries of their erring fellow-citizens. The powers of patronage and rule which would have been exercised, under the President, over a vast and populous and naturally wealthy region are greater than, unless under extreme necessity, I should be willing to entrust to any one man. They are such as, for myself, I could never, unless on occasions of great emergency, consent to exercise. The willful use of such powers, if continued through a period of years, would have endangered the purity of the general administration and the liberties of the States which had remained loyal.

Besides, the policy of military rule over a conquered territory would have implied that the States whose inhabitants may have taken part in the rebellion had by the act of those inhabitants ceased to exist. But the true theory is that all pretended acts of secession were from the beginning null and void. The States cannot commit treason nor screen the individual citizens who may have committed treason any more than they can make valid treaties or engage in lawful commerce with any foreign power. The States attempting to secede placed themselves in a condition where their vitality was impaired, but not extinguished; their functions suspended, but not destroyed.

But if any State neglects or refuses to perform its offices there is the more need that the General Government should maintain all its authority and as soon as practicable resume the exercise of all its functions. On this principle I have acted, and have gradually and quietly, and by almost imperceptible steps, sought to restore the rightful energy of the General Government and of the States. To that end provisional governors have been appointed for the States, conventions called, legislatures assembled, and Senators and Representatives chosen to the Congress of the United States. At the same time the courts of the United States, as far as could be done, have been reopened, so that the laws of the United States may be enforced through their agency.

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[After reciting the steps he had taken in the different departments to accommodate the States rehabilitated, and the provisions he had made for their participation in amendment of the Constitution, he discusses the relation of the General Government towards the four million "inhabitants whom the war has called into freedom."—Ed.]

On the propriety of attempting to make the freedmen electors, by the proclamation of the Executive, I took for my counsel the Constitution itself, the interpretations of that instrument by its authors and their contemporaries, and recent legislation by Congress. When, at the first movement toward independence, the Congress of the United States instructed the several States to institute governments of their own, they left each State to decide for itself the conditions for the enjoyment of the elective franchise. During the period of the Confederacy there continued to exist a very great diversity in the qualifications of electors in the several States, and even within a State a distinction of qualifications prevailed with regard to the officers who were to be chosen.

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After the formation of the Constitution it remained, as before, the uniform usage for each State to enlarge the body of its electors according to its own judgment, and under this system one State after another has proceeded to increase the

number of its electors, until now universal suffrage, or something very near it, is the general rule.

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[He then proceeds to argue that the matter of suffrage should be left to the several States. And after referring to the reports of the several departments and enlarging upon the condition of the finances and of the war department especially, he ends the message as follows. —Ed.]:

Where in past history does a parallel exist to the public happiness which is within the reach of the people of the United States? Where in any part of the globe can institutions be found so suited to their habits or so entitled to their love as their own free Constitution? Every one of them, then, in whatever part of the land he has his home, must wish its perpetuity. Who of them will not now acknowledge, in the words of Washington, that "every step by which the people of the United States have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency"? Who will not join with me in the prayer that the Invisible Hand which has led us through the clouds that gloomed around our path will so guide us onward to a perfect restoration of fraternal affection that we, of this day, may be able to transmit our great inheritance of State governments in all their rights, of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, to our posterity, and they to theirs through countless generations?

ANDREW JOHNSON.

JOSIAH STODDARD JOHNSTON

[1833—1913]

REUBEN T. DURRETT

COLONEL JOSIAH STODDARD JOHNSTON, son of John Harris and Eliza Ellen (Davidson) Johnston, was born in New Orleans, February 10, 1833. Colonel Johnston's father, who was an elder brother of General Albert Sidney Johnston, went to Louisiana when a young man with his elder half-brother, Honorable Josiah Stoddard Johnston, a prominent lawyer of that State who was United States Senator 1822-'33, and who was killed by a steamboat explosion in 1833, just after having been elected a third time. John Harris Johnston became a successful lawyer and planter in the Parish of Rapides, was Speaker of the Louisiana House of Representatives in 1830, and at the time of his death was parish judge, an office corresponding to a circuit judgeship in Kentucky. His wife had preceded him in death a year, and the subject of this sketch was thus doubly orphaned when he was but five years old. Shortly after his father's death he was brought to Kentucky, and with his two brothers, one elder and the other younger, was reared by Colonel George Hancock of Jefferson County, and his wife, the latter being his maternal aunt. His early education was had at the Latin school of S. V. Womack, Shelbyville, and at Georgetown, Kentucky, at the Western Military Institute, in which James G. Blaine was at that time professor. In 1850 he entered the sophomore class at Yale and was graduated there in 1853. He then attended the Law School of the University of Louisville and received his diploma in 1854. In the same year he married Eliza, daughter of George W. Johnson of Scott County, Kentucky, afterward Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who fell fighting as a private at Shiloh, although bearing the rank of brigadier. From 1855 to 1859 he planted cotton in Arkansas, and in the latter year sold his plantation and became a farmer in Scott County, Kentucky. He was thus engaged when the war broke out. In 1861 he declined a nomination for the Legislature, and cast his fortunes with the South. His service was first upon the staff of General Bragg, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel until 1863; upon the staff of General S. B. Buckner until after the battle of Chickamauga; from that time he was Chief of Staff to General John C. Breckinridge until the latter became Secretary of War

in March, 1865. The last two months of the war he was on the staff of General John Echols, who succeeded General Breckinridge. Besides other engagements, Colonel Johnston was in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, New Market, Cold Harbor, and Winchester, receiving special mention for gallantry in the reports of his chiefs.

After the war, having to start life afresh, he practiced law successfully in Helena, Arkansas, but preferring Kentucky, he settled in Frankfort in the autumn of 1867 as editor of *The Yeoman,* in which capacity he served until 1886, when its publication ceased. In 1869 he assisted in organizing the Kentucky Press Association, and from 1870 to 1886 was its president by annual election. During a large part of the time of his residence in Frankfort he was secretary or chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee; Adjutant-general of Kentucky, 1871, and Secretary of State from 1875 to 1879. In 1875 he was a candidate for Governor, before the Democratic State Convention, and failed to receive the nomination, but, holding the balance of power, named the candidate. In 1889 he removed from Frankfort to Louisville, where he now resides. He has three children living, George W. Johnston, his oldest, J. Stoddard Johnston, Jr., of New York City, and Harris H. Johnston, his fourth child, of St. Louis. His second child, Mary, wife of W. B. Wisdom of New Orleans, died in that city in 1904, and his third, Eliza W. Johnston, died in Frankfort in 1888. Mrs. Johnston, his wife, died in Louisville, Kentucky, November 26, 1901.

In personality there are few men more striking than Colonel Johnston. Always a courtly and dignified gentleman, he never fails to attract attention in any assembly. Strangers are strongly impressed by his fine bearing, his apparent high intellectuality, and his manifest right of leadership. Such impressions are never changed by long acquaintanceship. His lifetime friends have found him always the same. His character is real in all its features, and his strong convictions, firm principles, and native dignity are in no measure underestimated by the genial, open-hearted, and frank intercourse of close association. He is at home anywhere, alike in the drawing-room, the camp, or the council, and whenever he appears his high character meets with true appreciation.

Throughout Kentucky, Colonel Johnston is as thoroughly well known as any other citizen of the State. He has a wide circle of friends, and his contact with public men has given him rare advantage of acquaintance. As a political economist, his opinion carries weight with all of the higher classes and better minds, and his ability as an administrative officer is everywhere recognized. He

writes with wonderful ease and accuracy, and in the preparation of state papers, or of any expressions involving matters of public interest, there is no more forcible authority in the State. His long experience as a constitutional lawyer, an editor and state officer, has given him familiarity with almost every feature of social or political organization. Added to this, an incorruptible integrity of opinion, an unshrinking moral courage, and a natural pride of ancestry, have so accentuated his character that his name is the synonym of honor as well as of ability. To his rapid and accurate observation and his inherent military genius are due many of the ablest papers and plans of the distinguished commanders under whom he served during the late war. His powers of perception are quick and correct, and his exceptional grace of education has given him a readiness of expression that few public men possess.

Outside of classical and general literary attainments, he has acquired a knowledge of the geology and botany of almost every section of the country. He has made a close and careful study of natural science in nearly all its forms, not from ambition to excel in any particular branch, but from pure love of that kind of learning. It may be said that his familiarity with both the flora and fauna of Kentucky has come more of incidental observation, based upon a scholastic acquirement of general principles of nature, than from any systematic devotion of time to particular study. It is only from such gentle and generous characters as this that have come the greater measures of information that go to make up the world's knowledge of the component parts of the earth upon which we live. He has studied the character and habits of every flower, shrub, and tree of Kentucky, and shows thoroughly the progenitors of many of the beautiful plants that adorn our gardens and conservatories. His power of differentiation is finely developed, and his analysis invariably correct. In geological science, his knowledge has been of incalculable benefit to the opening of the physical resources of the State, and he has given the results of his observations freely to the public from a pure love of his subjects rather than from any hope of personal reward. The writer of this brief biographical sketch has known him from boyhood, and can justly say he has never known a more magnanimous character. In every feature he is symmetrically and nobly organized.

Not the least important of his many accomplishments was the building of a city in the desert. The existence of Abilene, Texas, now a place of more than five thousand inhabitants, is due entirely to his agency. At the time of building the Texas Pacific Railroad, he selected the site and caused the location to be made. There were

then no settlements in its vicinity and nothing to invite the building of a city to the ordinary observer; but he saw its superior advantages in topography, understood its geology, and recognized the agricultural capacity of its surrounding territory. The principal feature that induced him to select it as the proper place for the establishment of a city was its fine stream of living water. Another point within a few miles had been chosen by others, but he properly rejected the idea and bent his energies to the adoption of the site. Obtaining the concurrence of the railroad authorities, and arranging rapidly for the transportation of material, he very soon had his tents supplanted by good frame buildings, and within a few weeks opened a successful sale of lots. People began to flock there from every direction, and in less than one year its population had grown to more than a thousand. Good buildings were rapidly erected of brick and stone, and it began at once to assume commercial importance. Its limits were widely extended and the city arose as if by magic.

In this, as in all other enterprises of his life, he worked more for the common welfare than for his own personal aggrandizement, and, while he derived a fair share of pecuniary benefit from it, he succeeded better in making others rich than in lining his own pockets. The people of Abilene have a sincere regard for him as the founder of their city and the father of its chief enterprises.

In the last thirty years there has been no question of general interest involving the social or political autonomy of the State upon which some appeal has not been made to his knowledge or his judgment, and he has never hesitated to respond. Without the slightest inclination to render himself conspicuous by disseminating his views, but with proper modesty and an obliviousness to his own personality, he has ever been ready to do what he could in behalf of the people. He has always been a collector and conservator of historical facts, allowing nothing that bears any true relation to the State's organization or history to escape his memory or his written data.

His capacity for intellectual work seems boundless. He writes almost without hesitation, hour after hour, and produces page after page of manuscript that rarely needs revision.

In addition to his extensive contributions to the press and to magazines, Colonel Johnston is the author of the following works: 'Memorial History of Louisville,' two volumes royal octavo (1896); 'First Explorations of Kentucky, Explorations of Dr. Thomas Walker' (1750-'51); 'Explorations of Christopher Gist' (1751); 'Filson Club Publication No. 13' (1898); 'Confederate History of Kentucky'; Volume IX of 'Confederate Military History' (Atlanta, 1899).

During the past four or five years, Colonel Johnston has been assistant editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* and is in the enjoyment of vigorous health.

The foregoing biographical sketch was prepared by the late Major Henry T. Stanton, poet-laureate of Kentucky, and inserted in Johnston's 'Memorial History of Louisville' by the publishers without the knowledge or consent of Colonel Johnston. It was such a proper biography, however, that Colonel Johnston could hardly have objected unless his over-modesty did not approve of it in a book of which he was the author. It appears here as it was written by Major Stanton, except for certain corrections and additions which I have made. Colonel Johnston has earned a place in the 'Library of Southern Literature,' for he was born in the South, reared in the South, and has spent his life in the South, with the best years of it spent in fighting its battles in the Civil War. I have known him intimately for almost three-score years and have always admired him, not only for his admirable social qualities, but for his scholarly attainments, his broad culture, and his spotless integrity. He has always had the courage of his convictions with a ready and extraordinary ability to promote the right or resist the wrong.

R. T. Durrett

LIFE AND SERVICES OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

Address delivered upon the invitation of The Missouri Historical Society, at the World's Fair, St. Louis, June 24, 1904.

We have assembled here to-day for the purpose of commemorating the life and services of George Rogers Clark, a pioneer soldier in the history of the West, whose genius and valor made possible the inspiring scenes about us. It is with no purpose of attempting to make merit for myself by an oratorical effort intended to please the ear or gratify the fancy of those before me, but in as plain phrase and as briefly as possible to speak of a hero long neglected by posterity, and to show wherein he merits the distinction here accorded him and the gratitude of all succeeding generations.

By a happy coincidence this day is the anniversary of his departure from the Falls of the Ohio River upon that mission of conquest which resulted in the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It was on the twenty-fourth of June, 1778, when, with one hundred and fifty men, in the darkness of an almost total eclipse of the sun, he passed the rapids in crude boats propelled by oars, intent upon a campaign conceived by his mind, organized by his own indefatigable energy, and dependent for its success upon his own genius and bravery. Landing at Fort Massiac, twelve miles below the mouth of the Tennessee, on the twenty-eighth, giving his men but one night for rest, on the succeeding day he started for Kaskaskia, one hundred and twenty miles distant. In the afternoon of the fourth of July he arrived in the neighborhood of the town, which he entered after dark, capturing the place with its garrison without firing a shot or the loss of a life. Fortunately, just before starting on this expedition he had, as he says in his memoir, received a letter from Colonel John Campbell, then at Pittsburg, informing him of the treaty of alliance lately made between France and the American colonies. The subsequent use of this information, after his military occupation had become complete, had an important influence in securing the friendship and ultimate allegiance of the residents of Kaskaskia and neighboring settlements, who were almost exclusively French. When assured of his tenure of this post he sent an expedition,

under Captain John Bowman, northward, who took possession, without resistance, of the remaining settlements, including Cahokia, also called Cohoes, five miles below St. Louis, now a straggling village of a dozen houses, but then containing one hundred families. St. Louis, which had been settled by Pierre Laclede Leguist, known in history as Laclede, fourteen years before, was the headquarters of the Spanish commandant of upper Louisiana, already drawing to itself the trade which had previously centered in the minor towns. Its population was in full sympathy with Clark's movement.

Shortly after the capture of Cahokia, through the influence of Father Gibault, who had been largely instrumental in securing the cordial accession of the people of Kaskaskia, General Clark received similar fealty from the citizens of Vincennes, and sent Captain Leonard Helm as commandant of that post, improvising a small garrison from a few Americans and Creole volunteer troops and friendly Indians. Being now in possession of all the military posts, and in cordial relations with the white settlers, he turned his attention to making the friendship of the numerous Indian tribes who had before been allies of the English. For that purpose he repaired in person to Cahokia, where for five weeks he held stately councils with the chiefs of all the various tribes. So great was his tact, knowledge of the Indian character, and the combined awe and respect with which he inspired them, that he made treaties of peace with all the principal tribes. In consequence of this wise consummation he did not at any time in his Illinois campaign encounter the hostility of the Indians.

Thus during the summer and autumn of 1778 General Clark was active in strengthening his hold upon the territory of which he had come into possession, in securing the friendship and confidence of both aborigines and settlers, in reorganizing his command, the period for which they had enlisted having expired, and in training the new organization comprising those who had reënlisted and the French recruits.

With the advent of winter, intelligence reached him that Colonel Henry Hamilton, the Lieutenant-Governor at Detroit, had reoccupied Vincennes and had sent a detachment in the direction of Kaskaskia. Then began the remarkable campaign which culminated in the capture of Fort Sackville and Vin-

cennes and confirmed the American title to this vast territory to which there had until then been but a limited and feeble possessory claim. It is not necessary before this audience, or any other of its intelligence in America, to enter into its details; it closed on the twenty-fifth of February, 1779, by a bloodless victory achieved through the most consummate generalship, heroic fortitude, and conspicuous valor.

Hamilton and his officers were sent to Richmond as prisoners to join Rocheblave, commander at Kaskaskia, and thenceforth there was no war in the Illinois country. A civil governor was appointed by Virginia under recommendation of General Clark, and when four years later the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the Colonies was signed, the lakes, instead of the Ohio River, became our northern boundary. When later the tide of emigration began to flow westward and the commercial States of the East were willing to surrender the control of the Mississippi to Spain in exchange for concessions of trade, it was largely by the vigorous protest of Clark and the Kentuckians of that day that the preliminary treaty with that purpose was defeated. Then followed the conditions which led to the treaty of San Lorenzo, October 27, 1795, between the United States and Spain, by which the free navigation of the Mississippi was secured, and later the Louisiana Purchase—a consummation which in the retrospect seems to have resulted naturally as a corollary from Clark's masterly campaign.

It was General Clark's desire after the recapture of Vincennes to make his long-contemplated campaign against Detroit, but inability to secure the proper means led him reluctantly to abandon it. Besides, other fields required his attention, and this was later given to the completion of the defences of Louisville as the chief strategic point in the protection of the Kentucky frontier. To that point he therefore went as chief in command of the colonial forces, and became the founder of that city, as well as of the incipient State. But in the succeeding year, in addition to these services, under direction of Governor Jefferson, he established a fort, named for the latter, on the Mississippi River, looking to the protection of the frontier from both Indian and Spanish aggression. From that service he was called later to Kentucky, and upon its invasion by a

large British and Indian force under Colonel Bird, in which great atrocities were committed, he organized an expedition with which he pursued the retreating marauders into the interior of Ohio and inflicted such punishment in the laying waste of their fields and villages that the settlements were not again seriously molested until in 1782, when a similar expedition besieged Bryan's Station, and a few days later defeated the pioneers at Blue Licks with great slaughter. Again he invaded Ohio from the present site of Cincinnati, moving against the Indian towns on the Miami and Scioto, and so thoroughly overwhelmed them that thenceforward there was no organized invasion of Kentucky.

Had George Rogers Clark performed no other service to his country than these they would have entitled him to greater honors than posterity has accorded him. But, grand as they were in their conception and results, they constitute but a few chapters in the volume of his high achievements. A Virginian, he was born in the County of Albemarle, near the home of Jefferson, November 19, 1752. His father, Jonathan Clark, was a farmer, of an English family, early settled in America, and a man of sterling character. Five of his six sons served in the Revolutionary War, and the sixth, too young for that service, was Governor William Clark, the associate of Meriwether Lewis in the exploration to the Pacific. While educational facilities were then far more limited than now, George Rogers Clark received more than an ordinary education, being for a time a pupil of Donald Robertson, a noted Scotch educator. His attention was given specially to mathematics, and he early became a proficient surveyor, his plats and calculations showing skill and exactness. It has been customary with a class of writers to decry his illiteracy, but this is quite as good evidence of their ignorance as his. If there were lapses in his spelling it did not imply lack of mental capacity or vigor. The spelling of many words has been changed within the last century, and there are different rules for punctuation and the use of capitals, so that very few old manuscripts can stand the test of the present day. That great mental capacity and generalship are not to be judged by such criterion was demonstrated by the Duke of Marlborough, who, Macaulay states, was unable to write or spell correctly.

George Rogers Clark had not attained his majority when he came West and engaged in surveying and locating land in the Kanawha country, several years of life in such pursuit and contact with the Indians and pioneers constituting an excellent school for his after career. While thus engaged, hostilities occurred which brought on Lord Dunmore's war and the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. Though not in the battle he served as captain in Lord Dunmore's column and was offered a commission in the British service, but declined on account of the threatening aspect of relations between the colonies and mother country. In 1775 he came to Kentucky as deputy of Hancock Lee, surveyor, engaged in surveying lands near Frankfort. It was after the settlement of Boonesborough by the Henderson Company of North Carolina, under purchase from the Cherokee Indians by the treaty of Wautauga, of all the land south of the Kentucky River. A previous settlement had been made at Harrodsburg within this boundary, and Clark, going there, identified himself with its interests. The Henderson Company claiming paramount title, he went to Richmond and succeeded in having their title annulled, Virginia reimbursing the company by a grant of two hundred thousand acres at the mouth of Green River, Kentucky. Having thus secured Virginia's recognition of her authority over the territory, as delegate to the Legislature, chosen by the first public convention of the pioneers at Harrodsburg June, 1776, he also succeeded in having an act passed establishing the county of Kentucky, and also in securing substantial aid for its defence, being placed in command of the militia. He thus became the founder of the civil organization of Kentucky in addition to his other services. In the intervals of this busy work, entailing several trips to Richmond, he bore a ready hand in the defence of the settlements against repeated Indian forays.

This, briefly, is an epitome of the remarkable career of this distinguished soldier, not only in extending the boundaries of the public domain to the Mississippi River, but in maintaining the western line of defence in the Revolutionary War. It was his skill and genius for command which organized resistance to the British with their Indian and Canadian allies along the Kentucky front and proved an important factor in that struggle. Had this line been broken by these incursions, as

was that in Western Virginia in the early part of the French and Indian War, when the settlers were driven back to the Blue Ridge, Washington's eastern line would have been taken in rear at a critical period of the war. Kentucky would have been relegated to the wilderness state, and the struggle for independence might have had a different termination.

When peace came to the Atlantic States by the treaty which closed the war, it was long only nominal in the West. Indian hostilities, encouraged from the British posts, continued there for more than ten years later, from which the Kentucky pioneers suffered, her soldiers proving also the chief defence for the northwestern frontier until the treaty of peace at Greenville, Ohio, in 1795. This is a feature of the history of the West in its contribution to the struggle for independence and the preservation, as well as extension, of our national boundaries, for which due credit has never been awarded.

The latter part of the life of George Rogers Clark was clouded by the failure of Virginia to settle the accounts created by him in the conquest of the Northwest or to reimburse him for money expended by him. His pride was wounded and his life embittered by poverty and neglect. For a number of years he lived almost a hermit's life in an humble cabin in Indiana overlooking the Falls of the Ohio, in full view of Corn Island, whence he had started on his expedition to Kaskaskia. His relatives, of whom he had a number living near Louisville, used every persuasion to induce him to make his home with them, but he declined. Finally, in 1809, when alone, he fell from his chair with a paralytic stroke, and one of his legs was so severely burned by coming in contact with the log fire by which he was sitting, that after having been taken to the home of his sister, Mrs. Croghan, near Louisville, it was amputated. He remained here, the object of her tender care, his body and mind enfeebled by paralysis, until February 13, 1818, when he died, in his sixty-sixth year.

Thus passed away a heroic character to whom learned critics have accorded military merit of the highest order, and upon whom orators have expended their choicest eulogies. But to those who place a proper estimate upon the great services he performed, and the princely legacy he left his country, there is an irrepressible feeling that adequate justice has not

yet been done his name and services in offset for the neglect and injustice inflicted upon him in the years following his active service. In both physical and mental power he combined the elements of a lofty manhood. In stature he was six feet four inches, with a head and features of classic mold, indicative of the genius for command and other high qualities which he illustrated in his career. The painter's art has fortunately preserved a faithful portraiture of his face and form which confirms the highest estimate of his personality deducible from a record of his career. He rose to the zenith of his greatness with the close of his successful campaign in Illinois when not yet twenty-seven. It was the age at which Napoleon became commander of the central army of France, at which Demosthenes, Cicero, and Patrick Henry won their laurels as orators and Clive his first battle in India, through which later he secured that great empire to Great Britain. Like the latter, Clark became a great general by force of his natural powers, rather than by education. Both were alike in their influence over men and the important results achieved with small resources. But Clive secured wealth, titles, and all the emoluments which an appreciative government could lavish upon him, while Clark was treated with indifference, ingratitude, and neglect. Clive enriched himself in millions by tribute exacted from East Indian nabobs for favors conferred. Clark refused a princely gift of land from the Indian Chief, Tobacco, who tendered it with the sole condition that a broad avenue should be opened to his residence, so that the Indians could visit a brave they so much honored, and turned over the gift to Virginia as one he could not accept. Clive lived and died in affluence, while Clark was left in poverty to brood over the injustice with which he was treated. Virginia, when too late, awakened to a sense of her neglect, sent him a sword, which he broke over his crutch, and voted him four hundred dollars a year as a pension for his military service. What a commentary upon the ingratitude alike of the generation which he served so well and those who have profited so largely from the imperial territory he won for them and the boundless legacy of glory he bequeathed to posterity! His grave, though tenderly cared for, is marked only by an humble headstone, while stately mausoleums and gilded statues of imperial

elegance adorn our parks and public places commemorative of names and deeds not to be weighed by the same scale with his. Yet they serve a good purpose in making the absence of such proper recognition of the services of George Rogers Clark by his country, which he exalted and enriched, so conspicuous that belated justice will yet be done his memory. The time cannot be distant when some national memorial commensurate with his fame, which is the common heritage of the American people, will attest their admiration and gratitude.

DANIEL BOONE AND THE FIRST SURVEYORS

From "The Settlement of Kentucky," published in *The Courier-Journal* of Louisville, Kentucky, June 13, 1906.

NEARLY twenty years had elapsed after the passage of Walker and Gist through Kentucky until Daniel Boone, a native of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, but then a pioneer settler on the Yadkin, made his first visit to Kentucky. He had heard of it through John Finlay, a hunter and trader, and in December, 1769, in company with Finlay and four others, William Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Mooney and William Cool, he started for Kentucky. Passing through Cumberland Gap, they made their way to Red River, a northern tributary of the Kentucky, and established a camp on a creek now in Clark County, to which they gave the name of Lulbegrud, by which it is now designated on the map. The name was taken from 'Gulliver's Travels,' a copy of which was in the possession of one of the party, and by the perusal of which they diverted themselves. It is an octavo edition of 1765, in two volumes, illustrated with copperplate engravings, and is now, in good state of preservation, in the library of Colonel R. T. Durrett, of Louisville. From this camp they made hunting and exploring trips. Upon one of these Boone and Stewart were captured by a party of Indians, but after being with them seven days, and allaying suspicion of any such purpose, they made their escape. On returning to camp they found it dismantled and abandoned, and the fate of their late comrades was never known. Not long after this Stewart, while hunting, was killed, and Boone was thus left alone. He then changed

his camp to the south side of the Kentucky River, to what was afterward known as Station Camp, and from that as a base made explorations into what is now Madison and adjacent counties. During the spring of 1770 he was unexpectedly joined by his younger brother, Squire Boone, who had come in search of him. The two then hunted and explored together until, their ammunition being nearly exhausted, Squire Boone returned to North Carolina for a fresh supply, and made a successful trip. It was then that Daniel Boone extended his explorations to the Ohio and visited the best portions of the Blue Grass region, the knowledge of which, thus gained, was so valuable a factor in his after career in Kentucky and in the promotion of its settlement. Upon their return to the Yadkin, in March, 1771, the report of their adventures and of the fertile country they found spread through North Carolina and Virginia, and soon proved effective in stimulating immigration. In 1770 Colonel Knox, with forty men, known as "The Long Hunters," visited that part of Kentucky south of the Kentucky River; and in 1771 Simon Kenton explored the country about Maysville, but the parties did not meet.

It was not, however, until 1773, twenty-three years after Dr. Walker's trip, that definite movements were made looking to actual settlements. The schemes of the land companies had been premature. Important adjustments of titles were necessary. The Seven Years' French and Indian War had intervened, the French having disputed the English boundary as claimed by the latter under the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, 1748, and by the terms of the Treaty of Paris, 1763, France had to surrender to England all of her possessions in Canada and her claims east of the Mississippi. The Indians had sided with France, and their bloody incursions had well-nigh driven the Virginia settlers beyond the Blue Ridge. It was not until 1768 that, by the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, near the site of Rome, New York, with the Six Nations, Virginia was able to quiet the title to Kentucky. Meanwhile the mutterings of the coming revolution were becoming louder and resistance to British taxation was openly threatened. But the time was becoming ripe for the great western movement. The speculative feeling which comes in cycles was on again. The quality of the land in the western part of Fincastle County, Virginia, which

embraced Kentucky, was becoming known. A surveyor's office was opened, and Virginia was already looking to rewarding with grants of this land the soldiers who had fought in the late war.

In 1773, while there was yet no permanent settlement in Kentucky, three parties, each on its own outlook, met at the mouth of the Kanawha. They were those of Captain Thomas Bullitt, coming to the Falls of the Ohio; Hancock Taylor, the uncle of President Zachary Taylor, as deputy of William Preston, Surveyor of Fincastle County, and the three McAfee brothers, James, George, and Robert, who went up the Kentucky River and surveyed many tracts of land. Captain Bullitt landed at the present site of Louisville at the mouth of Beargrass Creek, which then entered into the Ohio near the foot of Third Street. Here he planted his Jacob staff on the peninsula near the mouth, and ran a line southwardly, practically along the present First Street to Broadway, and thence westwardly, until by a line running north to the Ohio it embraced a tract of two thousand acres, known as the Connelly Survey, included within the boundary of Louisville. Adjoining it to the west he laid off a similar tract known as the Warrendorf Survey, which embraced Fontaine Ferry. He also located various warrants, surveyed other tracts in the vicinity, and made the first plat of Louisville.

In the following year some of them returned, among them Hancock Taylor, who was wounded by the Indians at Drennon's Lick, and died near Richmond while being borne home by his comrades. Colonel John Floyd, one of the most intrepid of the pioneers, a deputy surveyor also, who nine years later met the same fate, and James Douglas, came on to Louisville, located large numbers of warrants, and surveyed many thousand acres, passing eastward to the Blue Grass region similarly engaged. There were also two other parties of hunters and explorers under Captain James Harrod and Isaac Hite. It was then that the town of Harrodsburg was laid off, June 16, 1774. Four or five cabins were built and occupied, and corn was planted. But the freedom from Indian attacks, which admitted of this first house-building since that of Dr. Walker, twenty-four years before, did not last long. For shortly afterward Daniel Boone, who, with Michael

Stoner, had been sent by Governor Dunmore to warn surveyors and prospectors of the approaching Indian war, and to leave the territory, communicated the message to all whom he could reach, and Kentucky was vacated, the Harrodsburg houses were abandoned, and the silence of the wilderness once more prevailed. Most of those who left rendezvoused at the mouth of the Kanawha and participated in the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774, in which the Indians, under Chief Cornstalk, were defeated by the Virginians under Colonel Andrew Lewis. Among those who took part in this campaign were two young men who afterward became conspicuous in Kentucky history, Isaac Shelby and George Rogers Clark, both captains, the first twenty-four and the second twenty-two years old.

MARY JOHNSTON

[1870—]

WILLIAM H. PLEASANTS

THE works of this writer have within a few years attained a wide and deserved popularity, not only in America, but also in England. The sudden rise of a new favorite in the world of letters arouses in the minds of general readers very much the same feelings of wonder and curiosity as are excited in the minds of astronomers when a new star has made its appearance in the heavens. As many of the new stars in the sky are but temporary, shining with dazzling brilliance for a short time, and then gradually fading away into utter darkness, so on the literary horizon appear from time to time writers who suddenly win a large circle of readers, and are as quickly forgotten. The cause, in most instances, both of the sudden rise and equally sudden eclipse of their popularity, is that their works are not based upon intrinsic literary excellence, but upon an appeal to some prejudice, national, social or political, or are enlisted in behalf of some moral or social reform. When the prejudice, which by its nature is transient, has passed away, the *raison d'être* of such works will cease to exist, and they will deservedly sink into the darkness of oblivion.

Miss Johnston, unheralded and unknown, made her *début* as a writer in New York and Boston about fifteen years ago. As there are no sectional lines or geographical limits in the great commonwealth of letters, the force of her thinking, the brilliancy of her imagination, and the charm of her style were at once recognized, and the question "Who is Mary Johnston?" was asked in the critical journals. Her first work was received with enthusiasm by a wide circle of readers; her subsequent publications deepened the first favorable impression, and enlarged the circle of her admirers; and if a writer's rank in the world of letters is to be judged by the test of wide popularity alone, she now stands in the first rank of modern writers of fiction. Whether this great popularity will last, time will show; but it is reasonable to anticipate that her novels, written with fine literary skill, devoid of the adventitious aid of sectional or national prejudice, and appealing to those universal principles of human action which men of all nations love and admire, will stand the test of time, and become a permanent and valuable addition to our literature.

Among the various influences which were concerned in the development of this fine genius and in giving it its stamp of worth, the most potent were hereditary talent, the environment of her youthful days, and the peculiar circumstances of her education. In regard to the first-named influence, it may be stated that she is sprung from the Johnston stock—a race which has given to our country so many men distinguished for excellence in literature, law, and arms. Her father was Major John W. Johnston, a man of such wide culture and energetic character that he was easily a leader of thought and action to his fellow-citizens, not only in peace, but in the Civil War and in the troublous times which followed. A lawyer by profession, a gallant and distinguished soldier when his country demanded his services, often sent by his fellow-citizens to the State Legislature, often called to positions demanding great executive ability, such as president of the James River and Kanawha Canal Company, president of the Georgia Pacific Railroad Company—in all he showed himself a worthy descendant of the virile stock from which he sprang. Some of his daughter's success is probably due to hereditary talent; but, however that may be, it is certain that the environment of nature, the varied and manifold aspects of the outer world of the beautiful region in which she was born and in which she spent her early years, exerted a more potent influence upon her young and ardent imagination. The habit of close observation of the changing moods and forms of nature then begun, and continued afterward in the other localities where she subsequently resided, is the secret of that wonderful gift of descriptive power by which she is able to make the scenes in which her characters move and act instinct with life and color. Her home was in the far-famed Valley of Virginia, and in the village of Buchanan, situated on the James River, in the midst of the most varied and beautiful scenery of winding river, broad cultivated fields, frowning precipices, rich and verdant valleys and noble mountains. One can hardly conceive of a region better suited to fill an ardent and receptive mind with multitudinous images of beauty in form and color than that in which her early years were spent. When she was about fifteen years old her father removed to Birmingham, Alabama, in which place she resided for some years. Her next place of residence was New York, whither she accompanied her father on his removal from Birmingham and where she made her home until the year 1902, when she removed to Richmond, Virginia, where she now resides. Of late years she has traveled extensively, both in Europe and on this continent. During these travels she has doubtless gathered much that is new and strange in nature and in life, which, let us hope, she will use to enrich and adorn some new work.

The early education of Miss Johnston was entirely different from that to which most young women of this country are subjected, and this fact has been the most potent influence which has worked in developing and forming her character as a writer. During that early period of life in which young minds receive disciplinary training, her health was so delicate that she could not be removed from home to the rougher scene of a boarding-school. Any one of the admirable schools in our land would now be glad to point to Mary Johnston as an example of the training which it gives; but no institution of learning can claim her as its foster-child. Debarred, as she was, by ill health from the bodily activities of girls of the same age, her eager mind turned to her father's library, rich in the treasures of English literature. How deeply she drank from the pure "well of English undefiled" can be seen from a perusal of her works. Here was the school in which her mind was trained in vigorous thought and clear expression. She must have devoted much time to the study of the colonial history of Virginia and the contemporary history of England. Not many of the writers who have chosen Virginia and the colonial period as the place and time of their fiction have grasped the very age and body of the times so fully as she has; not one of them has painted the scene of his drama so faithfully. Every reader of her first three novels must have been struck by the accuracy of her descriptions of the scenery of Virginia in all its variety, from the seacoast to the mountains, and by the exquisite skill and truth to nature with which they have been colored.

Miss Johnston has published the following works: 'Prisoners of Hope,' published in England under the title 'The Old Dominion'; 'To Have and to Hold,' published in England under the title 'By Order of the Company'; 'Audrey,' 'Sir Mortimer,' 'The Goddess of Reason, a Drama.'

The prescribed limits of this biographical sketch forbid any extended analysis of these works, yet some brief comment may be useful in aiding a just criticism and fair appreciation of the works of this favorite writer. All these works are historical, not merely in the sense that the author displays an accurate knowledge of names, places and dates, but in the fact that she, in her historical studies, has so fully caught the soul—the spirit—the aspect of the times, that the historical characters she introduces are true to life, and the imaginary ones are such as the conditions and influences of the times would inevitably produce. From the annals of the colony, extending from 1607 to 1774, she has chosen three periods, widely separated in time, as the stages upon which her characters, real and imaginary, are to play their parts. In her first novel, 'Prisoners of Hope,' the time is just after the restoration of the old tyrant, Sir

William Berkeley, to the Governorship in 1660. There never was a period in the history of the colony when the population was so mixed, the hopes and aspirations of the inhabitants so conflicting, as in this. In this mixed population were the rich planters, the poorer middle classes, the negroes, the Indians and the redemptioners. These last were white people, banished from England, for most part for difference in political or religious faith, and sold into slavery for a limited time to the planters. In a society composed of these turbulent elements the scene of the story is laid; and a romantic narrative of conspiracy, attempted insurrection, capture of a fair maiden by Indians and her gallant rescue by her lover, is told with such graphic force and skill that we lay the book down with reluctance.

In her second book the scene is transferred to Jamestown, and the time put back to the administration of Governor Yeardley. At this time the population of the colony was small, and consisted almost entirely of males. The kind London Company, then proprietors of the colony, pitying the forlorn condition of the bachelor inhabitants, sent over a shipload of eighty young women, to be sold for the benefit of the Company and for the solace of the lonely men. In this company of young women was a noble lady, who, to escape the tyranny of King James I, who sought to force her to a marriage which she abhorred, disguised herself in the name and dress of her waiting-woman, and somehow secured admission into the company of eighty female adventurers. At the auction sale of the women, Captain Ralph Percy buys the noble lady for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, and is at once married to her. The rest of the story is mainly confined to the surprising adventures of Captain Ralph on land and sea, and is written in a style equal to the best of the writings of the gifted Robert Louis Stevenson. The upshot of the story is, of course, that the gallant and heroic deeds of the hero win for him the devotion of the noble lady, and love gives him the right "to have and to hold" her for his own.

In 'Audrey' the time is advanced to the administration of Governor Alexander Spotswood, that gallant soldier and fine gentleman who did so much to promote the temporal welfare of the colonists. His far-seeing mind first conceived the hope of an empire to come, beyond the blue line of mountains which was then the actual western boundary of Virginia. His first step to the realization of that hope was the organization of his famous Order of Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, with its classic motto: *"Sic juvat transcendere montes."*

The story opens with the return of the knights from an exploring expedition beyond the mountains. One of them, Marmaduke Ha-

ward, encounters a lonely child near the ruins of a cabin, all the inmates of which, with the exception of this little girl, have been killed or carried off by the Indians. This child is Audrey. She is carried by Haward to Williamsburg, the ancient capital of the colony, where from his ample wealth he causes her to be cared for and educated. On his return from England, after an absence of ten years, he finds the child matured into a beautiful and interesting woman. Around her gathers the play of the master passions of love, jealousy, and revenge, with their natural and usual results.

In 'Sir Mortimer' Miss Johnston passes over the sea and to the times of great Elizabeth. In this work we have one more illustration of the oft-quoted maxim of Horace: *"Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*—"They change the clime, but not the mind, who pass beyond the sea." We note the same attention to historical accuracy in letter and spirit—the same easy and vigorous style—the same rich imagination which throws its glamor over everything that it touches. We are introduced into company rather better, on the whole, than that which we met in the Virginian novels. In Raleigh and Philip Sidney, in Drake and Nevil and Hawkins, with other captains of that heroic time, we are introduced to some of the best that England has ever produced. Sir Mortimer Ferne, though an imaginary character, is an ideal and true representative of thousands of Englishmen of heroic courage and sublime faith who at that time were ready to imperil life and fortune in defence of their native land and their religious faith, and were, perhaps, too ready to wreak vengeance on the Spaniard for his unspeakable cruelty to their unfortunate countrymen that fell under his power. In Damaric Sedley we have a noble picture of the unswerving devotion of woman to the man to whom she has given her love, even in the eclipse of honor and fame, when Sir Mortimer himself, along with all the world, believes that he has, in the agony of torture, betrayed his countrymen to the Spaniard.

In her drama, 'The Goddess of Reason,' Miss Johnston has changed the scene and the time from the peaceful scenes and comparatively quiet times of the Old Dominion to the storm and stress of the French Revolution. She has not, however, altered her historic method. She has evidently made a prolonged and thoughtful study of that period, and has fully comprehended that awful time. Though her characters are all fictitious, they are typical and representative of the real characters which that tremendous conflict of opposing ideas and passions actually produced. The play of the opposing passions of love, jealousy, plebeian class-hatred and aristocratic pride are skilfully delineated, and the interest of the reader is maintained until the climax is reached in the scene before the Revolutionary Tri-

bunal, followed by the pathetic end of two principal characters of the drama in the waters of the Loire.

In assigning to Miss Johnston a specific place in the world of letters, we did not mean to include her in that rabble of so-called historical novel-writers, whose works, for the most part worthless, have of late inundated the press, but to place her in the highest and best of that class represented by the school of Walter Scott, William M. Thackeray and Charles Kingsley. There is indeed in her novels some general resemblance to some of the works of these great masters, but it is a resemblance easily explained by the influence of teacher upon pupil. A shallow criticism might wrongfully ascribe these resemblances to the base spirit of imitation. But feeble minds imitate, strong minds originate. Miss Johnston's intellectual power is great enough to disdain borrowed strength. Surely the long annals of colonial history have stores of romantic adventure, heroic effort, and splendid courage, ample enough to employ the highest powers of many writers, without any danger of rivalry or imitation; and if 'Sir Mortimer' does bear a strong family likeness to the 'Westward Ho' of Charles Kingsley, surely in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" there is room enough, not merely for one, but for many illustrations of that heroic spirit which saved England from the fate of unhappy Spain, and made her, what she now is in literature, arts, and arms, the foremost nation in all the world.

It has been a pleasure to record these brief and incomplete notices of the life and literary success of this gifted writer, who has done much to remove the stigma of inferiority which has so long, either justly or unjustly, rested upon the literature of her native land. Let us hope that as she is yet in the prime of her rich imagination and matured powers, the splendid success which she has so far won is but the promise of works of wider compass which will lead to wider and enduring fame.

Wm. H. Pleasants

IN THE WILDERNESS

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DAYS passed, and the forest put on a beauty, austere, yet fantastic, bizarre. Above it hung a pale blue sky: within it a perpetual pale blue haze, through which blazed the scarlet and gold of the trees—great bonfires which did not warm, flaming pyres which were never consumed. Morning and evening a shroud of chill, white mist fell upon them, or they would have mocked the sunrise and the sunset. Along the summit of low hills ran a comb of fire—the scarlet of the sumach, leaf and berry; underfoot were crimson vines like trails and splashes of blood; into the streams from which the wanderers stooped to drink, fell the gold of the sycamore. From the hills they looked down on a red and yellow world, a gorgeous burgeoning and blossoming that put the spring to shame, a sea of splendor with here and there a dark-green isle of cedar or of pine. Day after day saw the same calm blue sky, the same blue haze, the same drifting of crimson and gold to earth. The winds did not blow, and the murmur of the forest was hushed. All sound seemed muffled and remote. The deer passed noiseless down the long aisles, the beaver and the otter slipped noiseless into the stream, the bear rolled its shambling bulk away from human neighborhood like a shapeless shadow. At times vast flocks of pigeons darkened the air, but they passed like a cloud. The singing birds were gone. Only at night did sound awake, for then the wolves howled, and the infrequent scream of the panther chilled the blood, and the fires which the wanderers must needs build roared and crackled through the darkness. In the daytime, beauty, vast and melancholy; in the night, shadows and mysteries, the voices of wild beasts and the stillness of the stars; at all times an enemy, they knew not how far away or how near at hand, behind them.

Through this world, which seemed more a phantasm than a reality, Landless and Patricia fared, and were happy. All passion and fear, all mistrust and anger slept in that enchanted calm. They never spoke of the past, they had well-nigh ceased to think of it. When they knelt upon the turf beside some

crystal brook, and drank of the water which seemed red wine or molten gold according to the nature of the trees above it, it might have been the water of Lethe.

In the illimitable forest, too, in the monotony of sunshine and shade, of glade and dell, of crystal streams and tiny valleys, each the counterpart of the other, in dense woods and grassy savannas; in the yesterday so like to-day, and the to-day so like to-morrow, there was no hint of the future. It was enchanted ground, where to-morrow must always be like to-day. They kept their faces to the east, and they walked each day as many leagues as her strength would permit, and Landless, imitating as best he could the dead Susquehannock, took all precautions to cover their trail; but that done, all was done, and they put their care behind them. Landless, walking in a dream, knew that it was a dream, and said to himself, "I must awaken, but not yet. I will dream and be happy yet a little while." But Patricia dreamt and knew it not. She kept her wonted state, or, rather, with a quiet insistence he kept it for her. He never addressed her save as "Madam," and he cared for her comfort, and in all things bore himself towards her with the formal courtesy he would have shown a queen. He said to himself, "Godfrey Landless, Godfrey Landless, thou mayst forget much, perhaps, for a little while; but not this! If thou dost, thou art no honorable man."

Master of himself he walked beside her, cared for her, tended her, guarded her, served her as if he had been a knight-errant out of a romance, and she a distressed princess. And she rewarded him with a delicate kindliness, and a perfectly trustful, childlike dependence upon his strength, wisdom and resource. All her bearing towards him was marked by an inexpressible charm, half-playful, wholly gracious and womanly. The lady of the manor was gone, and in her place moved the Patricia Verney of the enchanted forest—a very different creature.

Thus they fared through the dying summer, and were happy in the present of soft sunshine, tender haze, fantastic beauty. Sometimes they walked in silence, too truly companions to feel the need of words; at other times they talked, and the hours flew past, for they both had wit, intelligence, quick fancy, high imagination. Sometimes their laughter rang

through the glades of the forest, and set the squirrels in the oaks to chattering; sometimes in the melancholy grace of the evening, when the purple twilight sank through the trees, and the large stars came out one by one, they spoke of grave things, of the mysteries of life and death, of the soul and its hereafter. She had early noticed that he never lay down at night without having first silently prayed. There had been a time when she would have laughed at this as Puritan hypocrisy, but now, one dark night, when the noises of the forest were loud about them, and the wind rushed through the trees, she came close to him and knelt beside him. Thenceforward each night, before they lay down beside their fire, and when from out the darkness came all weird and mournful sounds, when the owl hooted, and the catamount screamed, and the long howl of the wolf was answered by its fellow, he stood with bared head, and in a few short, simple words commended them to God. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only, makest me to dwell in safety."

There came a day when they sat down to rest upon the dark, smooth ground in a belt of pines, and looked between rows of stately columns to where, in the distance, the arcade was closed by a broken and confused glory of crimson oak and yellow maple. Landless told her that it was like gazing at a rose window down the long nave of a cathedral.

"I have never seen a cathedral," she said; "I have dreamed of them, though, of your Milton's 'dim religious light,' and of the rolling music."

"I have seen many," he answered. "But none of them are to me what the Abbey at Westminster is. If you should ever see it—"

Something in her face stopped him; there was a silence, and then he said quietly:

"When you shall see it, is perhaps better, Madam?"

"Yes," she answered, gazing before her with wide fixed eyes.

He did not finish his sentence, and neither spoke again until they had left the pines and were forcing their way through the tall grass and weeds of a wide savanna. They came to a small, clear stream, dotted with wild fowl and mirroring the pale blue sky, and he lifted her in his arms as was his wont

and bore her through the shallow water. As he set her gently down upon the other side, she said in a low voice, "I thought you knew. Had it not been for that night, that night which sets us here, you and me—I should be now in London, at Whitehall, at some masque or pageant perhaps. I should be all clad in brocade and jewels, not like this—" She touched her ragged gown as she spoke, then burst into strange laughter. "But God disposes! And you—"

"I should be in a place which is never mentioned at Court, Madam," said Landless grimly. "The grave, to wit. Unless indeed His Excellency proposed hanging me in chains."

She cried out as though she had been struck. "Don't!" she said passionately. "Don't speak to me so! I will not bear it!" and ran past him into the woods beyond the savanna.

When he came up with her he found her lying on a mossy bank with her face hidden.

"Madam," he said, kneeling beside her, "forgive me."

She lifted a colorless face from her hands. "How far are we from the Settlements?" she demanded.

"I do not know, Madam. Some twenty leagues, probably, from the frontier posts."

"How far from the friendly tribes?"

"Something less than that distance."

"Then when we reach them, sir," she said imperiously, "you are to leave me with them at one of the villages above the falls."

"To leave you there?"

"Yes. You will tell them that I am the daughter of one of the paleface chiefs, of one whom the great white chiefs call 'brother,' and they will not dare to harm me or to detain me. They will send me down the river to the nearest post, and the men there will bring me on to Jamestown, and so home."

"And why may not I bring you on to Jamestown—and so home?" demanded Landless with a smile.

"Because—because—you *know* that you are lost if you return to the Settlements."

"And nevertheless I shall return," he said with another smile.

She struck her hands together. "You will be mad—mad! If you had not been their leader!—but as it is, there is no hope.

Leave me with the friendly Indians, then go yourself to the northward. Make for New Amsterdam. God will carry you through the Indians as He has done so far. I will pray to Him that He do so. Ah, promise me that you will go!"

Landless took her hand and kissed it. "Were you in absolute safety, Madam," he said gently, "and if it were not for one other thing, I would go, because you wish it, and because I would save you any pang, however slight, that you might feel for one who was, and who is, your servant—your slave. I would go from you, and because else it might grieve you, I would strive to keep my life through the forest, through the winter—"

"Ah, the winter!" she cried. "I had forgotten that winter will come."

"But to do that which you propose," he continued, "to leave you to the mercy of fierce and treacherous Indians, but half subdued, friends to the whites only because they must—is out of the question. To leave you at a frontier post among rude trappers and traders, or at some half savage pioneer's, is equally impossible. What tale would you have to tell Colonel Verney? 'The Ricahecrians carried me into the Blue Mountains. There your servant Landless found me and brought me a long distance towards my home. But at the last, to save his own neck, forfeit to the State, he left me, still in the wilderness and in danger, and went his way.' My honor, Madam, is my own, and I choose not so to stain it. Again: I must be the witness to your story. You have wandered for many weeks in a wilderness, far beyond the ken of your friends. To your world, Madam, I am a rebel, traitor and convict, a wretch capable of any baseness, of any crime. If I go back with you, throwing myself into the power of Governor and Council, at least I shall be credited with having so borne myself towards my master's daughter as to fear nothing from their hands on that score. The idle and censorious cannot choose but believe you when you say, 'I am come scatheless through weeks of daily and hourly companionship with this man. Rebel and traitor and jail-bird though he be, he never injured me in word, thought, or deed.' . . . For all these reasons, Madam, we must be companions still."

She had covered her face while he was speaking, and she

kept it hidden when he had finished. The slowly lengthening shadows of the trees had barred the little glade with black when he spoke again. It was only to ask in his usual voice if she were rested and ready to continue their journey.

She raised her head and looked at him with swimming eyes, then held out her two trembling hands. He took them, helped her to her feet, and before releasing them, bent and touched them with his lips. Then side by side and in silence they traveled on through the halcyon calm of the world around them.

THE DEATHLESS SONG

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She was coming. I watched the slight figure grow out of the dusk between the trees, and the darkness in which I had walked of late fell away. The wood that had been so gloomy was a place of sunlight and song; had red roses sprung up around me I had felt no wonder. She came softly and slowly, with bent head and hanging arms, not knowing that I was near. I went not to meet her—it was my fancy to have her come to me still—but when she raised her eyes and saw me I fell upon my knees.

For a moment she stood still, with her hands at her bosom; then, softly and slowly through the dusky wood, she came to me and touched me upon the shoulder. "Art come to take me home?" she asked. "I have wept and prayed and waited long, but now the spring is here and the woods are growing green."

I took her hands and bowed my head upon them. "I believed thee dead," I said. "I thought that thou hadst gone home, indeed, and I was left in the world alone. I can never tell thee how I love thee."

"I need not telling," she answered. "I am glad that I did so forget my womanhood as to come to Virginia on such an errand; glad that they did laugh at me and insult me in the meadow at Jamestown, for else thou mightst have given me no thought; very heartily glad that thou didst buy me with thy handful of tobacco. With all my heart I love thee, my knight,

my lover, my lord and husband—" Her voice broke, and I felt the trembling of her frame. "I love not thy tears upon my hands," she murmured. "I have wandered far and am weary. Wilt rise and put thy arm around me and lead me home?"

I stood up, and she came to my arms like a tired bird to its nest. I bent my head, and kissed her upon the brow, the blue-veined eyelids, the perfect lips. "I love thee," I said. "The song is old, but it is sweet. See! I wear thy color, my lady."

The hand that had touched the ribbon upon my arm stole upward to my lips. "An old song, but a sweet one," she said. "I love thee. I will always love thee. My head may lie upon thy breast, but my heart lies at thy feet."

There was joy in the haunted wood, deep peace, quiet thankfulness, a springtime of the heart—not riotous like the May, but fair and grave and tender like the young world in the sunshine without the pines. Our lips met again and again, and then, with my arm around her, we moved to the giant pine beneath which stood the minister. He turned at our approach, and looked at us with a quiet and tender smile, though the water stood in his eyes. " 'Heaviness may endure for a night,' " he said, " 'but joy cometh in the morning.' I thank God for you both."

"Last summer, in the green meadow, we knelt before you while you blessed us, Jeremy," I answered. "Bless us now again, true friend and man of God."

He laid his hands upon our bowed heads and blessed us, and then we three moved through the dismal wood and beside the sluggish stream down to the great bright river. Ere we reached it the pines had fallen away, the haunted wood was behind us, our steps were set through a fairy world of greening bough and springing bloom. The blue sky laughed above, the late sunshine barred our path with gold. When we came to the river it lay in silver at our feet, making low music among its reeds.

I had bethought me of the boat which I had fastened that morning to the sycamore between us and the town, and now we moved along the river bank until we should come to the tree. Though we walked through an enemy's country we saw no foe.

Stillness and peace encompassed us; it was like a beautiful dream from which one fears no wakening.

As we went, I told them, speaking low, for we knew not if we were yet in safety, of the slaughter that had been made and of Diccon. My wife shuddered and wept, and the minister drew long breaths while his hands opened and closed. And then, when she asked me, I told of how I had been trapped to the ruined hut that night and of all that had followed. When I had done she turned within my arm and clung to me with her face hidden. I kissed her and comforted her, and presently we came to the sycamore tree reaching out over the clear water, and to the boat that I had fastened there.

The sunset was nigh at hand, and all the west was pink. The wind had died away, and the river lay like tinted glass between the dark borders of the forest. Above, the sky was blue, while in the south rose clouds that were like pillars, tall and golden. The air was soft as silk; there was no sound other than the ripple of the water about our keel and the low dash of the oars. The minister rowed, while I sat idle beside my love. He would have it so, and I made slight demur.

We left the bank behind us and glided into the midstream, for it was well to be out of arrowshot. The shadow of the forest was gone; still and bright around us lay the mighty river. When at length the boat's head turned to the west, we saw far up the stream the roofs of Jamestown, dark against the rosy sky.

"There is a ship going home," said the minister.

We to whom he spoke looked with him down the river, and saw a tall ship with her prow to the ocean. All her sails were set; the last rays of the sinking sun struck against her poop windows and made of them a half-moon of fire. She went slowly, for the wind was light, but she went surely, away from the new land back to the old, down the stately river to the bay and the wide ocean, and to the burial at sea of one upon her. With her pearly sails and the line of flame color beneath, she looked a dwindling cloud; a little while, and she would be claimed of the distance and the dusk.

"It is the *George*," I said.

The lady who sat beside me caught her breath. "Ay,

sweetheart," I went on. "She carries one for whom she has waited. He has gone from out our life forever."

She uttered a low cry and turned to me, trembling, her lips parted, her eyes eloquent. "We will not speak of him," I said. "As if he were dead let his name rest between us. I have another thing to tell thee, dear heart, dear court lady masking as a waiting damsel, dear ward of the King whom His Majesty hath thundered against for so many weary months. Would it grieve thee to go home, after all?"

"Home?" she asked. "To Weyanoke? That would not grieve me."

"Not to Weyanoke, but to England," I said. "The *George* is gone, but three days since the *Esperance* came in. When she sails again I think that we must go."

She gazed at me with a whitening face. "And you?" she whispered. "How will you go? In chains?"

I took her clasped hands, parted them, and drew her arms around my neck. "Ay," I answered, "I will go in chains that I care not to have broken. My dear love, I think the summer lies fair before us. Listen while I tell thee of the news that the *Esperance* brought."

While I told of new orders from the Company to the Governor and of my letter from Buckingham, the minister rested upon his oars that he might hear the better. When I had ceased to speak he bent to them again, and his tireless strength sent us swiftly over the glassy water towards the town that was no longer distant. "I am more glad than I can tell you, Ralph and Jocelyn," he said, and the smile with which he spoke made his face beautiful.

The light streaming to us from the ruddy west laid roses in the cheeks of the sometime ward of the King, and the low wind lifted the dark hair from her forehead. Her head was on my breast, her hand in mine; we cared not to speak, we were so happy. On her finger was her wedding ring, the ring that was only a link torn from the gold chain Prince Maurice had given me. When she saw my eyes upon it, she raised her hand and kissed the rude circlet.

The hue of the sunset lingered in cloud and water, and in the pale heavens above the rose and purple shone the evening star. The cloudlike ship at which we had gazed was gone into

the distance and the twilight; we saw her no more. Broad between its blackening shores stretched the James, mirroring the bloom in the west, the silver star, the lights between us and the *Esperance,* that lay between us and the town. Aboard her the mariners were singing, and their song of the sea floated over the water to us, sweetly and like a love song. We passed the ship unhailed, and glided on to the haven where we would be. The singing behind us died away, but the song in our hearts kept on. All things die not: while the soul lives, love lives: the song may be now gay, now plaintive, but it is deathless.

THE TRIAL OF AARON BURR

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The Capitol clock struck twelve. As the last stroke died upon the feverish air, the Chief Justice entered the hall and took the Speaker's chair. Beside him was Cyrus Griffin, the District Judge. Hay, the District Attorney, with his associates, William Wirt and Alexander McRae, now appeared, and immediately afterward the imposing array of the prisoner's counsel, a phalanx which included no less than four sometime attorneys-general and two subalterns of note. These took the seats reserved for them; the marshal and his deputies pressed the people back, and the jury entered and filled the jury box. Below and near them sat a medley of witnesses—important folk, and folk whom only this trial made important.

A loud murmur was now heard from without; the marshal's men, red and perspiring, cleared a thread-like path, and the prisoner, accompanied by his son-in-law, entered the hall. He was dressed in black, with carefully powdered hair. Quiet, cool, smiling and collected, he was brought to the bar, when, having taken his place, bowed to the judges and greeted his counsel, he turned slightly and surveyed with his composed face and his extremely keen black eyes the throng that with intentness looked on him in turn. It was by no means their first encounter of eyes. The preliminaries of that

famous trial had been many and prolonged. From the prisoner's arrival in April under military escort to the present moment through the first arraignment at that bar, the assembling of the grand jury, the tedious waiting for Wilkinson's long-deferred arrival from New Orleans, the matter of the subpœna to the President with which the country rang, the adjournment from June to August, the victory gained by the defence in the exclusion of Wilkinson's evidence, and the clamor of the two camps into which the city was divided—through all this had been manifest the prisoner's deliberate purpose and attempt to make every fibre of a personality ingratiating beyond that of most, tell in its own behalf. He had able advocates, but none more able than Aaron Burr. His day and time was, on the whole, a time astonishingly fluid and naïve, and he impressed it.

There was in this moment, therefore, no novelty of encounter between him and the stare of the opposing throng. He was not seeing them, nor they him, for the first time. Yet the situation had its high intensity. This day was the beginning of the actual trial, and only the day which brought the verdict could outweigh it in importance. This was the lighting of the lamp that was to search out mysteries; this was the bending of the bow; this was the first rung of the ladder which might lead—where? As John Marshall's voice was heard from the bench and the prisoner turned from his steadfast contemplation of the throng, a psychic wave overflowed and lifted all the great assembly. This was spectacle, this was drama! The oldest of all the first principles stirred under the stimulus, and with savage naturalness sucked in the sense of pageant.

The court was opened. Counsel on both sides brought forward and disposed of a minor point or two, then, amid a silence so great that the twittering of the martins outside the windows seemed importunate and shrill, proclamation was made, the prisoner stood up, and the indictment was read.

"The grand inquest of the United States of America for the Virginia District upon their oath do present that Aaron Burr, late of the city of New York and State of New York, attorney-at-law, being an inhabitant of and residing within the United States, and under the protection of the laws of the

United States, and owing allegiance and fidelity to the same United States, not having the fear of God before his eyes, nor weighing the duty of his said allegiance, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, wickedly devising and intending the peace and tranquillity of the said United States to disturb, and to stir, move and excite insurrection, rebellion and war against the said United States, on the tenth day of December, in the year of Christ one thousand, eight hundred and six, at a certain place called and known by the name of Blennerhassett's Island, in the county of Wood and District of Virginia aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this court, with force and arms, unlawfully, falsely, maliciously and traitorously did compass, imagine and intend to raise and levy war, insurrection and rebellion against the said United States."

And so on through much thunderous repetition to the final—

"And the said Aaron Burr with the said persons as aforesaid traitorously assembled and armed and arranged in manner aforesaid, most wickedly, maliciously and traitorously did ordain, prepare and levy war against the said United States, and further to fulfil and carry into effect the said traitorous compassings, imaginings and intentions of him, the said Aaron Burr, and to carry on the war thus levied as aforesaid against the United States, the said Aaron Burr with the multitude last mentioned, at the island aforesaid in the said county of Wood within the Virginia District aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this court, did array themselves in a warlike manner, with guns and other weapons, offensive and defensive, and did proceed from the said island down the river Ohio in the county aforesaid, within the Virginia District, and within the jurisdiction of this court, on the said eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and six aforesaid, with the wicked and traitorous intention to descend the said river and the river Mississippi, and by force and arms traitorously to take possession of the city commonly called New Orleans, in the territory of Orleans, belonging to the United States, contrary to the duty of their said allegiance and fidelity, against the Constitution, peace and dignity of the United States and against the form of the Act of Congress of the United States in such case made and provided."

The clerk ceased to read. When the last sonorous word had died upon the air the audience yet sat or stood in silence, bent a little forward, in the attitude of listeners. This lasted an appreciable moment, then the tension snapped. Marshall moved slightly in his great chair, Judge Griffin coughed, a rustling sound and a deep breath ran through the hall. The prisoner, who had faced with the most perfect composure the indictment's long thunder, now slightly inclined his head to the judges and took his seat. His counsel, ostentatiously easy and smiling, gathered about him, and the District Attorney rose to open for the Government in a lengthy and able speech.

In the gallery, among the fluttering fans, Jacqueline asked herself if her rising and quitting the place would disturb those about her. She was in the very front beside the gallery rail; there was a great crowd behind, she must stay it out. She bit her lip, forced back emotion, strove with resolution to conquer the too visionary aspect of all things before her. It had been foolish, she knew now, to come. She had not dreamed with what strong and feverish grasp such a scene could take prisoner the imagination. She saw too plainly much that was not there; she brought other figures into the hall; abstractions and realities, they thronged the place. The place itself widened until to her inner sense it was as wide as her world and her life. Fontenoy was there and the house on the Three-Notched Road; Roselands, and much besides. For all the heat and the fluttering of the fans, and the roll of declamation from the District Attorney, who was now upon the definition of treason, one night in February was there as well, the night that had seen so much imperiled, the night that had seen, thank God! the cloud go by. Of all the images that thronged upon her, creating a strange tumult of the soul, darkening her eyes and driving the faint colour from her cheek, the image of that evening was the most insistent. It was, perhaps, aided by her fancy that in that cool survey of the hall in which the prisoner indulged himself, his eyes keen and darting as a snake's, had rested for a moment upon her face. She could have said that there was in them a curious light of recognition, even a cool amusement, a sarcasm—the very memory of the look made for her a trouble vague but deep. Had he, too, given a thought to that evening, to the man whom

he did not secure, and to the woman with whom he had talked of black lace and Spanish songs? She wondered. But why should Colonel Burr be amused, and why sarcastic? She abandoned the inquiry and listened to the heavy lumbering up of Government cannon. "Courts of Great Britain—Foster's Crown Laws—Demaree and Purchase—Vaughan—Lord George Gordon—Throgmorton—United States vs. Fries—Opinion of Judge Chase—of Judge Iredell—Overt Act—Overt Act proven—Arms, array and treasonable purpose; here is *bellum levatum* if not *bellum percussum*—Treason and traitors, not potential but actual—their discovery and their punishment—"

On boomed the guns of the prosecution. Jacqueline listened, fascinated for a time, but the words at last grew to hurt her so that, could she have done so unobserved, she would have stopped her ears with her hands. The feverish interest of the scene still held her in its grasp, but the words were cruel and struck upon her heart. She could not free herself from the brooding thought of how poignant, how burning, how deadly poisonous they had been to her, had all things been different and she forced to sit in this place hearing them launched against another than Aaron Burr, there, there at that bar! She unlocked her hands, drew a long and tremulous breath, and, leaning a little forward, tried not to listen and to lose herself in watching the throng below. Her eyes fell, at once, upon Ludwell Cary. He was standing where she had before marked him, beside a window almost opposite, his arm upon the sill, his attention closely given to the District Attorney, who was now eulogising that great patriot, General James Wilkinson. Now, while Jacqueline looked, he turned his head. It was as though she had called and he had been ready with his answer.

Painfully raised in feeling and driven out of habitual citadels, tense and fevered, subtly touched by the storm in the air, she found in the moment no sense of self-consciousness, no question and no movement of aversion. She and Cary looked at each other long and fully, and with something of an old understanding; on her part a softening of pardon for the quarrel and the duel, on his a light and compassion that she could not clearly understand. She knew that he read her thoughts, but if

he, too, was remembering that evening long ago in February, he must also remember that Lewis Rand gave up, that snowy night, definitely and forever, the fevered ambitions, the too-high imaginings, the conqueror's thirst for power; gave them up, and turned from the charmer into the path of right! There came into her heart a longing that Ludwell Cary should see the matter truly. He should have done so that afternoon in the cedar wood; where was the black mote that kept the vision out? She was suddenly aware—and it came to her with a dizzying strangeness—that there was in her own soul that reference of matters to the bar of Cary's idea, thought and judgment which that day in the cedar wood, she had told him existed in that of her husband. Were she and Lewis grown so much alike? or had her own soul always recognized, deferred to, rested upon, something in the inmost nature of the man into whose eyes she looked across this thronged and fevered space—something of rare equanimity, dispassionate yet tender, calm, high, impartial, and ideal? She did not know; she had not thought of it before. Her eyes dilated. Suddenly she saw the drawing-room at Fontenoy, green and gold and cool, with the portraits on the wall—Edmund Churchill, who fought with King Charles; Henry his son, who fled to Virginia and founded the family there; a second Edmund, aide-de-camp to Marlborough; two Governors of Virginia and a President of the Council; the Lely and the Kneller—both Churchill women; and the fair face and form of Grandaunt Jacqueline, for whom she was named. She smelled the roses in the bowls and she saw herself singing at her harp. It was a night in June, the night of the great thunderstorm. Lewis Rand had come down from the blue room and Ludwell Cary entered from the darkness of the storm.

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage.

Unity's hand touched her. "Jacqueline, are you tired? Would you like to go away?"

The spell broke. Jacqueline was most tired, and she would very much have liked to go away, but a glance at her

cousin and at the lady with whom they had come determined the question. That to both it was as good as a play, colour and animation proclaimed, and Jacqueline had not the heart to ring the curtain down. She shook her head and smiled. "We'll stay it out."

Her companion leaned back, relieved, and she was left to herself again. She knew that Cary's eyes were still upon her, but she would not turn her own that way. She made herself look at the judges upon the bench, the District Attorney, the opposing lawyers, even the prisoner. It was the heat and thunder in the air that made her so tense and yet so tremulous. Every nerve to-day was like a harp-string tightly drawn where every wandering air must touch it. All this would soon be over—then home and quiet! The day was growing old; even now Mr. Hay was addressing the jury with an impressiveness that announced the closing periods of a speech. When he was done, would not the court adjourn until to-morrow? It was said the trial might last two weeks. Mr. Hay sat down, but alas! before the applause and stir had ceased, Mr. Wickham was upon his feet.

Mr. Wirt followed Mr. Wickham and was followed in turn by Luther Martin. The firing was heavy. Boom, boom! went the guns of the Government, quick and withering came the fire from the defence. If advantage of position was with the first, the last showed the higher generalship. The duel was sharp, and it was followed by the spectators with strained interest. The Chief Justice on the bench and the prisoner at the bar, attentive though they both were, alone of almost all concerned seemed to watch the struggle calmly. It drew toward late afternoon. Luther Martin, still upon the Overt Act, after an ironic compliment or two to the Government counsel and a statement that George Washington, the great and the good, might with a like innocency of intents have found himself in a like position with Colonel Burr, withdrew his guns for the night. The prosecution, after a glare of indignation, announced that on the morrow it would begin examination of witnesses; the Chief Justice said a few weighty words and the court was adjourned.

Out to the air, the grass and the trees, the gleam of the distant James, and a tremendous and fantastic show of clouds,

piled along the horizon and flushed by the declining sun, streamed the crowd. Excited and voluble, lavish of opinions that had been pent up for hours and drinking in greedily the fresher air, it made no haste to quit the Capitol portico or the Capitol Square. There were friends and acquaintances to greet, noted people to speak to, or to hear and see others speak to, the lawyers to congratulate and the judges to bow to—and last but not least, there was the prisoner to mark enter, with the marshal, a plain coach and drive away to the house opposite the Swan, to which he had been removed from his rooms in the penitentiary.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON

[1822—1898]

WALTER G. CHARLTON

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON (lawyer, educator, writer), was born on his father's plantation, "Oak Grove," in Hancock County, Georgia, March 8, 1822, and died in Baltimore, Maryland, September 23, 1898. His great-grandfather, Rev. Thomas Johnston, had come to America from Dumfries, Annandale, Scotland, having, when a young man, been ordained by the Bishop of London, June 10, 1751, to serve in Maryland. After a few years spent in Pennsylvania and Maryland, this ancestor removed to Charlotte County, Virginia, and was resident rector of the parish of Cornwall, in Charlotte County, until his death. Among his children was William, whose son Malcolm became the father of Richard Malcolm. The grandfather, having served in the Revolutionary forces, removed to Georgia in 1799, and settled in Hancock County. At his death the plantation fell to his son Malcolm, who became one of the most prosperous and respected men in that part of the State—clear-minded and forceful. Although in early youth much given to fox-hunting, dancing, and other light if pleasant pursuits, at thirty-five he became a Baptist minister of some eloquence and with the sufficiently rare gift of knowing when he was through with a sermon.

Richard Malcolm Johnston began his schooling at the age of five, in a small log house in an old field near the line of neighboring farms. This was the first of a series of "old field" schools encountered by him. The schoolmaster seems not to have been of a decided character, being giving to futile sketching rather than teaching. His successor is described in "How Mr. Bill Williams Took the Responsibility." And his successor seems to have been of the true "old field" type. "He kept school at a cross-roads near his father's residence, which was nearly two miles from our home," says Richard Malcolm. "He delighted in punishing. I think I must have gotten an average of at least one whipping a day, though I was less than seven years old. He was not as fierce as Israel Meadows, whom I have described in 'The Goosepond School,' yet I remember that he had the circus and the horses. In the latter I used to alternate in the riding and the carrying."

At ten he began upon the classics, and three years later came

under the instruction of Salem Towne, of Massachusetts, whom the youth of past generations will recall as responsible for 'Towne's Analysis.' He emerged from these pedagogic surroundings with not only a proficiency in Latin and Greek but a definite taste for them which he never lost. At fifteen he was ready for the sophomore class at college; but, his physical development not having kept pace with that of his mind, his mother became apprehensive that he was not strong enough for the venture. With characteristic decision the father solved the problem. He kept the son at home, allotted him two days for hunting with gun and dogs, and for four days of the week kept him in the fields behind a plow. In two years he was six feet tall, with strength and health which did not fail him until literally the end. 'Don Quixote,' 'The Scottish Chief,' 'The Bandit's Bride,' 'The Three Spaniards,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress' shared this period with the foxes and the plows. Writing of it, he says: "Though conscious of the best benefit that I was getting from this service, I tried but in vain to like it. Instead of this I hated it—all of it, the ploughing, hoeing, gathering corn and cotton. I always loved the country and the sight of country work, but never could overcome the irksomeness of doing any of it myself."

In 1839 he entered the sophomore class at Mercer University, being graduated in 1841, and immediately opening a school at Mount Zion, Hancock County. At the same time he began the reading of Blackstone's 'Commentaries.' The next year he entered the law offices of Henry Cumming, of the Augusta Bar; and, admitted to plead and practice in a few months, he returned to Hancock County and began his professional career.

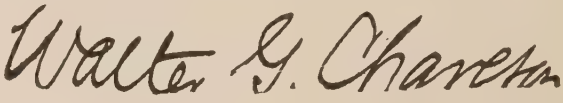
In 1844 he married Mary Frances Mansfield, whose father, Ely Mansfield, was a native of Connecticut. He was then but twenty and his wife fifteen—a woman of much personal beauty and an accomplished musician (as he was himself), and finely educated. Their married life, extending beyond its golden anniversary, was to the last a loving union. For the two years preceding his marriage, his leisure had been devoted to English and Latin literature; and a short time after his law partner had been made judge, he ceased practice and accepted the principalship of the Academy of Mount Zion. The work there was successful; but after two years he resigned and went back to the law, entering into partnership, first with Judge James Thomas and then with Linton Stephens, a brother of Alexander H. Stephens and afterward Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia. He was still in this last association when three positions were tendered him: the judgeship of the Northern Circuit, the presi-

dency of Mercer University, and the professorship of belles-lettres at the University of Georgia. He accepted the last, retaining it for four years, beloved and valued by faculty and students. Returning to his plantation in Hancock County, he established his school for boys, which became famous in Georgia for its thoroughness and moral tone. The boys were upon their honor in regard to rules, and if there was any infraction concealed it was unknown to the student body. From this school went into the public life of Georgia many of the leaders of opinion whose lives illustrated the best traditions of the State. In 1867 he removed his school to Baltimore County, Maryland, whither Georgia boys continued to resort.

His literary ability had found expression during many years. He had published the first edition of his work on English literature before leaving Georgia, and the first of his stories, "The Goosepond School," had been published in Porter's *Spirit of the Times*. Others appeared in *Field and Fireside*, a periodical published in Augusta, Georgia. Subsequently they were republished in *The Southern Magazine*, and yet later they appeared in book form as 'The Dukesborough Tales,' over the *nom de plume* of "Philemon Perch." The success of this publication, and the prompt declaration of its literary merits by experienced critics, persuaded him to adopt a literary career. The best known of his stories are "The Goosepond School," "How Mr. Bill Williams Took the Responsibility," and "The Early Majority of Mr. Thomas Watts." Among later stories were "Mr. Neelus Peeler's Condition," "Puss Tanner's Defense," "A Critical Accident to Mr. Absalom Billingslea," "Mr. Cummin's Relinquishment," "Mr. Pate's Only Infirmity," "Ogeechee Cross-Firings," "Pearce Amerson's Will." A biography of Alexander H. Stephens and an enlarged edition of English literature were prepared in collaboration with William Hand Browne. 'Essays, Social and Literary' is one of the best of his works.

The great charm of the stories, upon which his reputation must rest, is in their delightful humor and faithfulness of description. The permissible exaggeration which here and there contributes to the humorous aspect is in the strict line of character-development—just such exaggeration as the average Georgian would consider necessary to interest the stranger in personal affairs. The ways and characters of these earlier times in middle Georgia, which he loved with singular devotion, have never had such sympathetic treatment by any other pen. All of the virtues of that wonderful people are insisted upon, and the spirit of fun which is never far from their elbows is constantly invoked. Apart from his literary instincts and training, no man was ever better equipped than he for the task of

perpetuating in pleasant form the loving attributes of a people. Their best qualities found expression in his own life. Of a delightful personality, attractive in look and manner, with all the outward courtesy of the old school of Southern gentlemen, he had a courtesy of heart which made him at once the most considerate and charitable of men. He never harbored a mean thought nor tolerated a dishonorable action. His definition of a gentleman as he who gives least trouble to others was illustrated in his own life.



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THE SCHOOLMASTER

From "The Goosepond School"; in 'Dukesborough Tales.' By permission of D. Appleton and Company.

It was the custom of the pupils in the Goosepond, as in most of the other country schools of those times, to study aloud. Whether the teachers thought that the mind could not act unless the tongue was going, or that the tongue going was the only evidence that the mind was acting, it never did appear. Such had been the custom, and Mr. Meadows did not aspire to be an innovator. It was his rule, however, that there should be perfect silence on his arrival, in order to give him an opportunity of saying or doing anything he might wish. This morning there did not seem to be anything heavy on his mind which required to be lifted off. He, however, looked at Brinkly Glisson with an expression of some disappointment. He had beaten him the morning before for not having gotten there in time, though the boy's excuse was that he had gone a mile out of his way on an errand for his mother. He looked at him as if he had expected to have had some business with him, which now unexpectedly had to be postponed. He then looked around over the school, and said: "Go to studyin'."

He had been in the habit of speaking but to command, and of commanding but to be obeyed. Instantaneously was heard, then and there, that unintelligible tumult, the almost invariable incident of the country schools of that generation. There were spellers and readers, geographers and arithmeticians, all engaged in their several pursuits, in the most inexplicable confusion. Sometimes the spellers would have the heels of the others, and sometimes the readers. The geographers were always third, and the arithmeticians always behind. It was

very plain to be seen that these last never would catch the others. The faster they added or subtracted, the oftener they had to rub out and commence anew. It was always but a short time before they found this to be the case, and so they generally concluded to adopt the maxim of the philosopher, of being slow in making haste. The geographers were a little faster and a little louder. But the spellers and readers had it, I tell you. Each speller and each reader went through the whole gamut of sounds, from low up to high, and from high down to low again; sometimes by regular ascension and descension, one note at a time, sounding what musicians call the diatonic intervals; at other times, going up and coming down upon the perfect fifths only. It was refreshing to see the passionate eagerness which these urchins manifested for the acquisition of knowledge! To have heard them for the first time, one might possibly have been reminded of the Apostles' preaching at Pentecost, when were spoken the languages of the Parthians and Medes, Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia; in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia; in Egypt and in the parts of Syria about Cyrene; and strangers of Rome, Jews and Proselytes, Cretes and Arabians. Sometimes these jarring tongues subsided a little, when half a dozen or so would stop to blow; but in the next moment the chorus would swell again in a new and livelier *accrescendo*. When this process had gone on for half an hour, Mr. Meadows lifted up his voice and shouted, "Silence!" and all was still.

Now were to commence the recitations, during which stillness like that of death was required. For as great a help to study as this jargon was, Mr. Meadows found that it did not contribute any aid to the doing of *his* work.

He now performed an interesting feat. He put his hand behind the lapel of his coat-collar, and then, after withdrawing it, and holding it up, his thumb and forefinger joined together, he said:

"There is too much fuss here. I'm going to drop this pin and I shall whip every single one of you little boys that don't hear it when it falls. Thar!"

"I heerd it, Mr. Meadows! I heerd it, Mr. Meadows!" exclaimed, simultaneously, five or six little fellows.

"Come up here, you little rascals. You are a liar!" said he to each one. "I never drapped it; I never had nary one to drap. It just shows what liars you are. Set down and wait awhile, I'll show you how to tell *me* lies."

The little liars slunk to their seats, and the recitations commenced. Memory was the only faculty of mind that got development at this school. Whoever could say exactly what the book said was adjudged to know his lesson. About half of the pupils on this morning were successful. The other half were found to be delinquent. Among these was Asa Boatright. That calculating young gentleman knew *his* words and felt safe. The class had spelled around three or four times when lo! the contingency which Allen Thigpen had suggested did come to pass. Betsy Wiggins missed her word; Heneritter Bangs (in the language of Allen) hern, and Mandy Grizzle hern; and thus responsibilities were suddenly cast upon Asa which he was wholly unprepared to meet, and which, from the look of mighty reproach that he gave each of these young ladies as she handed over her word, he evidently thought it the height of injustice that he should have been called upon to meet. Mr. Meadows, closing the book, tossed it to Asa, who, catching it as it was falling at his feet, turned, and his eyes swimming with tears, went back to his seat. As he passed Allen Thigpen, the latter whispered:

"What did I tell you? You heerd the pin drap too!"

Now, Allen was in no plight to have given this taunt to Asa. He had not given five minutes' study to his arithmetic during the whole morning. But Mr. Meadows made a rule (this one with himself, though all the pupils knew it better than any rule he had) never to allow Allen to miss a lesson; and as he had kindly taken this responsibility upon himself, Allen was wont to give himself no trouble about the matter.

Brinkly Glisson was the last to recite. Brinkly was no great hand at pronunciation. He had been reading but a short time when Mr. Meadows advanced him into geography, with the purpose, as Brinkly afterward came to believe, of getting the half-dollar extra tuition. This morning he thought he knew his lesson; and he did, as he understood it. When called to recite, he went up with a countenance expressive of mild happiness, handed the book to Mr. Meadows, and, putting

his hands in his pockets, awaited the questions. And now it was an interesting sight to see Mr. Meadows smile as Brinkly talked of is-lands and promonitaries, thismuses and hemispheries. The lad misunderstood that smile, and his heart was glad for the unexpected reception of a little complacency from the master. But he was not long in error.

"Is-lands, eh? Thismuses, eh? Take this book and see if you can find any is-lands and promonitaries, and then bring them to me. I want to see them things, I do. Find 'em, if you please."

Brinkly took the book, and it would have melted the heart of any other man to see the deep despair of his heart as he looked on it and was spelling over to himself the words as he came to them.

"Mr. Meadows," he said, in pleading tones, "I thought it was is-land. Here it is, I-s-is-l-a-n-d-land: is-land;" and he looked into his face beseechingly.

"Is-land, eh? *Is-land!* Now, thismuses and promonitaries and hemispheries—"

"Mr. Meadows, I did not know how to pronounce them words. I asked you how to pronounce 'em and you wouldn't tell me; and I asked Allen, and he told me the way I said them."

"I believe that to be a lie." Brinkly's face reddened, and his breathing was fast and hard. He looked at the master as but once or twice before during the term, but made no answer. At that moment Allen leaned carelessly on his desk, his elbows resting on it, and his chin on his hands, and said dryly, "Yes, I did tell him so."

The man reddened a little. After a moment's pause, however, he said: "How often have I got to tell you not to ask anybody but me how to pronounce words? That'll do, sir; sit down, sir."

Brinkly went back to his seat, and, looking gloomily toward the door a minute or two, he opened his book, but studied it no more. . . . Mr. Meadows now set about what was the most agreeable portion of the duties of his new vocation, the punishment of offenders. The lawyers tell us that, of all the departments of the law, the *vindicatory* is the most important. This element of the Goosepond establish-

ment had been cultivated so much that it had grown beyond all reasonable proportion to the others. As for the *declaratory* and the *directory*, they seemed to be considered, when clearly understood, as impediments to a fair showing and proper development of the vindicatory, insomuch that the last was often by their means disappointed of its victim. Sometimes, when his urchins would not "miss" or violate some of his numerous laws, Mr. Meadows used, in the plenitude of his power, to put the vindicatory first—punish an offender, *declare* what the latter had done to be an offense and then *direct* him that he had better not do so any more. Mr. Meadows, indeed, seemed to owe a grudge to society. Whether this was because society had not given him a father as it had done to almost everybody else, or because it had interfered in the peaceful occupation which had descended from his grandfather (as if to avenge itself on him for violating one of its express commands that such as he should inherit from nobody), did not appear. But he owed it, and he delighted in paying it off in his peculiar way; this was by beating the children of his school, every one of whom had a father. Eminently combative by nature, it was both safest and most satisfactory to wage his warfare on this general scale. So, on this fine morning, by way of taking up another instalment of this immense debt, which like most other debts seemed as if it never would get fully paid, he took down his bundle of rods from two pegs in one of the logs on which he had placed them, selected one fit for his purpose, and taking his position in the middle of the space between the fireplace and the rows of desks, he sat down in his chair. A moderate smile overspread his countenance as he said:

"Them spellin' classes and readin' classes, and them others that's got to be whipped, all but Sam Pate and Asa Boatright, come to the circus."

Five or six boys and as many girls, from eight to thirteen years old, came up, and sitting down on the front bench which extended all along the length of the two rows of desks pulled off their shoes and stockings. The boys then rolled up their pants, and the girls lifted the skirts of their frocks to their knees, and, having made a ring around the master as he sat in his chair, all began a brisk trot. They had described two

or three revolutions, and he was straightening his switch, when Asa Boatright ran up, and, crying piteously, said:

"Please, sir, Mr. Meadows—oh pray do, sir, Mr. Meadows —let me go into the circus!"

Mr. Meadows rose and was about to strike; but another thought seemed to occur to him. He looked at him amusedly for a moment, and pointed to his seat. Asa took it. Mr. Meadows resumed his chair, and proceeded to tap the legs, both male and female, as they trotted around him. This was done at first very gently, and almost lovingly. But as the sport warmed in interest, the blows increased in rapidity and violence. The children began to cry out, and then he struck the harder; for it was a rule (oh! he was a mighty man for rules, this same Mr. Meadows) that whoever cried the loudest should be hit the hardest. He kept up this interesting exercise until he had given them about twenty-five lashes apiece. He then ceased. They stopped instantly, walked around him once, then, seating themselves upon the bench, they resumed their shoes and stockings, and went to their seats. One girl, thirteen years old, Henrietta Bangs, had begged him to let her keep on her stockings; but he was too firm a disciplinarian to allow it. When the circus was over she put on her shoes, and, taking up her stockings and putting them under her apron, she went to her seat and sobbed as if her heart were broken.

Allen Thigpen looked at her for a moment, and then he turned his eyes slowly around and looked at Brinkly Glisson. He sat with his hands in his pockets and his lips compressed. Allen knew what struggle was going on, but he could not tell how it would end. Mr. Meadows rested three minutes.

It has possibly occurred to those who may be reading this little history that it was a strange thing in Asa Boatright, who so well knew all the ways of Mr. Meadows, that he should have expressed so decisive a wish to take part in this last described exhibition—an exhibition which, however entertaining to Mr. Meadows as it doubtless was, and might be perchance to other persons placed in the attitude of spectators merely, could not be in the highest degree agreeable to one in the attitude which Master Asa must have foreseen that he would be made to assume had Mr. Meadows vouchsafed to yield to his request. But Asa Boatright was not a fool, nor

was he a person who had no care for his physical well-being. In other words, Asa Boatright knew what he was about.

"Sam Pate and Asa Boatright!" exclaimed Mr. Meadows, after his rest. "Come out here and go to horsin'."

The two nags came out. Master Pate inclined himself forward, and Master Boatright leaped with some agility upon his back. The former, gathering the latter's legs under his arms and drawing as tightly as possible his pants across his middle, began galloping gayly around the area before the fireplace. Mr. Meadows, after taking a fresh hickory, began to apply it with force and precision to that part of Master Boatright's little body which in his present attitude was most exposed. Every application of this kind caused that young gentleman to scream, and even to make spasmodic efforts to kick, which Master Pate, being for the occasion a horse, was to understand as an expression on his part of the rider that he should get on faster, and so Master Pate must frisk and prance and otherwise imitate a horse as well as possible in the circumstances. Now, the circumstances being that as soon as Master Boatright should have ridden long enough to become incapacitated from riding a real horse with comfort, they were to reverse positions, Master Boatright becoming horse and himself rider, they were hardly sufficient to make him entirely forget his identity in the personation of that quadruped. He did his best, though, in the circumstances, and not only frisked and pranced, but neighed several times. When Asa was placed in the condition hinted at above, he was allowed to dismount. Sam having mounted on his back, it was stirring to the feelings to see the latter kick and the former prance. This was always the best part of the show. A rule of this exercise was that, when the rider should dismount and become horse, he was to act well his part or be made to resume the part of rider—a prospect not at all agreeable, each one decidedly preferring to be horse. Sam was about three years older and fifteen pounds heavier than Asa. Now, while Asa had every motive which as sensible a horse as he was could have to do his best, yet he was so sore, and Sam, with the early prospect of butting his brains was so heavy, that he had great difficulties. He exhibited the most laudable desire and made the most faithful efforts to prance, but he could not keep his

feet. Finding that he could do no great things at prancing, he endeavored to make up by neighing. When Sam would cry out and kick, Asa would neigh. He would occasionally run against the wall and neigh as if he were delighted. He would lift up one foot and neigh. He would put it down, lift up the other and neigh. Then when he attempted to lift up both feet at once, he would fall down and neigh. Again would he neigh even in the act of rising, apparently resolved to convince the world that, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, he was as plucky a little horse as had ever trotted. Never before had Asa acted his part so well in the horsin' at the Goose-pond. Never had horse, with such odds on his back, neighed so lustily. Sam screamed and kicked. Asa pranced and neighed, until at last, as he stumbled violently against the bench, Sam let go his hold upon his neck, in order to avoid breaking his own, and fell sprawling on his belly under a desk. This sudden removal of the burden from Asa's back made his efforts to recover from his false step successful beyond all calculations, and he fell backward, head-foremost, upon the floor. Mr. Meadows, contrary to his wont, roared with laughter. He dropped his switch, and ordered them to their seats. They obeyed, and sat down with that graduated declension of body in which experience had taught them to be prudent.

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After the close of the last performance, Mr. Meadows seemed to need another resting spell. He always liked to be as fresh as possible for the next scene. The most interesting, the most exciting, and in some respects the most delightful exercise was yet to follow. This was the punishment of Brinkly Glisson.

Now, Brinkly was one of the best boys in the world. He was the only son of a poor widow, who at much sacrifice, had sent him to school. He had pitched and tended the crop of a few acres around the house, and she had procured the promise of a neighbor to help her in gathering it when ripe. Brinkly was the apple of her eye, the idol of her heart. He was to her as we always think of him of whom it was said, "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." And Brinkly had rewarded her love and care with all the feelings

of his honest, affectionate heart. He was more anxious to learn for her sake than his own. He soon came to read tolerably well, and was advanced to geography. How proud was the widow when she bought the new geography and atlas with the proceeds of four pair of socks which she had knit with her own hands. What a world of knowledge, she thought, there must be in a book with five times as many pages as a spelling-book, and in those great red, blue, and pink pictures, covering a whole page a foot square, and all this knowledge to become the property of Brinkly! But Brinkly soon found that geography was above his present capacity, and so told Mr. Meadows. That gentleman received the communication with displeasure; said that what was the matter with him was laziness, and that laziness, of all the qualities which a boy had, was the one which he knew best what to do with. He then took to beating him. Brinkly, after the first beating, which was a light one, went home and told his mother of it, and intimated his intention not to take another. The widow was sorely distressed, and knew not what to do. On the one hand was her grief to know her son was unjustly beaten, and his spirit cowed; for she knew that he studied all the time he had, and, though uneducated herself, she was not like many other parents of her day who thought that the best means to develop the mind was to beat the body. But on the other hand would be his failing to obtain an education if he should leave the school, there being then no other in the neighborhood. This, thought the poor woman, was the worst thorn of the dilemma; and so she wept, and begged him, as he loved her, to submit. He should have the more time for study; she would chop the wood and feed the stock; he should have all the time at home to himself; he could get it, she knew he could; it would come to him after awhile.

Brinkly yielded; but how many a hard struggle he made to continue that submission no one knew but he. Mr. Meadows could see this struggle sometimes. He knew that the boy was not afraid of him. He saw it in his eye every time he beat him, and it was this which imparted such eagerness to continue. He wished to subdue him, and he had not succeeded. Brinkly would never beg nor weep. Mr. Meadows often thought he was on the point of resisting him; but he

knew the reason why he did not, and, while he hated him for it, he trusted that it would last. Yet he often doubted whether it would or not; and thus the matter became so intensely exciting that he continually sought for opportunities of bringing it up. He loved to tempt him. He had no doubt but that he could easily manage him in an even combat; but he did not wish it to come to that. He only gloried in goading him almost to resistance, and then seeing him yield.

Have we not all seen how the showman adapts himself to the different animals of the menagerie? How quickly and sharply he speaks to the lesser animals, which jump over his wand and back, and over and back again, and then crouch in submission as he passes by! But when he goes to the lion, you can scarcely hear his low tones as he commands him to rise and perform his part, and is not certain whether the king of the beasts will do as he is bidden or not. Doubts like these were in the mind of Mr. Meadows whenever he was about to set upon Brinkly Glisson; but, the greater these doubts, the more he enjoyed the trial. After a short rest from the fatigues of the last exercise, during which he curiously and seriously eyed the lad, he rose from his seat, paced slowly across the room once or twice, and taking a hickory switch, the longest of all he had, he stopped in the middle of the floor, and in a low, quiet tone, said:

"Brinkly Glisson, come."

Allen had been eyeing Brinkly all the time since the close of the circus. He noted the conflict which was going on in his soul, and he thought he saw that the conflict was going to end.

Slowly and calmly Brinkly rose from his seat, and walked up and stood before Mr. Meadows.

"Why, hi!" thought Allen.

"Off with your coat, sir"—low and gentle, and with a countenance almost smiling. Brinkly stood motionless. But he had done so once or twice before, in similar circumstances, and at length had yielded. "Off with it, sir"—louder and not so gentle. No motion on Brinkly's part, not even in his eyes, which looked steadily into the master's with a meaning which he nearly, but not quite, understood.

"Ain't you going to pull off that coat, sir?"

"What for?" asked Brinkly.

"What for, sir?"

"Yes, sir; what for?"

"Because I am going to give you this hickory, you impudent scoundrel; and if you don't pull it off this minute I'll give you sich a beatin' as'll make you feel like you never was whipped before since you was born. Ain't you going to pull it off, sir?"

"Not now, sir."

Allen wriggled on his seat, and his face shone as the full moon. Mr. Meadows retreated a step, and holding his switch two feet from the larger end, he raised that end to strike.

"Stop one minute, if you please."

Mr. Meadows lowered his arm, and his face smiled a triumph. This was the first time Brinkly had ever begged. He chuckled. Allen looked disappointed.

"Stop, eh? I yi! This end looks heavy, does it? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if it warn't sorter heavy. Will you pull off your coat now, sir?"

"Mr. Meadows, I asked you to stop because I wanted to say a few words to you. You have beat me and beat me, worse than you ought to beat a dog (Allen's face getting right again) and God in heaven knows that, in the time that I have come to school to you, I have tried as hard as a boy ever did to please you and get my lessons. I can't understand that jography, and I ain't been readin' long enough to understand it. I have asked you to let me quit. Mother has asked you. You wouldn't do it; but beat me, and beat me and beat me (there is no telling whether Allen wants to laugh or cry) and now, the more I study it, the more I don't understand it. I would have quit school long ago, but mother was so anxious for me to learn, and made me come. And now I have took off my coat to you the last time. (Ah! now there is a great tear in Allen's eye.) Listen to me (as the teacher's hand makes a slight motion); don't strike me. I know I'm not learnin' anything, and your beatin' ain't going to make me learn any faster. If you are determined to keep me in this jography, and to beat me, just say so, and I'll take my hat and books and go home. I'd like to not come to-day, but I thought I knew my lesson. Now, I say again, don't for God's sake, don't strike me." And he raised up both his hands, pale and trembling.

It would be impossible to describe the surprise and rage expressed on the face of Mr. Meadows during the delivery and at the close of this little harangue. He looked at the boy a moment. Brinkly's countenance expressed the deepest sadness; but there was nothing in it like defiance or threatening. It was simply sad and beseeching. The master hesitated, and looked around upon his school. It would not do to retreat now, he thought. With an imprecation, he raised his switch and struck with all his might.

"My God!" cried the boy; but in an instant sadness and beseeching passed from his face. The long-pent-up resentment of his soul gushed forth, and the fury of a demon glared from his eyes. He was preparing to spring upon Mr. Meadows, when the latter, by a sudden rush, caught him and thrust him backward over the front bench. They both tumbled on the floor, between the rows of desks, Mr. Meadows uppermost.

"It's come," said Allen quietly, as he rose and looked down upon the combatants; "it's been a long time a-comin', and by rights ought to a come long ago; but it's come now."

Mr. Meadows attempted to disengage himself and rise; but Brinkly would rise with him. After several attempts at this Brinkly managed to get upon one knee, and, by a violent jerk, to bring his assailant down upon the floor, where they were, in the phraseology of the wrestling-ring, cross and pile. Mr. Meadows shouted to two or three of the boys to hold Brinkly until he could rise. They rose to obey, but Allen, without saying a word, put out his hand before them, and, motioning them to their seats, they resumed them. And now the contest set in for good, Mr. Meadows struggling to recover his advantage, and Brinkly to improve what he had gained. The former's right arm was thrown across the latter's neck, his right hand wound in and pulling violently his hair, while his left hand pressed against his breast. Brinkly's left leg was across Mr. Meadows' middle, and with his right against a stationary desk, his right arm bent and lying under him like a lizard's, and his left in Mr. Meadows' shirt-collar, he struggled to get uppermost; but whenever he attempted to raise his head, that hand wound in his hair would instantly bring it back to the floor. When Mr. Meadows attempted to disengage himself from underneath Brinkly's leg that mem-

ber, assisted by its brother from the desk, against which it was pressed, held it like the boa holds the bullock. Oh, Mr. Meadows Mr. Meadows! you don't know the boy that grapples with you. You have never known anything at all about him. You blow, Mr. Meadows! See! Brinkly blows not half so hard. Remember, you walk a mile to and from the school, and Brinkly seven, often running the first half. Besides, there is something in Brinkly's soul which will not let him tire now. The remembrance of long-continued wrongs, that cannot longer be borne; the long-subdued but now inextinguishable desire of revenge; every hostile feeling except fear—all these are now dominant in that simple heart, and they have made of him a man, and if you hope to conquer you must fight as you never fought before, and never may have to fight again.

Your right hand pulls less vigorously at the hair of Brinkly's ascending head. Look there! Brinkly's leg has moved an inch further across you! Wring and twist, Mr. Meadows, for right under that leg, if anywhere for you, is now the post of honor. Can't you draw out your left leg and plant it against the desk behind you, as Brinkly does with his right? Alas! no. Brinkly has now made a hook of *his* left, and his heel is pressing close into the cavity behind your knee.

Ah! that was an unlucky move for you then, when you let Brinkly's hair go, and thrust both of your hands at his eyes. You must have done that in a passion. But see there, now! he has released his grasp at your shirt-collar, and thrown his left arm over you. Good-morning to you now, Mr. Meadows!

In the instant that Mr. Meadows had released his hold upon his hair, Brinkly, though he was being gouged terribly, released his hold upon his collar, threw his arm over his neck and pushing with all his might with his right leg against the desk, and making a corresponding pull with his left, he succeeded in getting fully upon him; then, springing up quick as lightning, as Mr. Meadows, panting, his eyes gleaming with the fury of an enraged tiger, was attempting to rise, he dealt him a blow in the face with his fist which sent him back bleeding like a butchered beast. Once more the Master attempted to rise, and those who saw it will never forget that piteous spectacle of rage, and shame, and pain, and fear. Once more Brinkly struck him back. How that boy's face shone out

with those *gaudia certaminis* which the brave always feel when in the midst of an inevitable and righteous combat! Springing upon his adversary again, and seizing his arms and pinioning them under his knees, he wound his hands in his shaggy hair, and raising his head, thrust it down several times with all his might against the floor.

"Spare me! for God's sake, spare me!" cried Mr. Meadows, in tones never before heard from him in that house.

Brinkly stopped. "Spare you!" he said, now panting himself. "Yes! you who never spared anything that you could hurt! Poor coward! You loved to beat other people, and gloried in seeing them suffering, and when they begged you to spare them you laughed—you did. Oh, how I have heard you laugh, when they asked you to spare them! And now, beat yourself and whipped, you beg like a dog. Yes, and I will spare you," he continued, rising from him. "It would be a pity to beat any such a poor cowardly human any longer. Now, go! and make them poor things go to horsin' again, and cut 'em in two again! and then get in the circus ring, and make them others, girls and all—yes, girls and all—hold up their clothes and trot around you, and when they cry like you, and beg you to spare 'em, do you laugh again!"

He rose and turned away from him. Gathering up his books, he went to the peg whereon his hat was hanging, and was in the act of taking it down, when a sudden revulsion of feeling came over him, and he sat down and wept and wept.

THE EARLY MAJORITY OF MR. THOMAS WATTS

From 'Dukesborough Tales.'

"O, 'tis a parlous boy."—*Richard III.*

Little Tom Watts, as he used to be called before the unexpected developments which I propose briefly to narrate, was the second in a family of eight children, his sister Susan being the eldest. His parents dwelt in a small house situate on the edge of Dukesborough. Mr. Simon Watts, though of extremely limited means, had some ambition. He held the office of constable in that militia district, and in seasons favorable to law business, made about fifty dollars a year. The outside world seemed to think it was a pity that the head of a

family so large and continually increasing should so persistently prefer mere fame to the competency which would have followed upon his staying at home and working his little field of very good ground. But he used to contend that a man could not be expected to live always, and therefore he ought to try to live in such a way as to leave to his family, if nothing else, a name that they wouldn't be ashamed ever to hear mentioned after he was gone.

Yet Mr. Watts was not a cheerful man. Proud as he might justly feel in his official position, it went hard with him to be compelled to live in a way more and more pinched as his family continued to multiply with astonishing rapidity. His spirits, naturally saturnine, grew worse and worse with every fresh arrival in the person of a baby, until the eighth. Being yet a young man, comparatively speaking, and being used to make calculations, the figures seemed too large as he looked to the future. I would not go so far as to say that this prospect actually killed him; but at any rate he took a sickness which the doctor could not manage, and then Mr. Watts gave up his office and everything else that he had in this world.

But Mrs. Watts, his widow, had as good a resolution as any other woman in her circumstances ever had. She had no notion of giving up in that way. She gave up her husband, it is true; but that could not be helped: and without making much ado about even that, she kept going at all sorts of work, and somehow she got along at least as well after as before the death of Mr. Simon.

A person not well acquainted with the brood of little Wattses often found difficulty in discriminating among them. I used to observe them with considerable interest as I went into Dukesborough occasionally with one, or the other, or both of my parents. They all had white hair, and red chubby faces. It was long a matter of doubt what was their sex. Such was the rapidity of their succession, and so graduated the declivity from Susan downwards, that the mother used to cut all their garments after a fashion that was very general in order that they might descend during the process of decay to as many of them as possible. Now, although I saw them right often, I had believed for several months, for instance, that little Jack was a girl, from a yellow frock that had belonged to his sister

Mary Jane, but which little Jack wore until his legs became subjected to such exposure that it had to descend to Polly Ann, his next younger sister. Then I made a similar mistake about Polly Ann; who, during this time, had worn little Jack's breeches, out of which he had gone into Mary Jane's frock: and I thought on my soul that Polly Ann was a boy.

In regard to little Tommy, not only I, but the whole public had been in a state of uncertainty in this behalf for a great length of time. Having no older brother, and Susan's outgrown dresses being alone available, his male wardrobe was inevitably only half as extensive and various as by good rights, generally speaking, it ought to have been. Therefore little Tommy had to make his appearance alternately in frock and breeches, according to the varying conditions of these garments, for a period that annoyed him the more the longer it extended, and finally began to disgust. Tom eagerly wished that he could outgrow Susan, and thus get into breeches out and out. But Susan, in this respect, as indeed in almost all others, kept her distance in the lead.

There was a difference, easily noticeable, in Tom's deportment in these seasons. While in frocks it was subdued, retiring, and if not melancholy, at least fretful. Curiosity, perhaps, or some other motive equally powerful, might, and indeed sometimes did, lead him outside of the gate; but never to linger there for any great length of time. If he had to go upon an errand during that season (a necessity which that resolute woman, his mother, enforced without the slightest hesitation), he went and returned with speed. Yet, before starting out on such occasions, he was wont to be careful to give his hair such a turn that his manly head might refute the lie which Susan's frock had told. For it is probable that there have been few, if indeed any boys who were more unwilling either to be, or to be considered of the opposite sex than that same Tom Watts. I do not remember ever to have seen a boy whose hair had so high and peculiar a roach as his exhibited, especially when he wore his sister Susan's frocks. Instead of being parted in the middle, it was divided into three parts. It was combed perfectly straight down on the sides of his head, and perfectly straight up from the top. An immense distance was thus

established between the extremities of any two hairs which receded contiguously to each other on the border lines.

All this was an artful attempt to divert public attention from the frock which intimated the female, to the head which asserted and which was supposed to establish the male. He once said to Susan:

"When they sees your old frock, they makes out like that they 'spicions me a gal; but when they looks at my har all roached up, then they knows who I air."

"Yes indeed," answered Susan, "and a sight you air. Goodness knows, I'd rather be a girl, and rather look like one if I weren't, than to look like you do in that fix."

But it was during the other season, that which he called his breeches week, that Tommy Watts was most himself. In this period he was cheerful, bold, and notorious. He was as often upon the street as he could find opportunities to steal away from home; and while there, he was as evidently a boy as was to be found in Dukesborough or any other place of its size. In this happy season he seemed to be disposed to make up as far as possible for the confinements and the gloominesses of the other. So much so, indeed, that he had to be whipped time and time again for his unlicensed wanderings and for many other pranks which are indeed peculiar to persons of his age and sex, but which he seemed to have the greater temptation to do, and which he did with more zest and temerity than other boys, because he had only half their time in which to do them. Tom Watts maintained that if a boy *was* a boy, then he ought to *be* a boy; and as for himself, if he had to be a girl a part of the time, he meant to double on them for the balance. By *them* he meant his Mammy, as he was wont to call his surviving parent. But she understood the method of doubling as well as he; for while she whipped him with that amount of good-will which in her judgment was proper, she not unfrequently cut short his gay career by reducing him to Susan's frock, or (if it was not ready for the occasion) to his own single shirt. On such occasions he would relapse at once into the old melancholy ways. If Thomas Watts had been familiar with classical history, I have not a doubt that, in these periods of his humiliation, he would have compared his case with that of the great Achilles, whose mother had

him kept in inglorious seclusion amid the daughters of Lycomedes. Yet, like that hero further in being extremely imprudent, no sooner would he recover his male attire than he would seem to think that no laws had ever been made for him, and would rush headlong into difficulties and meet their consequences. Tom, as his mother used to say, was a boy of a "tremenjuous sperrit." But it had come from her, and enough had been left in her for all domestic purposes. In every hand-to-hand engagement between the two, Thomas was forced to yield and make terms; but he resolved over and over, and communicated that resolution to many persons, that if he ever did obtain his liberty, the world should hear from him. His late father having been to a degree connected, as we remember, with the legal profession, Tom had learned one item (and that was probably the only one that he did learn sufficiently well to remember) of the law: that was, that young men of fourteen who had lost their fathers might go into court and choose their own guardians, and do other things besides. How he did long for that fourteenth birthday! The more he longed for it the longer it seemed in coming. He had gotten to believe that if it ever should come, he would have lived long enough and had experience enough for all, even the most difficult and responsible purposes of human life.

But events that must come will come, if we will only wait for them. In process of time, which to the hasty nature of Tom seemed unreasonably and cruelly long in passing, he seemed to emerge from the frock for good and all. The latest inducement to a preparation for this liberty was a promise that it should come the sooner provided he would improve in the care that he was wont to take of his clothes, for he had been a sad fellow in that item of personal economy. When this inducement was placed before him, he entered upon a new career. He abjured wrestlings with other boys, and all other sports and exercises, however manly, which involved either the tearing of his attire or contact with the ground. He even began to be spruce and dandyish, and the public was astonished to find that in the matter of personal neatness Tom Watts was likely to become a pattern to all the youth of Dukesborough and its environs. His roach grew both in height and

in sleekness; and when his hat was off his head, Tom Watts was the tallest-looking boy of his inches that I ever saw.

Resolute as was the Widow Watts, she had respect for her word, and was not deficient in love for her offspring. Besides, it was getting to be high time for Tom to go to school, if he ever was to go. Now, in a school, I maintain, if nowhere else, it is undeniably to be desired that everybody's sex should be put beyond doubt. Even a real girl in a school of boys, or a real boy in a school of girls, it is probable would both feel and impart considerable embarrassment. This would doubtless be much increased in case where such a matter was in doubt. There is no telling what a difference an uncertainty in this behalf would make, not only in the hours of study, but even to a perhaps greater extent in those of play. I have lived in the world long enough to feel justified in saying that suspicions and doubts are more efficacious than facts in producing embarrassments and alienations. Oh! it is no use to say anything more upon the subject. Mrs. Watts had sense enough to have respect for public sentiment; and when Tom was ready for school, Susan's frock had to be laid aside. However, Mary Jane, who was a fast grower, went into it, with the taking of only a little tuck, and nothing was wasted.

Tom Watts, therefore, avowedly and notoriously, for good and for all and forever, became a boy. When he stepped out of Susan's frock for the last time, and stepped into a new pair of trowsers which had been made for the purpose of honoring the occasion, he felt himself to be older by many years; and if not as sleek, was at least as proud as any snake when, with the incoming Spring, he has left his old skin behind him and glided into the sunlight with a new one.

The neat habits which he had adopted from policy, he continued to practice, to his mother's great delight. It was really a fine thing to observe the care he took with his clothes; and the manly gait he assumed would have led unthinking persons almost to conclude that the having been confounded so long with the other sex had begotten a repugnance for the latter which might never be removed. Such was the rapidity of his strides towards manhood, that some females of his acquaintance not unfrequently spoke of him as Mr. Thomas

Watts, while others went further, left off the Thomas altogether and called him Mr. Watts.

But time, which is ever making revelations that surprise mankind, was not slow to reveal that Mr. Watts had not yet been fully understood. He had been going to school to Mr. Cordy for several weeks in the winter, and was believed to be making reasonable progress. He had now passed his thirteenth year, and had gone some distance upon his fourteenth. He had long looked to that day as the commencement of his majority. A guardian (or as he was wont to say, a *gardzeen*) was an incumbrance which he had long determined to dispense with. This was not so much, however, because there would be not a thing for such an official to manage except the person of Mr. Thomas himself, as that he had no doubt, not a shadow of a doubt in fact, that such management would be more agreeable, more safe, and in every way better in his own hands than in those of any other person of his acquaintance.

Mr. Cordy's school was in a grove of hickory and oak at the end of the village opposite to the one at which Mrs. Watts's cabin stood. At the hither end of this grove was another small school of girls, kept by Miss Julia Louisa Wilkins.

She was from Vermont, and was a young lady of about twenty-eight years, very fair, somewhat tall, and upon the whole a rather good, certainly a cheerful-looking face. For I should remark that Dukesborough, which ever held Augusta in view, had in the pride of its ambition abolished the system of mixed schools, and though the number of children was rather limited to allow of great division, still Dukesborough would have, and did have, two institutions of learning. Miss Wilkins had under her charge about fifteen girls, ranging from eight years old to fourteen. Prominent among them were Miss Adeline Jones, Miss Emily Sharp, Miss Lorinda Holland, Miss Jane Hutchins, and Mr. Watts's elder sister, Susan.

Mr. Watts's relations to this Institution (for it was thus that the mistress insisted that her establishment should be styled) seemed to have been started by accident. One morning, as with lingering but not unmanly steps he was passing by on his way to his own school, he spied Miss Wilkins through the window in the act of kindling a fire. As her face was turned

from him he had the opportunity, and he used it, to observe her motions for several moments.

Whether because the kindling wood was damp, or Miss Wilkins was not expert, I would not undertake at this late day to say. But the fire would not make a start; and the lady, apparently bent upon getting warm in some way, threw down the tongs, gave the logs a kick, and abruptly turned her back upon the fire-place. Observing Mr. Watts at that instant, and possibly suspecting that he was a person of an accommodating disposition, she requested his assistance. He yielded promptly, and it did Miss Wilkins good to see how quickly the blaze arose and the genial warmth radiated through the room. The artificial heat at once subsided, and she smiled and thanked him in a way that could not soon be forgotten. Then she inquired his name, and was surprised and gratified to know that so manly a person as he was should be the brother of one of the best and most biddable girls in her school.

This accident, trifling in appearance, led to consequences. Mr. Watts had frequent opportunities of rendering this same service, and others of an equally obliging nature. These gave him access to the Institution in its hours of ease; and the care that he took of his clothes, and the general manners that he adopted, were reaching to a height that approached perfection. If the roach on the summit of his head was not quite as high as formerly (a depression caused by his having now a hat to wear), it was not any less decided and defiant.

Yet he never seemed disposed to abuse his privileges at the Institution of Miss Wilkins. Although he was there very often, he usually had little to say to any of the young ladies, and seemed to try to have the utmost respect for all the mistress's rules and regulations in regard to the intercourse of her pupils with the opposite sex. It must be admitted that Mr. Watts had not advanced lately in his studies to the degree that was promised by his opening career. But Mr. Cordy was a reasonable man, and, upon principle, was opposed to pushing boys along too fast. Mrs. Watts, although not a person of education herself, yet suspected from several circumstances that her son was not well improving the little time which she could afford to send him to school. But his deportment was

such an example to the younger children that she had not the heart to complain, except in a very general way.

Of all persons of Mr. Watts's acquaintance, his sister Susan was the only one who seemed to fail to appreciate his manly habits. She used to frown dreadfully upon him, even when he seemed to be at his very best. Sometimes she even broke into immoderate laughter. While the former conduct had no influence, the latter used to affect him deeply. He would grow very angry, and abuse her, and then become even more manlike. But when Susan would think that he was carrying matters into extremes, she would check him somewhat in this wise:

"Now lookee here, Tom; if you talk to me that way, I shall tell Ma what's the matter with you; and if you don't quit being such a man, and stop some of your foolishness, I'll tell her anyhow."

Threats of this sort for a time would recall Mr. Watts at least to a more respectful treatment of his sister. Indeed, he condescended to beg her not to mention her suspicions, although he assured her that in these she was wholly mistaken. But Susan did know very well what he was about, and it is probable that it is high time I should explain all this uncommon conduct. The truth is, Susan had ascertained that so far from having the repugnance to ladies that had been feared at first might grow out of his remembrance of the long confusion of the public mind touching his own sex, Mr. Thomas Watts had already conceived a passion that was ardent and pointed, and ambitious to a degree which Susan characterized as "perfectly redickerlous."

But who was the young lady who had thus concentrated upon herself all the first worship of that young but manly heart? Was it Miss Jones, or Miss Sharp? Was it Miss Holland, or Miss Hutchins? Not one of these. Mr. Thomas Watts had with one tremendous bound leaped clear over the heads of these secondary characters, and cast himself at the very foot of the throne. To be plain, Mr. Watts fondly, entirely, madly loved Miss Julia Louisa Wilkins, the mistress and head of the Dukesborough Female Institution.

Probably this surprising reach might be attributed to the ambitious nature of his father, from whom he had inherited

this and some other qualities. Doubtless, however, the recollection of having been kept long in frocks had engendered a desire to convince the world that they had sadly mistaken their man. Whatever was the motive power, such was the fact. Now, notwithstanding this state of his own feelings, he had never made a declaration in so many words to Miss Wilkins. But he did not doubt for a moment that she thoroughly understood his looks, and sighs, and devoted services. For the habit which all of us have of enveloping beloved objects in our hearts, and *making* them, so to speak, understand and reciprocate our feelings, had come to Mr. Watts even to a greater degree perhaps than if he had been older. He was as little inclined and as little able to doubt Miss Wilkins as to doubt himself. Facts seemed to bear him out. She had not only smiled upon him time and time again, and patted him sweetly on the back of his head, and praised his roach to the very skies; but once, when he had carried her a great armful of good, fat pine-knots, she was so overcome as to place her hand under his chin, look him fully in the face, and declare if he wasn't a man, there wasn't one in this wide, wide world.

Such was the course of his true love when its smoothness suffered that interruption which so strangely obtrudes itself among the fondest affairs of the heart. Miss Susan had threatened so often with no fulfilment to give information to their mother, that he had begun to presume there was little or no danger from that quarter. Besides Mr. Watts had now grown so old and manlike that he was getting to be without apprehension from any quarter. He reflected that within a few weeks more he would be fourteen years old, when legal rights would accrue. Determining not to choose any "gardzeen," it would follow that he must become his own. Yet he did not intend to act with unnecessary notoriety. His plans were, to consummate his union on the very day he should be fourteen; but to do so clandestinely, and then run away, not stopping until he should get with his bride plump into Vermont. For even the bravest find it necessary sometimes to retreat.

Of the practicability of this plan he had no doubt, because he knew that Miss Wilkins had five hundred dollars in hard cash—a whole stocking full. This sum seemed to him im-

mensely adequate for their support in becoming style for an indefinitely long period of time.

As the day of his majority approached, he grew more and more reserved in his intercourse with his family. This was scarcely to be avoided now when he was already beginning to consider himself as not one of them. If his conscience ever upbraided him as he looked upon his toiling mother and his helpless brothers and sisters, and knew that he alone was to rise into luxury while they were to be left in their lowly estate, he reflected that it was a selfish world at best, and that every man must take care of himself. But one day, after a season of unusual reserve, and when he had behaved to Miss Susan in a way which she considered outrageously supercilious, the latter availed herself of his going into the village, fulfilled her threat, and gave her mother full information of the state of his feelings.

That resolute woman was in the act of ironing a new homespun frock she had just made for Susan. She laid down her iron, sat down in a chair, and looked up at Susan.

"Susan, don't be foolin' 'long o' me."

"Ma, I tell you it's the truth."

"Susan, do you want me to believe that Tom's a fool? I know'd the child didn't have no great deal of sense; but I didn't think he was a clean-gone fool."

But Susan told many things which established the fact beyond dispute. In Mr. Thomas's box were found several evidences of guilt. There was a great red picture of a young woman, on the margin of which was written the name of Miss Julia Louisa Wilkins. Then there was wrapped carefully in a rag a small piece of sweet soap, which was known by Susan to have been once the property of Miss Wilkins. Then there were sundry scraps of poetry, which were quite variant in sentiment, and for this and other reasons apparently not fully suited for the purposes for which they were employed. Mr. Watts's acquaintance with amatory verses being limited, he had recourse to his mother's hymn-book. Miss Wilkins was assured how tedious and tasteless were the hours. Her attention was directed alternately to Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand. She was informed that here he was raising his Ebenezer, having hitherto thus safely come. But

immediately afterwards his mind seemed to have changed, and he remarked that his home was over Jordan, and suggested that if she should get there before he did, she might tell them he was a-coming. Then he urged Miss Wilkins to turn, sinner, turn, and with great anxiety inquired why would she die? These might have passed for evidences of a religious state of mind but that they were all signed by Miss Wilkins's loving admirer, Thomas Watts. Indeed, in the blindness of his temerity, he had actually written out his formal proposition to Miss Wilkins, which he had intended to deliver to her on the very next day. This had been delayed only because he was not quite satisfied either with the phraseology or the handwriting. As to the way in which it would be received, his ardent soul had never entertained a doubt.

"Well, well!" exclaimed his mother, after getting through with all this irrefragable evidence. "Well, well! I never should a-blieved it. But I suppose we live and larn. Stealing out of my hime-book too. It's enough to make anybody sick at the stomach. I know'd the child didn't have much sense; but I didn't know he was a clean-gone fool. Yes, we lives and larns. But bless me, it won't do to tarry here. Susan, have that frock ironed all right, stiff and starch, by the time I git back. I shan't be gone long."

The lady arose, and without putting on her bonnet, walked rapidly down the street.

"What are you lookin' for, Mrs. Watts?" inquired an acquaintance whom she met on her way.

"I'm a-looking for a person of the name of Mr. Watts," she answered, and rushed madly on. The acquaintance hurried home, but told other acquaintances on the way that the Widow Watts have lost her mind and gone ravin' distracted. Soon afterwards, as Mr. Watts was slowly returning, his mind full of great thoughts and his head somewhat bowed, he suddenly became conscious that his hat was removed and his roach rudely seized. Immediately afterwards he found himself carried along the street, his head foremost and his legs and feet performing the smallest possible part in the act of locomotion. The villagers looked on with wonder. The conclusion was universal. Yes, the Widow Watts have lost her mind.

When she had reached her cabin with her charge, a space

was cleared in the middle by removing the stools and the children. Then Mr. Watts was ordered to remove such portions of his attire as might oppose any hindrance whatever to the application of a leather strap to those parts of his person which his mother might select.

"Oh, mother, mother!" began Mr. Watts.

"No motherin' o' me, Sir. Down with 'em," and down they came, and down came the strap rapidly, violently.

"Oh, Mammy, Mammy!"

"Ah, now! that sounds a little like old times; when you used to be a boy," she exclaimed in glee as the sounds were repeated amid the unslackened descent of the strap. Mrs. Watts seemed disposed to carry on a lively conversation during this flagellation. She joked her son pleasantly about Miss Wilkins, inquired when it was to be and who was to be invited? Oh, no! she forgot; it was not to be a big wedding, but a private one. But how long were they going to be gone before they would make a visit? But Mr. Watts not only could not see the joke, but was not able to join in the conversation at all, except to continue to scream louder and louder, "Oh Mammy, Mammy!" Mrs. Watts, finding him not disposed to be talkative, except in mere ejaculatory remarks, appealed to little Jack, and Mary Jane, and Polly Ann, and to all, down even to the baby. She asked them, Did they know that Buddy Tommy were a man grown, and were going to git married and have a wife, and then go away off yonder to the Vermontes? Little Jack, and Polly Ann, and the baby, and all evidently did not precisely understand; for they all cried and laughed tumultuously.

How long this exercise, varied as it was by most animated conversation, might have continued if the mother had not become exhausted, there is no calculating. Things were fast approaching that condition when the son declared that his mother would kill him if she didn't stop.

"That," she answered between breaths, "is—what—I—aims—to do—if—I can't git it—all—all—every—spang—passel—outen you."

Tom declared that it was all gone.

"Is you—a man—or—is you—a boy?"

"Boy! boy! Mammy," cried Tom. "Let me up, Mammy—and—I'll be a boy—as long—as I live."

She let him up.

"Susan, whar's that frock? Ah, there it is. Lookee here. Here's your clo'es, my man. Mary Jane, put away them pantaloonses."

Tom was making ready to resume the frock. But Susan remonstrated. It wouldn't look right now, and she would go Tom's security that he wouldn't be a man any more.

He was cured. From being an ardent lover, he grew to become a hearty hater of the principal of the Dukesborough Female Institution, the more implacable upon his hearing that she had laughed immoderately at his whipping. Before many months she removed from the village, and when two years afterwards a rumor (whether true or not we never knew) came that she was dead, Tom was accused of being gratified by the news. Nor did he deny it.

"Well, fellers," said he, "I know it weren't right; but I couldn't keep from being glad ef it had akilt me."

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